

The Life
of
Laura Keene



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THE
LIFE OF LAURA KEENE.

ACTRESS, ARTIST,
MANAGER AND SCHOLAR.

TOGETHER WITH
SOME INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF HER DAUGHTERS.

BY
JOHN CREAHAN.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1897.

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BY

JOHN CREAHAN.

Dedication.

TO THE
SURVIVING PROFESSIONAL FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES
OF
LAURA KEENE,
MANY OF WHOM
SHARED HER TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS DURING HER LIFE,
AND ALL OF WHOM,
NEARLY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY
AFTER HER DEATH,
HAVE ONLY LAURELS, KEPT FRAGRANT AND GREEN
BY THEIR TEARS AND LOVE,
TO STREW ON HER
PAST GREATNESS AND FUTURE MEMORY,
THIS WORK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

JOHN CREAHAN.

PREFACE.

IT was the intention of Emma Taylor, had she lived, to write the life of her mother. The thought that she was not to be spared to do so, greatly increased the suffering of the closing days of a woman whose life had been such that, like her sister, she was but too anxious to again be in the companionship of her mother, not in death, but life, for what is life in this world compared with eternity or the hereafter?

"It will perhaps be asked," says Gounod, in his "*Mors et Vita*," "why, in the title, I have placed death before life. It is because, in the order of eternal things, death precedes life, although in the order of temporal things, life precedes death. Death is only the end of that existence which dies each day."

The present work is entirely the result of accident, and not until late in December, 1894, did I for a moment imagine that I should be called on to perform a duty which to me has been largely a labor of love, entwined as it has been with sad, pathetic and sorrowful memories. Had it occurred to me during the life of Miss Keene's daughters that this work would have been a possibility or necessity, I might have received much information which must now ever remain unknown, unwritten and untold. Under the circumstances, I had but the knowledge of my subject to rely on, together with the information which has been so generously given me by Miss Keene's professional associates and friends, to whom I am more than indebted for their proverbial courtesy and encouragement.

I am also indebted to the public press, which is ever generous and frequently magnanimous, even when the former should not be looked for, or the latter expected. I was conscious of but one thing from the first, that my subject was a great one. Indeed, the life of Laura Keene would be an interesting, if not a powerful topic for even a great historian to handle. If the work on my part has been unworthy of my subject, I can only say as did Samuel Johnson, that I have done my best. More than this cannot be expected from any one.

J. C.

“OUT, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.”

—MACBETH.

“COULD a map be made of the life of a human being whose career has been marked by the commonest of commonplace incidents, and if from that map a tale were woven, it would transcend in interest the most eventful story that can be found in the wonder-world of fiction.”—FARJEON.

“THERE'S a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; and if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all.”—HAMLET.

“SOMETIMES even Kings did not think it beneath their Royal honors to appear upon the stage, to entertain and charm their subjects.”—LAURA KEENE.

“IF this forlorn man could have been prophetically seen lying here, by the mother at whose breast he nestled, a little child, with eyes upraised to her loving face, and soft hand scarcely knowing how to close upon the neck to which it crept, what an impossibility the vision would have seemed! O, if, in brighter days, the now extinguished fire within him ever burned for one woman who held him in her heart, where is she, while these ashes are above the ground!”—BLEAK HOUSE.

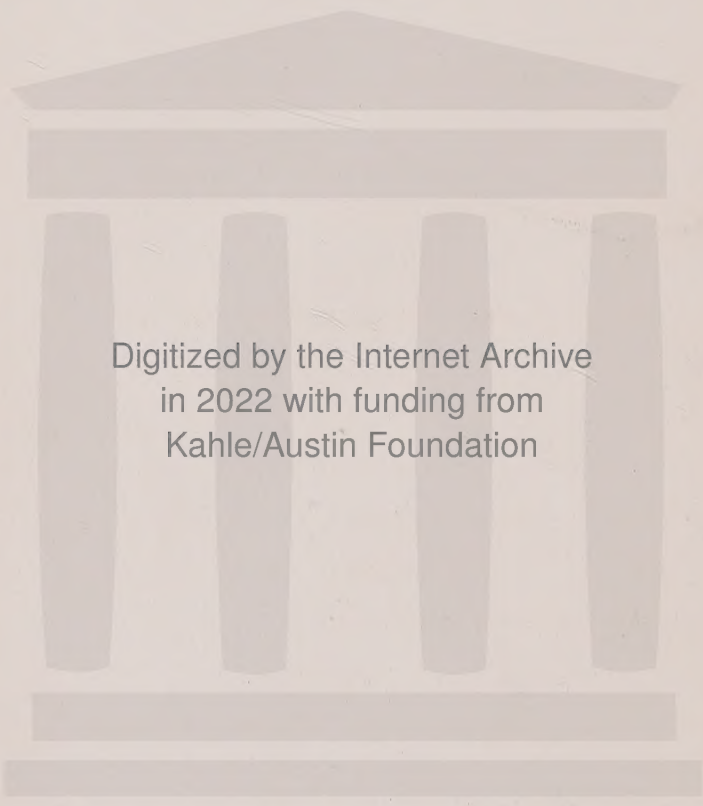
“ON the willow the harp is suspended,
Oh, Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee;
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!”

—BYRON.

“SHE should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word,
To-morrow and to-morrow, and to-morrow.”

—MACBETH.

“ALL iniquity is like a two-edged sword; there is no remedy for the evil thereof.”—ECCLESIASTES.



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THE LIFE OF LAURA KEENE.

CHAPTER I.

A MINOR CHORD.

What seest thou else in the dark backward, or abysm of time?"

—*The Tempest.*

THE theatrical profession, if not largely, was very respectably, represented in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania during the summer months of from 1858 to 1863, the favorite resort for those toilers of the foot-lights being the hamlet or village of Naglesville, the railroad station being known as that of Tobyhanna. At that period, Naglesville, or Tobyhanna, as it is now known, was practically the only summer resort on the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad, from the Water Gap to Scranton. A more beautiful location for a season of recreation could probably not have been chosen than this quiet little village. Located on the very summit of the Pocono Mountains, its verdure-clad and majestic forests during the day, and cool breezes at night, defied competition in this respect, and it has long since become familiar to all tourists, or those anxious for a brief respite from the sweltering heat of city life.

At that time there was much in this particular location to make it romantic and attractive to the nomadic instincts of an actor. The vast wilderness which surrounded the little village was strongly suggestive of the Forest of Arden. Indeed it is a question if the fairest Rosalind known to the American stage during the present century was not to be found there, not, it is true, plucking the love-missives of Orlando from the stately old oaks, but quietly resting by the brook-side each day, or wandering amid the wilderness

and glories of nature, admiring, as only a child of art could, the landscape painted by the greatest of all masters.

Wild game of all sort, such as might be expected, was more than abundant there. The streams of water which seemed to be bubbling up everywhere were laden with trout. The nimble-footed deer would bound through the thicket when least expected, and would frequently halt as if conscious of the fact that his presence enhanced the beauty of his surrounding. Wild pigeons were so numerous as to almost darken or obscure the sky when flying over the village.

The feathery tribe, however, was not confined to the picturesque and palatable pigeon, as almost every bush and tree seemed to claim its own songster—the thrush and the bobolink, the bob-white, the diminutive peewee, the saucy but admired robin red-breast, the cat-bird, the Baltimore oriole arrayed in gorgeous plumage, the whip-poor-will, together with the cuckoo, while an occasional hoot from the owl warned its neighbors that they were not absolute owners of the forest. The melody of these birds, together with the more than profusion of wild flowers, the wild laurels, with their half white and half pink-like blossoms; the majestic and gorgeous rhododendrons, seemed to have a monopoly of the village, while the delicate perfume of wild roses gave a charm to the place for many a metropolitan artist whose fame was more than national.

On a quiet summer afternoon, when even the birds seemed to be taking a respite, and a minor chord had mingled with the moaning of the wind through the forest, a child's funeral was about to take place. The villagers were all assembled, when, from the only hotel in the place, a very young girl—too old to be a child and too young to be a girl—came, with a guitar suspended minstrel-like from her neck and side. As the diminutive little lady entered the room where the dead child was, she seated herself by the side of the dead, and, accompanying herself on the guitar, sang in a voice which seemed to be full of bird-like melody, pathos, tenderness, gentleness and affection, "Under the Willow She's Gone to Rest." The women present wept, while strong men, the sons of the forest, marveled at the premature wisdom of the

young vocalist. The child that lay dead in the little white coffin was the flaxen-haired little queen of the village—Florence Brewster. The scarcely more than child who accompanied herself on the guitar was Clara Taylor, the youngest daughter of Laura Keene.

CHAPTER II.

A CHILD OF ART—FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE—AS MANAGER IN NEW YORK.

DRAMATIC historians do not agree on the year of the birth of Laura Keene. Joseph N. Ireland, in his "Records of the New York Stage," states that she was born in 1820. Colonel T. Alston Brown, in his "History of the American Stage," places the time at 1830. "Laura Keene," says William Winter, in his "Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson," page 240, "was born in 1820. She died at Montclair, N. J., on November 4, 1873, in her fifty-fourth year," page 242. If Ireland is correct Brown is wrong by ten years. If Brown is correct Ireland is in error. If Winter's statement is accurate, that she was born in 1820 and died in '73, she could not have been fifty-four years at the time of her death. The truth is, Laura Keene was born in London in 1826. This information I have from Emma Taylor Rawson, one of the two daughters of Laura Keene. In a conversation with Emma Taylor, shortly after the death of her mother, the subject of her age was referred to. "My mother," said Emma Taylor, "was forty-seven years old at the time of her death. It seems as if the members of our family who should have lived longest were fated to die sooner than they should. My mother had a brother in the British Navy who died before he had scarcely attained the age of manhood. My mother was still young in years, full of hope and ambition for the future; while my aunt, Mrs. Stuart, who is an invalid now and has been for years past a burden to herself and a sorrow to all of us, continues to remain as such," and indeed did for nearly twenty years after the death of her sister, Miss Keene. The premature death, however, of Laura Keene and her

brother was not confined to them alone, as the lives of Emma and Clara Taylor will show later on.

The incidents of an actor's life, though they often carry them over a wide extent of flood and field, and even into some adventures outside of their profession, are not generally more romantic nor more interesting than those of other people. Their lives are for the most part limited to the practice of their art, and albeit the mimic sovereignty, the extremes of poverty and misfortune, and the tyranny of heroism, eccentricity or pathos of their simulated characters invest them with romantic attributes, they really lead very commonplace lives. From one town or city to another, from their dwelling to the theatre, study, rehearsal and performance, with the alternations of hard work and leisure not always voluntary—such is the current of the actor's life.

To this Laura Keene formed no exception, except that she had seen more variety; had gone over a wider range of travel, and had undergone more of the vicissitudes and anxieties than is usual. Her career was not confined to acting. She was also one of the most noted and foremost managers of her day, in which latter capacity the responsibilities of the profession are largely increased, but too often without the adequate reward which is fairly and honestly earned. Laura Keene was essentially a child of art. Her first years were spent in and about the picture gallery of her uncle Taylor, in St. James' street, not far from St. James' Palace, and what was more important, very near to the St. James' Theatre. Here, while yet a girl, she heard something of Rachel, then in the very zenith of her fame, and from the open side-windows of the theatre the sonorous voice of the French tragic muse was audible to the neighboring houses. Laura Keene often reverted to this with enthusiasm, as helping to determine a passion for dramatic pursuits, although Rachel's example had no influence in creating or forming her style. Another circumstance of her girlhood on which she was accustomed to dwell was her child intimacy with Turner, the celebrated painter. She would tell very amusingly how the old man would chat with her, and how on one occasion he took up a palette, with the wet colors yet on it, and with

his finger formed on the palette one of his marvelous chromatic effects, while holding forth, half in conversation, half in wandering monologue, talking to himself rather than to his listeners, on the mystery of color or the purposes and limitations of art. This constant familiarity with artists and artists' work, old and new, gave her mind a tendency toward a loving appreciation of art in all its aspects, and so continued to the end, as her last appearance at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, in December, 1872, was devoted to a series of lectures on "The Fine Arts."

Miss Keene's first experience of stage life was with Madame Vestris, then, or subsequently, Mrs. Charles Mathews. Madame Vestris was famous both as actress and manager. She was not, perhaps, the best mentor for a young and very pretty debutante. It is not uncharitable to say that the Vestris' reputation had not been of the best, although, as is frequently the case, it was much worse than she really deserved.

The stage at that day was not as reputable as it has since become. Indeed, the manners of that whole generation, of which Vestris was a survivor, had been extremely coarse and licentious. Society had been modeled after the excesses of the Georgian princes. There was no reason for supposing that under Madame Vestris' management there was any more than the average morality. Professionals, however, were free to live reputably if they felt so disposed. In Laura Keene's case, she had a home, and the happiness of maternal affection and solicitude, and the harmony of the little household and the devotion of the young girl, were themes on which her venerable mother loved to enlarge up to the time of her death, which occurred on December 11, 1872, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, at Miss Keene's home in Bond street, New York.

Madame Vestris was a rather hard disciplinarian and severe teacher, not sparing of words, and, at times, enforcing her argument with a sharp slap on the face or the bare shoulder.

After a time Laura Keene appeared as Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons," at the Olympic Theatre, London. It was during this engagement that Miss Keene met the elder Wal-

lack, a man who was as famous for his beauty as for his effective acting, and it was, no doubt, mainly due to his acquaintance that Miss Keene subsequently came to this country, accompanied by her two children and her mother.

On September 20, 1852, Miss Keene made her first American appearance at Wallack's Theatre, New York, as Albino Mandeville in "The Will," in which role she was very successful, as also she was in a round of characters. She subsequently, under the persuasion of well-meaning but injudicious friends, quitted Mr. Wallack's friendly patronage and went to Baltimore, where she opened a theatre. Leaving Wallack's was a step she always deprecated as a foolish act of youthful independence. From Baltimore Miss Keene started on a tour, which may almost be said to have extended round the world.

While roughing it in California and Australia, in comedy and tragedy alike, she made for herself a name fully equal to any actress of her day. Returning in 1855 to New York, she, late in the fall of that year, began her career as manager by opening the then Metropolitan Theatre, opposite Bond street, which was subsequently remodeled for Dion Boucicault, and called the Winter Garden; naming it Laura Keene's Varieties. Here she produced a series of light comedies and dramas, and for some time the theatre was nightly filled with fashionable and appreciative audiences.

During the following summer, Mr. Burton, who had discovered that his Chambers Street Theatre was too far down town, coveted Miss Keene's Theatre, and, by some flaw in Miss Keene's lease, or breach of contract on the part of the owner, the theatre passed from Miss Keene's hands, which left her without a house. Making an appeal to the public, a new theatre was at once proposed, when, with but little delay, the property at 622 and 624 Broadway was secured, and a new theatre rapidly constructed, which, on the night of November 18, 1856, was opened to the public. At that time it was the handsomest and best arranged theatre in New York. The opening play was "As You Like It," and although it may have been better played since, it never had been previously equalled in this country.

It was followed in rapid succession by "My Wife's Mirror,"



LAURA KEENE
As MIRANDA in "The Tempest."

“Young New York,” and “Second Love.” In the latter play Miss Keene appeared as Eleanor, the blind girl, which was one of the finest simulations of that terrible misfortune ever seen on any stage. This was followed by “Camille,” which was then in the zenith of its fame; and as an almost natural sequence, was followed by “The Marble Heart,” with George Jordan, Charles Wheatleigh, T. B. Johnson, Julia Manners, Mrs. Allyn, and Miss Keene in the cast, the latter of course playing Marco, in which character she was without a rival.

As a contrast to the cold and heartless Marco, Miss Keene produced that exquisite little domestic play entitled “I Dine with My Mother.” Next came Miss Keene’s first burlesque, entitled “Young Bacchus,” with Laura as the rosy god; while in rapid succession were produced “Rachel the Reaper” (with Miss Keene as Rachel and Charles Wheatleigh as Corporal Patrick), “Masks and Faces” (with Miss Keene as Peg Woffington and Wheatleigh as Triplet), “Mary’s Birthday,” and “Money” (with Miss Keene as Clara Douglas). Soon after this, Thomas Johnson took his benefit, playing Uriah Heep in “David Copperfield,” with Miss Keene as Martha. “She Stoops to Conquer,” in which Miss Keene had no rival or equal as Miss Hardcastle, was next produced, and was followed by a dramatization of “Faust,” with Laura Keene as Marguerite, Charles Wheatleigh as Faust, and George Jordan as Mephistopheles, and which enjoyed a long run for that time. The season was brought to a close by a series of revivals of the most successful plays of the season.

In September of 1857 the season began with the fine old comedy of “The Heir-at-Law,” in which Charlotte Thompson and Joseph Jefferson first appeared under Miss Keene’s management, Miss Keene appearing as Cecily Homespun. Next followed the “Husband For An Hour” and “Birds of Prey,” which in turn gave way for “The Sea of Ice,” Miss Keene appearing as Louise De Lascours and Ogarita, George Jordan being Carlos. It may almost be said that the production of this play was the basis of the fortune that Miss Keene afterwards made, although during its rehearsal she was greatly pressed for money. The fall of 1857 was one of

panic in the financial world, and but little money could be spared for amusements.

Half salaries and other reductions were the order of the day, and in later years Miss Keene often referred to the circumstances of how that play was produced; its makeshifts, etc.; the long and serious conversations that were held as to whether the illuminated bills, which the city—New York—was billed with, announcing "The Sea of Ice," should be ordered. These bills were rather expensive, and cost the fair manageress \$5 each. They were printed in Cincinnati, and sent to New York by Adams Express, C. O. D., and it was not until the day of the production of the play that money enough could be spared from the treasury to get them from the express office.

The play hit popular favor at once, and kept the boards until the middle of December, when the "Corsican Brothers" was produced. It was a failure, but strengthened with a Christmas pantomime called "Harlequin and Blue Beard," held the boards until after New Year's. The next play of importance was that of Tom Taylor's "Unequal Match," with Jordan as Harry Arncliffe and Laura Keene as Hester Grazebrook, which in time was followed by Wilkie Collins' "Light House" and a play called "White Lies," the latter being produced on the evening of January 30, 1858, for Miss Keene's benefit. As might be expected, the occasion was an ovation, the lady being presented with a handsome diamond brooch.

About the same time the burlesque of the "Lady of Lyons" was produced, with Jefferson and Julia Manners as the love-sick couple. Next came Polly Marshall in the "Unprotected Female," which in turn was followed by "The Heir-at-Law," "Green Bushes," "Flowers of the Forest," "The Elves," "Plot and Passion," and other old plays, which brought the season to a close in May. So successful had the season been that Miss Keene strengthened her company for the next season in more ways than one; the opening bill being "The Willow Copse," Couldock appearing as Luke Fielding, Miss Keene as Rose, and Sothern as Sir Richard Vaughn. On the 6th of September "The Rivals" was produced, with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Blake and Dolly Davenport in the cast; which was followed by "Louis the Eleventh" and "Road to Ruin," with

Blake as Old Dornton, Sothern as Harry Dornton, and Jefferson as Goldfinch.

On the 18th of September the "School for Scandal" was presented with Miss Keene as Lady Teazle and Blake as Sir Peter. Next came "Old Heads and Young Hearts," with Blake as Jesse Rural, and "London Assurance," with Blake as Mark Meddle and Miss Keene as Lady Gay Spanker. On October 19th "Our American Cousin" was first presented; and although but little was expected of it, the excellence of its cast at once established its popularity, and it has since become famous on every English-speaking stage. It was produced with Jefferson as Asa Trenchard, Sothern as Lord Dundreary, Couldock as Abel Murcott, Burnett as Coyle, Peters as Binney, Miss Keene appearing as Florence Trenchard, Sarah Stephens as Mary Meredith, Mary Wells as Mrs. Mountchessington, Effie Germon as Augusta, and Mrs. Sothern as Georgiana. This play held the stage to good business until the third week of March, 1859, when it was performed on alternate nights with "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Road to Ruin." On the 25th of April "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was produced in magnificent style, with Blake as Bottom and Miss Keene as Puck. The play ran successfully until well into June, when the season was brought to an end, and the house closed for a few nights. The then popular actresses, Adelaide and Joey Goughenheim, opened the house for a summer season, producing "Court and Stage," which Miss Keene had first made popular under the name of "The King's Rival," at the old Metropolitan.

On the 5th of the following September the regular season of 1859-60 began with Tom Taylor's "House or Home," with a company consisting of Laura Keene, Ada Clifton, Marion Macarty, Mary Wells, Annie Deland, Mrs. Mark Smith, George Jordan, Mark Smith, Charles Wheatleigh, J. G. Burnett, F. A. Vincent, H. F. Daly, Charles Peters and others. Following "House or Home" came "Nine Points of the Law," "The World and Stage," and "The Sea of Ice," and on the 17th of October a revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mark Smith as Bottom, which in turn was followed by Tom Taylor's comedy of "Election," "The Marble Heart," and

"The Wife's Secret;" the latter being followed each night by a burlesque of "Norma," in which Mark Smith appeared as the Priestess. This burlesque was also given during the Christmas holidays as an afterpiece to the "Unequal Match" and "Distant Relations."

In January Mr. Dion Boucicault and his wife, Agnes Robertson, who had been engaged all the Fall at the Winter Garden, where "The Octoroon" had just been produced, left the company, owing to some feminine quarrel between Mrs. John Wood and Mrs. Boucicault. They at once joined Miss Keene's Company, who, on the 16th of January, produced "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" with one of the strongest casts that drama was ever produced with, Agnes Robertson appearing as Jennie Deans, Miss Keene as Effie Deans, Mary Wells as Meg Murdockson, Marion McCarthy as Madge Wildfire, Annie Deland as the Queen, Charles Fisher as David Deans, Leeson as Dumbiedikes, Daly as George, and Boucicault as Counsel for the prisoner. The play was magnificently put upon the stage, the trial scene and the storming of the Talbooth being fine pieces of stage realism.

On the 18th of March, another play, by Boucicault, was given, entitled "Vanity Fair," which was a poor, trashy affair, and quickly gave way to a revival of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," which in turn was shelved for "The Colleen Bawn," which was produced on March 29, 1860, with Charles Wheatleigh as Danny Mann, Boucicault as Myles Na Coppaleen, Leeson as Father Tom, Fisher as Kyril Daly, Daly as Hardress Cregan, Agnes Robertson as Eily, and Miss Keene as Ann Chute. The play held the stage until the 18th of May, when the season ended with Miss Keene's benefit.

During the summer season Joseph Jefferson and Mrs. John Wood took the theatre, producing "The Invisible Prince," "Our American Cousin," and other plays, the company consisting of Mrs. Chanfrau, Cornelia Jefferson, Mrs. Vining, Mrs. J. B. Howe, J. G. Burnett, J. H. Stoddart, J. Simmonds, and Charles Thorne, Jr. On the 18th of September Miss Keene again assumed the managerial reins, producing an adaptation from the French called "The Monkey Boy," which was followed by "Aileen Aroon," in which Mrs. J. H. Allen,

Polly Marshall and Leeson showed to much advantage. After which "The Beggar's Opera" was produced, and an adaptation of Moliere's "Malade Imaginaire," called "Physic and Fancy." Both were short-lived and were quickly withdrawn. The season had, so far, been a poor one. The public were busy in President-making, and politics had commanded the attention of almost everybody. Lincoln had just been elected, and the Southern States were already threatening secession. As well played comedies and dramas had failed to attract, Miss Keene at once determined to give spectacular trash, the result being that, on the 26th of November, the "Seven Sisters" was produced in magnificent style, its final scene, by Roberts, being the first of the grand transformation scenes which have since been made so popular by "The Black Crook," "The White Fawn," and plays of a similar character. "The Seven Sisters" held the stage for 170 or 180 nights, during which its prominent features were frequently changed. At first it was decidedly Southern in character, and nightly during the spring of 1861 were the audiences divided in the approbation of the speeches and songs that Burnett, as the negro, Pompey, would make or sing as the occasion demanded. After the actual commencement of hostilities, these speeches were considerably modified, but still the theatre was an attractive resort for the secession element of New York.

After the "Seven Sisters" came the "Seven Sons," which, with some revivals of old plays, kept the boards until the summer of 1863, when, becoming tired of the duties of management, Miss Keene relinquished the house to Mrs. John Wood, who re-christened it the Olympic.

As a star Miss Keene was very popular, but in the spring of 1865 her unfortunate engagement at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., brought her unpleasantly prominent before the nation as the only person who identified John Wilkes Booth, and caused her subsequent arrest and detention by order of the Provost Marshal in Harrisburg, Pa. She continued to star, interspersed with several long rests, until 1868, when she visited England.

CHAPTER III.

ASSASSINATION NIGHT IN WASHINGTON.

THE one tragic episode in the life of Laura Keene was her ill-fated engagement at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., when President Lincoln was assassinated on Good Friday night, April 14, 1865, by John Wilkes Booth. It has been suggested to the writer that the greatest part of this biography should be devoted to this, the most calamitous deed or crime in the history of our country. This suggestion is entirely too suggestive of the sensational journalism of our day.

What good can be accomplished by republishing the history of a crime which must ever cause all right-thinking men to recur to it only with mingled sorrow and horror? A crime which is republished every few months in the public press of this country, in the most glowing, vivid and lurid colors. History, unfortunately, has been called on to furnish the world with the details of a tragedy, such as God, in His all-wise providence, may spare this country from ever again seeing its like.

That, however, is not all. Are the innocent but unfortunate relatives of the conspirators in this "murder most foul" entitled to no consideration? The criminals have long since paid the penalty of their crime; but the unfortunate relatives, who are as innocent of any wrong as the unborn babe, are they forever to be tortured in consequence of the political fanaticism of one man or many? Are the wounds of these innocent but hapless people ever to be newly torn asunder just as they are about to heal, and as time and oblivion would gladly have them forget the past record of such a crime? He must be a hard-hearted historian indeed, and sadly in want of bread, who would purchase it with the wages of such work, and at the expense of the relatives of those who assassinated President Lincoln.

Laura Keene was essentially, by nature and instinct, a

woman. The strong-minded creature, or that horror of our mother, wife, sister, or daughter, and detested generally by manly men—the “he-she,” who cannot even by way of apology command the respect of men, while ever abhorred by women—did not, to any marked extent or degree, live or exist in Miss Keene’s day.

Naturally a crime which robbed our country of one of its purest, greatest men—if not the greatest man of his time—a crime which distracted strong men everywhere, did much to physically ruin a woman of Laura Keene’s gentle and entirely feminine composition. And yet this woman, with the recollection of that frightful night at Washington ever fresh in her mind, not only lived nearly nine years later, but in those years embarked in some of the most heroic enterprises of her life. It seems to be the general impression, even of well informed men, that Laura Keene died shortly after the death of President Lincoln. Miss Keene’s death occurred on November 4, 1873, or nearly nine years after the death of President Lincoln. During that time Miss Keene not only managed the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia (Laura Keene’s Theatre, as it was then called), ’69-’70, but later on she published *The Fine Arts* which would have been a tremendous undertaking even for a rich business man; after which she continued to star throughout the country until within a few months of her death.

Both of Miss Keene’s daughters were in the convent at Georgetown, Washington, on the night of President Lincoln’s assassination. “The news of the President’s assassination,” said Emma Taylor (Miss Keene’s daughter), “drove me almost crazy. Early the next morning I went to see my mother. As I extended my arms to embrace her, she shook all over like a leaf. I tried to give her courage by saying ‘Where is your old-time courage?’ but the frightful calamity of the night before was too much, and it seemed as if grief was breaking her heart.” The play given on that ill-fated night was Tom Taylor’s “American Cousin,” the cast of which was as follows:—

FORD'S THEATRE

Tenth Street, Above E.

SEASON II

WEEK XXXI

NIGHT 191

Whole Number of Nights, 495.

JOHN T. FORD PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER

(Also of Holliday St. Theatre, Baltimore, and Academy Music, Phila.)

Stage Manager J. B. WRIGHT | Treasurer H. CLAY FORD

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 14, 1865

THIS EVENING

The performance will be honored by the presence of

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

BENEFIT AND LAST NIGHT OF

MISS LAURA KEENE

The distinguished Manageress, Authoress, and Actress. Supported by

MR. JOHN DYOTT AND MR. HARRY HAWK

TOM TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED ECCENTRIC COMEDY

As originally produced in America by Miss Keene, and performed by her

UPWARDS OF ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS, ENTITLED

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN

FLORENCE TRENCHARD MISS LAURA KEENE

(Her Original Character.)

ABEL MURCOTT, Clerk to Attorney

JOHN DYOTT

ASA TRENCHARD . . . HARRY HAWK

Sir Edward Trenchard . T. C. GOURLAY

Lord Dundreary . . . E. A. EMERSON

Mr. Coyle, Attorney . . J. MATTHEWS

Lieut. Vernon, R. N. . . W. J. FERGUSON

Captain De Boots C. BYRNES

Binney G. G. SPEAR

Buddicomb, a valet . . . J. H. EVANS

John Whicker, a gardener . J. L. DeBONAY

Rasper, a groom

Balliffs

G. A. PARKHURST and L. JOHNSON

Mary Trenchard . . . Miss J. L. GOURLAY

Mrs. Mountchessington . Mrs. H. HUZZY

Augusta Miss H. TRUEMAN

Georgiana Miss M. HART

Sharpe Mrs. J. H. EVANS

Skillet Miss M. GOURLAY

Saturday Evening, April 15,

BENEFIT OF MISS JENNIE GOURLAY

When will be presented BOUCICAULT'S Great Sensational Drama,

THE OCTOROON

Easter Monday, April 17, Engagement of the

YOUNG AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN

EDWIN ADAMS

For Twelve Nights only

THE PRICES OF ADMISSION:

ORCHESTRA	\$1	FAMILY CIRCLE	25
DRESS CIRCLE AND PARQUETTE . .	75	PRIVATE BOXES	\$6 and \$10

J. R. FORD, Business Manager.

H. Polkinhorn and Son, Printers, D Street, near 7th, Washington, D. C.

MISS LAURA KEENE'S STATEMENT.

“Prominent among those mentioned in connection with the incidents of the late tragical death of our worthy President is the name of Miss Laura Keene, the actress. In order to place her right in the history the following facts will suffice: Miss Keene was behind the scenes at the precise time of the shooting, waiting to come on the stage. She was near the place theatrically known as the tormentor. She was on the northern side of the theatre, while the President's box was on the southern side. Miss Keene's position was near the prompter's desk; but as that official was absent calling some of the actors she placed herself near the point where she could more readily enter upon her part. She was at the time expecting to see the ingress of Mr. Spear, whose part was at hand, and prepared herself to break his fall as he entered in a drunken scene; but instead of receiving Mr. Spear, Mr. Booth pushed his way suddenly through the side scene, striking Miss Keene on the hand with his own, in which he held a dagger. She for a second looked at him and saw it was another person from the one she expected, and instantaneously she heard the cry that the President was shot. The cry was spontaneous among the audience, and many of them were making for the stage. She then knew something was occurring, as women were screaming, men hallooing and children crying, as if a fire panic had taken place. Miss Keene went to the front of the stage, and, addressing the bewildered audience, said: ‘For God's sake, have presence of mind and keep your places, and all will be well.’

“Notwithstanding this appeal the audience were boisterous, and while all seemed willing to detect the perpetrator of the great crime, but one made a move to this end. Scarcely had the perpetrator of the crime jumped from the President's box to the stage, than he was followed by Mr. Stewart, one of the auditors. As Mr. Booth crossed the stage he met and struck at the carpenter with the dagger he held, and instantaneously made his exit to the rear of the theatre, where his horse was in readiness, and thence made his escape. Miss Keene, after momentarily arresting the panic and consternation in the

audience, heard the cry of Miss Harris, saying, 'Miss Keene, bring some water!' Miss Keene responded to the call, made her way, which was rather circuitous, through the dress circle to the President's box, and got there a few moments after the occurrence. There she saw Mrs. Lincoln, in the agony of a devoted wife, uttering the most piteous cries. Miss Keene attempted to pacify her, at the same time offering the good offices in her power; but she was convinced from her observation that human help was in vain. Miss Keene remained with the President until he was taken from the theatre."—*New York Herald*, April 15, 1865.

"On the evening of April 14, 1865, a few minutes after ten o'clock, I was in company with a friend walking on Pennsylvania avenue, when a man running down 10th street approached us, wildly exclaiming: 'My God, the President is killed in Ford's Theatre!' Calling to my friend to follow me, I ran to the theatre, two blocks away, perceiving as I neared it increasing evidence of the wildest excitement, which reached its climax in the auditorium. How it was that I worked my way through the shouting crowd that filled the house, and found myself over the footlights and on the stage, I am unable to describe.

"I was told that Laura Keene, immediately after the shot was fired, had left the stage and gone to the assistance of Mrs. Lincoln, and I soon caught a glimpse of that unhappy lady, who had apparently arisen from her husband's side. She stood in view for a moment, when, throwing up her arms with a mournful cry, she disappeared from sight of the stage.

"I now made my way towards the box exit to await the descent of Miss Keene, hoping to learn from her the President's condition. I met her at the foot of the staircase leading from the box, and alone. Making a motion to arrest her progress, I begged her to tell me if Mr. Lincoln was still alive. 'God only knows!' she gasped, stopping for a moment's rest. 'The memory of that apparition will never leave me.' Attired, as I had so often seen her, in the costume of her part in 'Our American Cousin,' her hair and dress were in disorder, and not only was her gown soaked in Lin-

coln's blood, but her hands, and even her cheeks where her fingers had strayed, were bedaubed with the sorry stains! But lately the central figure in the scene of comedy, she now appeared the incarnation of tragedy. . . . Preparations were now being made to remove the President to the neighboring house, where he breathed his last about seven o'clock the next morning, and the theatre was soon cleared and left in possession of the troops which had arrived. . . ."

Commenting on the death of Booth, the writer continues: "During this time, on the deck above was being performed the autopsy, the ghastly results of which met my sight when I ascended. It was the first 'post-mortem' I had ever seen, and the only one of which a personal acquaintance has been the subject. And what a shocking change was there before me, to find life, health, manly beauty and brave attire replaced by death, mutilated bone and viscera, and travel-worn, blood-stained rags! Even then I could fancy the relic-hunter plying his vocation, and imbruing his ready handkerchief in the clotted blood, that he might preserve, exhibit and mayhap peddle his gruesome trophy! I have lately seen in print an account of the preservation and partition of the blood-stained dress of Laura Keene, of which I have made previous mention of seeing in the theatre."—*Seaton Munroe, in the North American Review*, April, 1896.

"'I consider Laura Keene,' says Stuart Robson, 'to have been in many respects the most able woman connected with the stage of her time. Her best impersonation was perhaps Peg Woffington, in 'Masks and Faces.' I never realized how much a clever woman could do with a comparatively unimportant part until I was associated with her in 'The Rivals,' more than thirty years ago, in which she played Lydia Languish. W. R. Blake, the best old man of the period, was the Sir Anthony; John Brougham, Sir Lucius; Walcot, Captain Absolute; J. H. Stoddart, David, and your humble servant, Bob Acres. Miss Keene's performance clearly outclassed most of the others, and even Blake himself had a struggle to hold his own.'"

"The life of this gifted lady was strangely unhappy, owing

mainly to continuous ill-health. The shocking death of President Lincoln was perhaps the primary cause of her death. A few minutes after the shot was fired that carried away the life of the 'nation's martyr' she ran from the stage to the box, and, while his wife and friends were too panic-stricken to render any assistance, placed the President's head in her lap, and while his life's blood was flowing from the ghastly wound, soothed his dying moments with tender care. . . ."

"From the horror of this 'great dramatic situation' Miss Keene never recovered. She died shortly afterwards. The President's memory will live forever. The actress is even now forgotten, save by a few friends and associates who knew her great talents and lovely character."

"Miss Laura Keene, the actress, proved herself in this awful time as equal to sustain a part in real tragedy as to interpret that of the stage. Pausing one moment before the footlights to entreat the audience to be calm, she ascended the stairs in the rear of Mr. Lincoln's box, entered it, took the dying President's head in her lap, bathed it with water she had brought, and endeavored to force some of the liquid through the insensible lips. The locality of the wound was at first supposed to be in the breast. It was not until after the neck and shoulders had been bared, and no mark discovered, that the dress of Miss Keene, stained with blood, revealed where the ball had penetrated."

"This moment gave the most impressive episode in the history of the continent."

"The Chief Magistrate of 30,000,000 of people—beloved, honored, revered—lay in the pent-up closet of a play-house, dabbling with his sacred blood the robes of an actress."—*George Alfred Townsend's "Life, Crime and Capture of John Wilkes Booth,"* page 16.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.

AFTER starring in all parts of the country until 1869, Miss Keene leased the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, which was named Laura Keene's Chestnut Street Theatre. This theatre, which, up to this time, had been known in professional circles as "The Morgue," was entirely reconstructed in every department, combining all the modern American and European improvements—a new auditorium with perfect view of the stage and audience, private boxes, orchestra, orchestra stalls and dress circle chairs, decorated with crimson velvet and satin and upholstered with patent elastic sponge. The seats were the largest in America. New chandeliers, with crystal hangings, crayon pictures, pendant shells, trailing vines, natural flowers and ferns gave an air of beauty, refinement and home-like comfort to the house, rarely if ever before known in any American theatre. The leader of the orchestra was Mark Hassler; Vining Bowers, stage manager; O. F. Savage, property man; stage machinist, Thomas P. Blackwood; costumer, G. Stanton; business agent and treasurer, John T. Donnelly.

The following is a list of Miss Keene's Chestnut Street Theatre Company: Vining Bowers, W. E. Sheridan, Charles McManus, George Holland, Jr., J. H. Jack, W. H. Wallis, F. O. Savage, T. N. Drew, H. Archer, E. F. Nagle, J. D. Thompson, Frank Mordaunt, B. McNulty, W. H. Otis, W. B. Laurens, W. J. Stanton, John Costello, T. A. Creese, W. C. Raymond, W. A. Booth and George Gilbert, May Howard, Mary Carr, Mrs. T. A. Creese, Miss Viola Alexander, Miss S. Price, Miss F. Graham, Miss C. Cross, Miss R. Sidney, Miss Fanny Erwin, Miss Minnie Jackson, Miss Jennie Anderson, Miss Josephine Laurens and Miss Julia Porter.

It is a question if any other English-speaking theatre in the world had so strong a stock company then, or has had since.

The opening night of the Chestnut Street Theatre, under Miss Keene's management, was Monday, September 20, 1869. The play was the "Marble Heart," with Laura Keene as Marco; W. E. Sheridan, probably one of the best leading men then before the public, as Raphael the Sculptor; Frank Mordaunt, Charles McManus, W. H. Wallis, May Howard, Mary Carr, and the full strength of Miss Keene's great company in the cast. The play was magnificently staged, while Miss Keene's reception was no less than an ovation. Yet, the "Marble Heart" had less than a two weeks' run.

On September 27th "Rachel the Reaper" was produced, with the same attention to details, Miss Keene being Rachel, John Jack, W. E. Sheridan, Vining Bowers, Frank Mordaunt, W. H. Wallis, and Mary Carr being in the cast.

"It is the London season! Come into the country! It is hot and dusty and muddy here, and the opening of all the drains, which is to bridle all the disorders by—and by poisoning us dead, meanwhile. O! Board of Health! Come into the country!"

"She" (Rachel) "was so cold and sad, her beauty did not strike the eye all at once, but when you came to know her, she was so modest and so gentle, you thought her more than beautiful."

On October 4th Miss Keene produced "Our American Cousin," with Laura Keene as Florence Trenchard, Vining Bowers, Sheridan, Jack, Otis, Wallis, Mrs. Creese, Mary Carr, and Josephine Laurens in the cast.

On October 11th Robertson's comedy of "Ours" was given by Miss Keene's company, Sheridan, Mordaunt, Jack, Otis, Drew, May Howard, Josephine Laurens and Mrs. Creese being in the cast.

Laura Keene reappeared on the 18th of October as Mary Leigh in Boucicault's play of "Hunted Down," Frank Mordaunt, Jack, Otis, McManus, McNulty, May Howard and Mary Carr taking part.

Tom Taylor's "Unequal Match" was given on November 1st and 2d, with Miss Keene as Hester Grazebrook, together with Sheridan, Jack, Wallis and the full strength of the company.

Next came "Masks and Faces," with Miss Keene as Peg Woffington, and on November 8th a new play called "Bogus" was presented. It was the general opinion of the critics that this play was strongly suggestive of its name, yet it is a fact that it had about as prosperous a run, if not more so, than many of the classical productions of Miss Keene. "Bogus" was followed by Robertson's comedy of "School," with Miss Keene as Naomi Tighe. Sheridan, Wallis, Mordaunt, Jack, Otis and Mary Carr were in the cast.

On November 29th "The Saucy Housemaid" was given for, if we are not in error, the first time in Philadelphia, Miss Keene's Toinette receiving the highest praise from the press of the city.

The children of Philadelphia were now furnished with "Bold Jack the Giant-Killer," which was given at matinees on special days.

On December 7th an original Irish drama by Colonel Thomas Fitzgerald, called "Patrice, or the White Lady of Wicklow." This drama was magnificently staged and mounted, Miss Keene appearing as Patrice, with Mordaunt, Wallis, Otis, Jack, Vining Bowers, Harry Hawk, and Mary Carr in the cast. Patrice had a good run until the Christmas holidays, when Charles Dickens' Christmas carol of "Christmas Eve, or the Miser's Dream," was given, with Laura Keene as Little Tom.

On January 3, 1870, a new five-act play called "Champagne, or Step by Step," by Laura Keene and Matilda Heron, was produced, with Miss Keene as Milly, together with Mordaunt, Wallis, Jack, Harry Hawk, Mary Carr, Emma Taylor, and the full strength of the company in the cast.

On January 10th H. J. Byron's "Blow for Blow," and "Two Can Play at That Game," were given, Miss Keene appearing as Mercy.

On January 14th three plays, all new to the present season, were given. They were Halgrave Simpson's drama of "Is She Mad?" the comedy of "Matrimony," and "The Actress by Daylight."

Susan Galton and her English Opera Company and Frank Mayo played engagements at the Chestnut until March 14th, Miss Keene during that time having engagements in the South.

On March 14th Miss Keene made her reappearance as Gilberte in "Frou-Frou," with Mordaunt, Otis, Wallis, Hawk, May Howard, and Mary Carr in the cast.

On March 25th Miss Keene made her last appearance at the Chestnut, on which occasion she had a farewell benefit, appearing as Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer."

"Miss Keene's appearance was the signal for long and rapturous applause. Philadelphia acknowledged in that hearty welcome her power to charm and rule."—*Philadelphia Press*, September 21, 1869.

"Under Miss Keene's management the Chestnut, now one of the most beautiful theatres in America, has become the resort of our best people. The lady is determined to make it in all respects worthy of patronage."—*Philadelphia Press*, September 29, 1869.

"Miss Laura Keene's version of Tom Taylor's comedy, 'Our American Cousin,' as now produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, differs in many respects from that usually played. The text of the piece is somewhat different, and while the wine-cellar scene, very seldom given, never before in this city if we remember correctly, is done by Miss Keene's company, other scenes appear to have been shortened. We have not the space this morning to speak at length of the performance last evening. The theatre was thronged; the audience being composed of our most fashionable people. The comedy is as laugh-provoking as ever, and was admirably rendered. The Lord Dundreary of Mr. Otis is not an imitation of Sothorn, but is on the contrary a quite successful attempt at an original impersonation of the character. Miss Keene was of course charming as Florence Trenchard. Indeed, with the exception of Binney, we have never seen the piece better done. 'Our American Cousin' could well hold the stage for many nights, but Miss Keene is determined upon novelty, and it will shortly be withdrawn. Secure seats early, therefore, for this evening. The audience was kept in good humor from rise to fall of the curtain and heartily enjoyed the entertainment, if we are to judge from the laughter and applause."—*Philadelphia Press*, October 2, 1869.

“After a short but joyous and successful run, Tom Taylor’s comedy, ‘Our American Cousin,’ gives way this evening to ‘Masks and Faces,’ a comedy by the same author and Charles Reade. ‘Masks and Faces,’ though without doubt one of the best comedies ever written, is seldom played, for the reason that but few of our actresses care or dare to undertake the difficult part of Peg Woffington. The role is a great favorite with Mrs. Jean Lander, and the comedy was, we believe, last acted in this city during the engagement of that lady some years ago at the Arch Street Theatre. Miss Laura Keene does well in presenting this piece. She is admirably suited to the ably drawn character of the beautiful, spirited, kind-hearted actress, Margaret Woffington. That the other roles of the play will be well managed by the stock company we have every reason to believe. Robertson’s comedy, ‘Home,’ is to be produced at this theatre Monday evening. Miss Keene’s selection of plays shows that the lady is determined to make the Chestnut Street Theatre the resort of the true lovers of the drama, and for that reason she is entitled to the support of the people. We hear that Robertson’s last comedy, ‘Progress,’ is in preparation, and that his comedy, ‘Dreams,’ may also be given during the season.”—*Phila. Press*, Oct. 8, 1869.

“Laura Keene is part of the dramatic history of America. She is among the best managers in the art world. Who is her superior? Let her go where she will and the drama springs up like magic under her wand. In perseverance and industry she is a very heroine. Her genius marks every detail of the boards, and creates a unity, a completeness about her renditions which is almost inimitable. Who ever knew her to produce anything badly? Her earnestness and conscientious devotion to art rank her name among the permanent ones of the stage, and it is not too much to say that her record must be remembered with pride and respect while our stage has a tradition. Her stock move with her generally in such harmony that the completeness of her plays puzzles one to tell exactly where to place the laurel among her performers. To this must be added that she herself is among our very best actresses; which is remarkable when the labors of her management are

considered. Laura Keene is an extraordinary woman, worthy of all encouragement. And she will succeed if she retains her old energy—for she will do it. This artist illustrated, when almost a child in years, features of Madam Vestris' management, and was the rising star of the elder Wallack's New York revival. On his stage she was the most sprightly, natural and popular of the American comedienues. Thence she assumed the direction of the late Winter Garden, whence she took control of the well-known Laura Keene's Theatre. Her industry, ability and thrift have brought her, as we are glad to hear, a handsome competence, which she has earned by downright art labor; no weeds have prospered in her garden. She has played under flinty difficulties and turned them over from the bottom; of a less established artiste we should be slow to speak in this emphatic language. In Miss Keene's case so to write is critical duty. She is yet in the prime of her strength and attractions; our public have adjudged and approved her. If they want a well-established theatre which shall be a pride to us, they will continue their present fostering patronage at the Chestnut."—*Philadelphia Press*, October 13, 1869.

"At no former season has the standard drama been better rendered than at the new Chestnut, under Laura Keene, and the Walnut, under Edwin Booth. To-night at the first we have the sterling modern comedy, 'Our American Cousin,' and at the Walnut, Howard Payne's noble American tragedy of 'Brutus.' At the Walnut, Booth is the central figure who attracts all eyes; while at the Chestnut, Laura Keene, herself a star of brilliant lustre, is supported by as fine a stock company as ever trod the boards. Both these houses are in fine condition—clean, well-ordered, and well-aired—and the Chestnut is almost a fairy scene."—*Philadelphia Press*, October 5, 1869.

"We have often spoken of Laura Keene. She is making a brave and successful effort to revive the best days of the Chestnut Street Theatre. Her management is admirable. Refinement and genius, discipline and completeness in detail are conspicuous in all that she does. Miss Keene is herself

one of the most capable of living actresses, and her large experience, unrelaxing industry, her wealth of dramatic knowledge and conspicuous common-sense, fit her to rank with any theatrical manager of to-day. We believe that she will make the Chestnut an ornament to Philadelphia; and, unless we much mistake her, no questionable play will be countenanced on her boards."—*Phila. Press*, October 11, 1869.

The current number of the *New York Clipper* has the following card:—

Laura Keene's Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia: To the ladies and gentlemen who have expressed a wish to be under my management, I desire to present my thanks, and to state that my company is complete. To the stars, I can receive but a few. These must be of the highest order of talent.

LAURA KEENE.

CHAPTER V.

THE STAGE.

“WHEN we make a feature of the ‘stage’ in the columns of *The Press*, we do so in the high endeavor to ally the drama with such thoughts and criticisms as befit the aim of that grand reformer who rose in the Elizabethan period, and who lives for all time. He who vindicated its claims to deathless honor, whose name is a household word, and whose magnetism increases as the world rolls on, saw fit to make the stage the vehicle of his mighty philosophical and philanthropic teachings; to people it with such beings as cannot be forgotten; to clothe it in awe, in poetic loveliness and winning beauty, in healthful mirth; and to send forth through its ministers lessons to the prince, to the warrior, to the statesman, to the publicist, to the teeming body of the state, to our nearest and loveliest ones about the home altar, that they may the more sweetly and nobly perform woman’s part in this real life of ours; and through his *dramatis personæ* to speak to all ranks and conditions of men the golden and timely words of morality, religion, warning, solace, encouragement, which his ‘myriad-peopled mind’ has fixed in all literature, only to perish with the stars in heaven.”

“In this exalted Shakespearean sense, it is hardly possible to overrate art. That which comes betwixt it and the infinite in the human soul is revelation itself. No man can degrade such art. As well seek to degrade religion. However base may be its ministers (and the private record of many of these is by no means unclouded), art is undefiled. Such counterfeits do not debase the issues of the royal mint. Art, in the sense in which we speak, is invulnerable against the leprosy and plague of the apostates who sully themselves in her temple. We make these reflections because our aims in art matters are serious. We do not write on this subject to display what we can of pedantry or wit, or slashing satire, nor to amuse merely. Our purpose is practical. We hope to point the moral. What we say complimentary, in passing, of the performers on the stage, will not be said to bepraise them in any other sense than as we laud the author who makes his mark in literature, or as we speak of public people of whatever calling. And right here is a most difficult point, viz., how to speak of the actors. We are heartily sick of seeing them treated like sensuous things, like dolls and children, as if they were only a part of the tinsel and pasteboard of the scene, or of its spectacular paintings—as so many children who live only on shining words, which, in order to be happy, they must see in the gazetteer—as so many toys to play with, that they shall be stimulated into life and sustained in their efforts. Talfourd thought that without this diet actors would perish.

“So long has it been theirs that a column on leading performers, ungarnished with many adverbs and adjectives, would appear like a French dinner without the entrees. Like all the rest of creation, the dramatic world moves on. Its professors are more real than was their wont. From the dark period of mountebankism and priestcraft; from the days when they were legalized as vagrants, when they marched under the lash of censorship; when players were like gypsies, polygamous, anomalous and almost outlaws; through the times when their highest social aim seemed to be to amuse the ‘great’ at suppers, and to fawn about the doors of patrons, we have come to a point when actors are taking a very differ-



LAURA KEENE AND J. W. WALLACK

As BEATRICE and BENEDICK in "Much Ado About Nothing."

ent social rank. Shall not criticism concerning them therefore assume a less personal type? By which we mean, shall it not be like the criticisms which are ventured on all public people? To preserve this medium is difficult work for an honest critic. To see a good play well played is to awaken in us all of the ideal. The heart writes for the brain; as the mimic scene goes on, a sort of illegible shorthand creates the impression to which the drama of the night is entitled. What shall the honest critic do with this impression? Shall his cold judgment stifle it? Shall his head not honestly translate his heart when he comes to write his record of the play? If the critic do not thus inform his page, has he dealt justly by those creatures of tradition who live only as he makes their history, and as they float in the memory of the fleeting present? The painter, sculptor, poet, dramatist, novelist, lives in his work.

“We can see these over and over again; we can peruse and reperuse them. But the actor goes out with his exit. He may or may not repeat himself; he may fail to-morrow night who so entranced us yesterday eve. But grant him what we will of uniformity of effort, he is of tradition—

‘Come like shadows, so depart;’

“Then shall these people not have all that they do to dazzle and delude, to elevate and excite, imprisoned as best we can fetter it with type? How shall the critic accomplish such a task? When we speak of the orator one can point to his speech to bear out the comment; we can send the reader to the author or the painter; but to the great mass who do not see the actor no such reference can be made.

“Therefore there is nothing tangible to criticise. Only an impression can be conveyed; only a description can be written. And how much of this description is the imagination of the critic or the fact of the acting is indeed difficult to determine. When we read the pictures of Macaulay, history seems personified, its actors fairly leap from the canvas, its pageantry is like an exquisite oil painting. Much of this is Macaulay. Never were there such men or such histories. The dramatic blazonry of Walter Scott is a still greater delusion. So of

Hazlitt, and Lamb, and Sheridan, and Byron, when their brilliant conversations, diaries, etc., gem what with us is tradition. Was there ever such a Garrick, such a Cooke, such a Siddons, such a Kean, as the immortal critics describe, or have we their ideal? However this may be, one thing is clear, the critic need not heap up his style with roses and lilies and precious stones without significance.

“He can safely illustrate with brightnesses like these if he gives us the idea or the fact as the setting to hold his jewels of style. If he will tell us what they did, whoso merit plaudits, as well as he can tell of such things, then the actor has solid praise, and the reader knows or can fancy on what to base it. For the daily press this sort of criticism is nearly impossible; but what is barren compliment worth? The sort of ‘dramatic notices’ which are mere glittering generalities have come to be considered as ‘puffs’ by many thoughtful people. Is the green-room bettered by this public impression? One thing is clearly observable about this modern stage, and it is that personal attractions obscure art. There are many plain people, with meagre wardrobes, common features, and modest bearing, who artistically outrank the reigning belles of the scene or the strutting ‘star.’ How often these are overlooked in the humble roles which they perfectly render—render naturally—and which escapes attention only because they are naturally and not artificially done, because they are in modest and artistic keeping with the whole picture wherein they figure so subordinately! People like these are too frequently overlooked, for they do not thrust themselves into unjustifiable and incongruous prominence which is their real merit. All of these things enter into dramatic criticism when such is honest, fostering, liberal, and judicial, as it should be. It is not necessary that the ‘stars,’ like so many Saturns, shall devour their families. On the other hand, we as cordially detest the dogmatist who is constantly asserting himself and not his theme when he writes of the drama. The man without heart, from whom fancy and imagination are veiled, who goes by the square yard, is like a millstone around the neck of art. So of him who is ever in an ‘equipment of opinion, as if his notions were so many great men going to see the Queen.’

“And he, also, who deals in pitiful or pitiless sarcasms merely to air his vein, that the world shall say how sharply he writes against defenceless people, to whom justice and encouragement might be life itself. It is the highest duty of the dramatic critic to foster, not to destroy; to build up, not to crush. And to this end he should be qualified to discern the germ of merit, be it ever so faintly seen, in its early struggles with awkwardness and sensibility. This is no less a duty than it is to lash a brazen-fronted pretender. There are irrepressible mountebanks on whom even caustic produces no sensible effect. But these are the buffoons or fools of the stage—people that the management should weed out of first-class theatres, and consign to more congenial fields. The only conclusion to be reached about the matter of personal dramatic criticism is to deal with it as honestly as possible, and to lean always rather in the direction of the heart than of the head; to be guided by the play, and not by the players, except in so far as they render the play, no matter what their beauty of person or graces of rhetoric. The question is on the acting of given roles. The theatrical season with us is advancing in interest. We have the English opera so well illustrated that the Italian for the nonce is almost forgotten. Opera is the highest order of drama in one sense, and our English *prima donna* only sometimes fails in respect to her acting. With slight defects, such as we have before alluded to, the accuracy of her interpretation of music has not been often surpassed. Philadelphia has had glorious days of English opera. These are identified with the dawn of the nation's history, when Philadelphia was the capital.

“We have here the tradition of Incledon, who is remembered as an English tenor; and after Malibran, the translations of ‘Norma’ and the ‘Sonnambula,’ illustrated by Mrs. Wood, who fully rivalled Grisi in dramatic intensity, when the little Philadelphia theatre was admitted to outrank the Italians in the decorations which its stage furnished for the then reigning great lyric queen. We have not forgotten the Seguins, nor Mrs. Austin, nor Miss Shirreff, nor Miss Pyne, nor Mr. Guilmette. It is by no means impossible that

English opera may some day rival any other. British composers have advanced steadily with the steps of art, and excel in every department. We believe that the old stiff Purcell has the credit of forming in his crude ancient music the basis of Handel's oratorios. The names of Henry Bishop, MacFarren, Wallace, Balfe, Rooke, are names to be honored.

“And English music develops a special beauty in the ballad. American and English *prima donne* are now almost eminent; nor must we leave Gottschalk, Stopel, and Bristow out of the enumeration. It is worth remembering also, to return ‘to our muttons’ (and we think we are not mistaken in this), that Philadelphia took the lead in the establishment of opera-houses, so many of which now adorn and instruct the land. This article is growing perhaps too long, and yet we must repeat our often-given advice to the public to sustain Miss Keene's legitimate enterprise at the Chestnut. If her stage is deformed by any vicious acting or reprehensible license, we feel assured that she will correct it when it is brought to her notice. We specially refer to Miss Keene because we want established here one theatre devoted to the legitimate stage as nearly as possible, whose plays and burlesques shall be after the true models, and where the ballad will be poetic if admitted. A good play with a good stock, carefully done in all its details, such as Miss Keene almost invariably furnishes, or a funny, well-ordered farce or burlesque, is a public blessing. Indeed a play-house of this order is the town physician—better than drastics or tonics for the day-wearied, sedentary citizen. It is not only a fountain of amusement, but its magnetism burnishes up our imaginations and relieves the mind from the incessant pressure of the practical. It is a great humanizer, for it opens the door of the heart. And when true to the end of playing; when within the intent of Shakespeare, the stage, next to the pulpit, is the most effective moral preacher. Such a theatre Miss Keene is qualified to build up, and it is the height of her ambition to make such permanent.”—*Philadelphia Press*, October 19, 1869.

"LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE."

"Under the title of 'The Saucy Housemaid,' an arrangement of Moliere's comedy 'Le Malade Imaginaire' was given at the Chestnut last night for the first time in Philadelphia. Considering the age of Philadelphia and the age and reputation of the drama, this may seem somewhat singular, but it may be accounted for by the fact, that until Mr. Charles Reade undertook the work nobody succeeded in making a creditable translation or adaptation entirely suitable for the American stage. The subject of the comedy was used some years ago as the groundwork of a little farce entitled, 'The Hypochondriac;' but this trifle did not do justice either to the plot or the text of the original. The comedy might have been thought worthy of the consideration of eminent playwrights, for it is one of the best efforts of a dramatist who is worshipped by the French nation, and elevated—most undeservedly, however—to a place by the side of Shakespeare. It has always been a popular play in France, and it was so much a favorite with the author that he died with the words of the hypochondriac on his lips. Mr. Reade's version is hardly a translation. He has used nearly all the important incidents of the plot, and in some cases the original dialogue is given in a free translation; but, very properly, the text has been, in a measure, rewritten and filled with quips and jests and ancient saws and allusions, and even a little slang, of a peculiarly English character. The entire spirit of the comedy is preserved; and the characters, appearing in all their natural vigor, are made even more interesting to us by their use of more familiar language than if they had been chained to a literal translation of the original. But the author, nevertheless, asserts himself constantly throughout the play. The dialogue is quick, vivacious and witty. It is full of those verbal surprises which, from their unexpectedness and their incongruity, provoke mirth. It is impossible to anticipate any of the conversations; they are never consistent; they leave the right line at the strangest points and run off at the oddest angles; so that the listener is kept in a state of pleasurable expectation by the continual diversions. The plot is interest-

ing without being at all intricate. As in the case of most French comedies—of which, by the way, this is the chief model—it is a violent exaggeration of real human weakness and folly. The imaginary woes of hypochondria are made the subject of jolly, good-humored satire; and keen shafts are shot at that medical quackery which flourishes in perennial success under different forms. Mr. Reade's version of "Le Malade" really has not the dignity which belongs to that genteel form of the drama that we call English comedy. It is a three-act farce. It is full of violent action, of wildest spirits, and of downright hearty fun, which kept the audience in a roar of laughter from beginning to end. Without the vulgarity of purely low comedy, it contains that lively humor which appeals to the intellect, while it excites constant laughter. The company presented the piece in a most satisfactory manner. Miss Keene personated the housemaid, who is the true heroine, and she played the part with the utmost cleverness. Her performance was so nearly perfect that we are as much at a loss to select passages worthy of especial praise as we are to find faults to condemn. Mr. Jack, as the hypochondriac, had the most difficult character in the comedy, and we must say that he, too, deserves all the praise that can be bestowed upon him. His conception of the part of the deluded, irascible, weak but fond old man, is original, for we believe he had no really good precedent upon which to found it. But, barring a little undue violence, it seemed so nearly correct, so completely true to the text, that those who saw it will be likely to make it a precedent by which to judge succeeding performers. Mrs. Creese was very charming as Angelique, and Miss Laurens, in the part of Louison, earned hearty applause. Mr. McManus had a small opportunity in Cleantes, but he made the best of it. Mr. Harry Hawk was intensely amusing in Thomas, the feeble-minded nephew of the Doctor and the intellectual type of certain latter-day students of medicine that we know of. The entertainment throughout was excellent, and it ought to be enjoyed, upon its repetition, by everybody who loves hearty fun of the most innocent kind. The performance concluded with a comedietta, in which Mr. Mordaunt gave capital imitations of Mr. Forrest,

Barney Williams, Clarke, Charles Keane and others. 'The Saucy Housemaid' will be repeated this evening."—*Daily Evening Bulletin*, November 30, 1869.

"OPENING OF THE CHESTNUT."

"If the success of the first performance in the Chestnut Street Theatre, under Miss Laura Keene's management, is a true indication of the future, the theatre will be blessed as it never has been before with prosperity and popularity. The house was literally full, and there was in the street a large crowd of persons, who, unable to enter, contented themselves with gazing through the doors into the vestibule. Many of those present were attracted, of course, by curiosity to see the improved building, and they were completely satisfied. There has been an entire transformation of the interior, and now this theatre, once the ugliest, most uncomfortable in town, with smells reeking up from kitchens in the cellar, seats which gave visitors the back-ache, and a hundred other defects, has been made the prettiest, brightest, snuggest, most picturesque theatre we have ever had. Its good qualities, in detail, are: the most comfortable seats of any place of amusement in Philadelphia, the most convenient boxes, the best effects of contrast in the decorations and hangings, the visibility of every portion of the stage from any place in the house; a perfect system of ventilation, which poured in upon the warm audience, last night, a constant stream of cool, fresh air; an absence of anything like gaudiness; novel and beautiful ornaments in the shape of hangings, baskets of flowers and graceful plants, and altogether a brilliant, striking and very rich general effect, which pleases the eye and gives to the place an art character which is very gratifying. The transformation is creditable in the highest degree to all who have had anything to do with it, and we are certain that their efforts will be rewarded by the people, who, if Miss Keene does her duty on the stage, will make this a favorite and fashionable place of resort. We believe that a new era has begun at the Chestnut, and we are glad of it. Its position always entitled it to rank as a first-class theatre. Now its beauty and good management confirm the claim. The

play chosen for the inaugural night was the 'Marble Heart, or the Sculptor's Dream,' a Frenchy and emotional drama, but tolerably well adapted, perhaps, to a display of the powers of the various members of the company. The company is a good one. It contains several actors who are well and favorably known in this city, and some who are strangers. We will mention them briefly. Miss Laura Keene appeared as Marco, the heroine, and played at first with vivacity, and then with great power and pathos. Her merits as an actress are already well known to our readers, and we need only congratulate ourselves that we are to have her constantly on the stage of one of our best theatres. Miss May Howard played Marie. This young lady has a prepossessing person and a good deal of talent.

"The melancholy of her personation was of course unrelieved, but she contrived to depict sadness naturally, without that cheap pathos which is too often indulged in by sentimental actresses in such lugubrious parts. Miss Josephine Laurens made a bright, lively, pretty Clementine, and won less applause than Miss Howard because she had smaller opportunity. Both of these ladies will be favorites. Mr. W. E. Sheridan, the leading man, appeared as Raphael, and gave complete satisfaction. He is a good actor, with no greater inclination to tear passion to tatters than leading men generally have. More mildness might become him better, but he cannot be considered guilty of really unbecoming violence. His performance in the last two acts was very fine. Mr. Frank Mordaunt gave a capital personation of Volage, marred only by his old trick of gagging and inclination to indulge in burlesque. Mr. Mordaunt has much natural ability, but he permits his high spirits sometimes to run away with his good sense. Some persons in his audiences may laugh at his illegitimacies, but he offends those who can perceive the impropriety of interpolations of the text and of the burlesque business. Mr. C. A. McManus did Vandore handsomely. We have known him for a year or two past as an intelligent, capable actor, of versatile talent and ready appreciation of the demands of any part assumed by him. He will be a valuable member of the new company. Mr. W. H.

Otis played the ungrateful part of the Viscount very acceptably. Dundreary characters are apt to be tiresome and not at all funny. Mr. Otis managed to make his personation very amusing. Mr. W. H. Wallis and Mr. J. H. Creese are well known here from their long connection with the Arch Street Theatre, as faithful and capable actors. We are glad to see that Mrs. Creese is enrolled in the company, and will shortly appear. She is, and well deserves to be, a favorite with the people. Altogether the performance upon the first night was capital. We have rarely seen the drama presented in a better manner, and we are confident that even this excellence can be improved upon when the members of the company become more accustomed to each other. Mr. Mark Hassler has a first-rate orchestra, and he leads it with ability through very judicious selections, all of which are well played. His brother Simon, at the Walnut, has wielded the champion's baton for a good while, but he will have to look to his laurels. 'Marble Heart' will be repeated every night this week. We recommend it, the pretty theatre and the good company, to our readers, assuring them that all are deserving of patronage." —*Evening Bulletin*, Sept. 21, 1869.

"SCHOOL," AT THE CHESTNUT.

"Anybody who wants to witness a first-rate dramatic performance, can gratify their desire by visiting the Chestnut Street Theatre to-night. Miss Keene has produced Robertson's comedy, 'School,' and we venture to say that it never has been better played, either in England or America, than upon her stage. The comedy, although not equal in point of interest or in dramatic force to 'Caste' or 'Ours,' is still a very clever play, with several strongly-marked characters, an ingenious if not a novel plot, plenty of fine situations, and, above all, a lively, rapid, witty text. Miss Keene has mounted the drama very handsomely with new scenery, some of which, particularly the forest scene, is really beautiful. Better than this, the characters are cast with rare discretion, so that each member of the company is fitted with a part which seems nicely suited to his or her capacity.

"Miss Keene played Naomi Tighe, in a manner which

convinces us that she has had boarding-school experiences. A woman who had not entered an 'institute,' with six towels and a spoon, conversed in crippled French—"the exclusive language of the family"—and lived on a diet of tough beef and transparent coffee, with munchings of molasses candy during study hours, could not have given such a faithful representation of the boarding-school Miss. These things do not come by inspiration; they are learned practically. Miss Anderson gave a very delightful personation of Bella, the lonely orphan, who is the secondary heroine of the drama. Mr. Sheridan appeared as Jack Poyntz, and played the character most admirably. Jack is a commonplace, practical good fellow, such as Englishmen delight in. He is a little too dull for American taste—or rather too unexcitable—but he possesses a strong individuality, and what there is of him is good. Mr. Sheridan's versatility fits him for almost any character so nicely that even this one seems peculiarly suitable for him. Mr. Mordaunt's representation of Lord Beaufoy, was capital; so was Mr. Otis's Dr. Krux,—the Uriah Heepish tutor. Mr. Wallis prepared a surprise with his Beau Farintosh. This character is peculiarly difficult, because the actor has to act the part of an old and young man at the same time, and he is compelled to costume himself to represent an aged beau who desires to present a youthful appearance. Mr. Wallis succeeded satisfactorily in overcoming the difficulty, and not only in his 'make-up' but in his acting gave a first-rate performance. This gentleman is well known as a good actor in lesser lines of business. He proved last night that he has capacity for higher things.

"'School' will be repeated this and every night, and we heartily recommend it to the public. Not the least of the attractions at the Chestnut is the delightful music furnished by Mr. Mark Hassler's orchestra."—*Daily Evening Bulletin*, November 23, 1869.

"HUNTED DOWN."

"There is at the Chestnut Street Theatre now a dramatic entertainment which we can heartily recommend to our readers as well worthy of their attention. Miss Keene has produced Boucicault's play, 'Hunted Down, or the Two Lives

of Mary Leigh,' and we do not exaggerate when we say that the performance is one of the very best ever given in this city. The occasions are rare when we can speak in such warm terms of an entertainment of this description, and now that praise is demanded by every consideration of justice, we are glad to accord it in most generous measure. The drama, in the first place, is clean and pure. Albeit the theme is old, the plot is simple, ingenious and interesting from the beginning to the end. The play is filled with strong situations, which are made more forcible by the exquisite pathos of the text.

"It is a domestic tragedy which has for its motive the suffering of a woman who has contracted a happy second marriage, believing that her first husband, who is a scoundrel, is dead. He appears upon the scene, and uses his secret to extort money from her, while she is distracted by the injury done to her second husband, by her love for him, for her children, and by the sense of duty that compels her to ruin him and her by telling him all her misery. Out of these natural materials, with a few carefully-drawn characters, Mr. Boucicault has constructed a powerful and affecting play. It has not a particle of the artificial anguish of 'East Lynne.' The spectator is not conscious that his emotions are being played upon. There is no violent assault upon the feelings, no premeditated attack upon the tear-bags. The play is intense almost to painfulness, and yet the trick of the dramatist is hidden beneath the cunning imitation of nature.

"The spectator feels that all this pain and suffering might well be—must inevitably be, if such a piteous thing should befall a sensitive, loving woman. There is no taint of 'Formosan' impurity here. This is a drama of the author's better days; it is an inspiration of his modest muse. It is a standing refutation of his assertion that a degraded popular appetite demands bawdy and nastiness. The drama gained strength in the hands of Miss Keene and her colleagues. Miss Keene herself acted with indescribable grace; her personation was one of the most powerful that we have ever seen in sentimental drama. The part is worthy of the best efforts of an artist. It requires for its just interpretation the possession of

deep sensibility, quick intelligence and power of passionate expression. Miss Keene more than filled the measure of these requirements. She played with far more ability than she has displayed in any performance given in her theatre during the present season, with even more than we had credited her with, great as we know her power to be.

“Mr. Mordaunt prepared a great surprise. Commonly he has such tricks of gagging and burlesquing that he throws away his best opportunities to win a reputation. His personation of John Leigh was defiled by none of these things. He played with simplicity and gentleness, without violence or rant, even where the text seemed to provoke such sins, and so he gave a personation that is worthy of all the praise that we can bestow upon it. If he but knew how much better is this admirable fidelity to the character he has to interpret than the nonsense and vulgarity in which he frequently indulges, he would win higher fame and do better justice to his powers. Mr. Otis played Sir Arthur with exceeding cleverness and taste. In the peculiar line of parts to which he has been confined since his appearance in this theatre he is unsurpassed. He is animated without going to excess; he has refinement without silliness; he is amusing without venturing upon buffoonery.

“Mr. McManus played the villain, and, in our opinion, played well. At the best the character is an ungrateful one, but Mr. McManus gave it sufficient hideousness without making it disgusting. Miss Mary Carr and Miss May Howard also deserve praise for their excellent performances. Indeed, we cannot with justice find any fault with the manner in which this drama is produced. It is so often the unpleasant duty of a truthful critic to condemn and suggest improvements, that one longs for an opportunity to indulge in an unqualified eulogy. Here is such an opportunity; we have embraced it; and that the merit of the artists may receive a complete reward, we heartily recommend the performances to the public. The house was well filled last night, despite the counter attractions and the unpleasant weather. It ought to be crowded during every night of the play.”—*Daily Evening Bulletin*, October 20, 1869.

“‘Hunted Down, or the Two Lives of Mary Leigh,’ is a three-act drama by Dion Boucicault, to which, we believe, Miss Laura Keene has the sole right in America. It is constructed in Boucicault’s best style, and he has ably managed an effective story. The play opens with a pretty domestic scene at the home of John Leigh, an artist, whom Mary had married about ten years before. He is ignorant that she had previously married a man who deserted her at the altar, who was afterwards convicted of forgery, and whose death had been announced. This man turns up as Count de Willidoff, and first extorts money from Mrs. Leigh by threatening to use his legal authority to claim, not only her, but her children. Mrs. Bolton Jones, getting an incorrect idea of the situation, resolves to hunt down Mary Leigh, and shows John Leigh letters which his wife had written to the adventurer. This complicates the case. Afterwards, Willidoff, learning to love Mary, forces his way into her house just as she is about to fly from the husband she loves to escape the tyranny of the husband she hates, declares his love, and claims her as his wife. In her anguish she cries out for John Leigh, who enters, and the secret is revealed. But the ugly fact remains—that Mary is the lawful wife of Willidoff, and that he can obtain control of her and her children. At this point (fortunate and singular coincidence) appears Clara, the supposed mistress of the adventurer, but really his wife, married to him two years before he pretended to marry Mary. The result is as follows: Mary÷John-Willidoff=Happiness. Out of this material Boucicault has wrought several very effective situations. The fault of the piece is that the story is told three or four times (an unusual mistake of this dramatist), and that the action drags. But when the points are made, they are strongly made. The characters are good, but not very new; Mary Leigh is the most original. In John Leigh we recognize our old friends, John Mildmay and John Peerybingle, who believe in their wives in spite of letters and misrepresentations. Mrs. Bolton Jones is a back character in modern plays, and Sir Arthur is one of that innumerable tribe of good-natured dandies which long ago ceased to be amusing. The acting was excellent. Miss Keene played

Mary Leigh with charming ease and truth to nature, and brought tears from many eyes by the pathos with which she played the unhappy wife and mother. It is probably the finest performance she has given in this city. Mr. Mordaunt acted the fine part of John Leigh with admirable taste and judgment. The faith of the husband in his wife was beautifully expressed. Another excellent performance was that of Willidoff, by Mr. McManus. It had enough brutality to be true, but not enough to be repulsive.

"Mr. Otis did the dandy decently. Miss May Howard played Clara, as she plays everything, well, and Miss Mary Carr made the most of the old lady. One of the prettiest performances we have ever seen by a child was that by a little girl named Nellie. 'Hunted Down' had a fine house, and was warmly applauded. It is not the least evidence of Miss Keene's merit as an actress that she caused last night an eminent political economist to shed tears. This was indeed a triumph. The play will be repeated to-night."—*John D. Stockton, Philadelphia Post*, October 19, 1869.

"An attractive change of bill is announced at the Chestnut Street Theatre this evening. The charming comedy of 'Masks and Faces' will be acted for the first time this season. The new company is admirably suited to the production of this play, and Miss Keene's own performance of 'Peg Woffington' has been, so to speak, famous since it was originally acted in the United States at Wallack's Theatre. We are gratified to know that the audiences at the Chestnut are full and fashionable."—*John D. Stockton, Philadelphia Post*, October 8, 1869.

"FROU-FROU" AT THE CHESTNUT.

"Miss Keene deserves credit for the enterprise she has displayed in presenting promptly and elegantly her own translation and adaptation of the comedy that happens at this moment to be the sensation. The version of Sardou's play produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre last night is Miss Keene's own property, and when it is pruned a little of its superfluities it will, we hope, be as popular and valuable as the Daly

version, of which it is said to be the equal. The plot of 'Frou-Frou' need not be rehearsed at length here. It is a domestic story in which a giddy and foolish woman, feeling herself wronged by a condition of things which is the consequence of her own heedless conduct, forsakes her husband and plunges into splendid misery, from which she comes out at last heart-broken and penitent. The tale has often been told and the drama acted in real life in every country in the world. But the treatment of the theme in this case is peculiarly Frenchy. No honest woman of any other race could conduct herself as this one does before she sins and then find, in the trouble of which she is the author, provocation to crime. In no other city but Paris could there be inducement to such reckless social life; and nobody but a Frenchman would ever have filled a melodrama with such dissolute characters and rakish sentiments. Our sympathy with the deep suffering of 'Frou-Frou' is tinged with a sense of the absurdity of her indignation against her husband and her sister; and our ideas of propriety are shocked at the easy indifference with which she regards the intrigues of her own father and permits the advances of the man who afterwards betrays her. But the drama has a moral, and it is an obvious one and a good one. It teaches plainly that the way of the transgressor is hard, and it contains a lesson full of suggestion for all women, of every land, who hold their home duties in light esteem beside their eagerness for furious enjoyment of society. The evil things in the play can do no harm in the presence of these stern truths and we can easily forgive them for that reason.

"The construction of the comedy is admirable. The text is easy, natural, and full of sparkle. Sometimes it is pathetic and forcible. It is never tedious or dull, or so divorced from the action as to compel it to drag. After the first act the scenes move rapidly up to the climaxes, and these are at all times effective, sometimes even affecting in their intensity. In the hands of incompetent artists we can conceive that 'Frou-Frou' would be stupid; but if it is acted with earnestness by skillful persons it is intensely interesting. We think we may say that the author found some first-rate interpreters last night. Miss Keene played Frou-Frou with grace and

delicacy at first, then with passionate earnestness, and in the final scenes with splendid tragic power. If we pardon an occasional indulgence in mannerisms which are peculiar to this admirable actress, it will be fair to assert that the part could not have been given in a better manner by any artist with whom we are acquainted. Mr. Mordaunt deserves equal praise for his personation of Sartorys, the husband of Frou-Frou. The character rather requires repression than demonstration. Sartorys is a quiet, amiable gentleman, whose only fault is blindness to his wife's folly. Mr. Mordaunt represented this person with delicacy and feeling, exhibiting force where the occasion required it, but never venturing into any excess or violating the artistic proprieties. These two admirable personations alone should insure the success of the performance at the Chestnut.

“Miss Howard appeared as Louise, and played the part in a most satisfactory manner. Miss Jenny Anderson hardly gave a just interpretation of the character of the *Baronne de Cambre*. This creature is a bold, dashing, reckless, unscrupulous woman of the world—without any conscience, without feeling or sentiment, or womanly tenderness. Miss Anderson made of her a sweet and interesting lady, who offended innocently, and who could not have been deliberately wicked if she had tried. The author intended her to be the foil of Louise, who is completely a domestic woman. The entire force of the contrast was destroyed by Miss Anderson's performance of the character. Mr. Otis gave a clever personation of the villain, *Count Valrais*; but he, too, erred in making that individual rather a species of gentlemanly idiot than a knowing libertine, who had intelligence, and energy and wickedness enough to pursue his victim until he ruined her. Mr. Otis has been so successful in his *Dundreary* character that he seems disposed to play even this part in the same fashion. But *Valrais* is as much unlike *Dundreary* as *Hamlet* is unlike *Richard the Third*. One is an ass; the other is a deliberate scoundrel. Mr. Wallis appeared as *Frou-Frou's* father, and played as nicely as he dressed abominably. The piece is placed upon the stage in a most elegant manner. The dresses of the ladies are absolutely gorgeous, but ex-

quisitely tasteful. The scenery is very handsome, and the appointments—the furniture, etc.—are of the best description. ‘Frou-Frou’ will be repeated to-night. We earnestly hope to a full house.”—*Daily Evening Bulletin*, March 16, 1870.

“PATRICE.”

“‘Patrice, or the White Lady of Wicklow,’ at the Chestnut, began on Tuesday with a poor house, due probably to the wretched condition of the streets. By the way, the Street Commissioners are the great enemy of the theatres. Yesterday evening not only the crossings, but the pavements, were in a miserable condition, and that fact no doubt kept thousands of persons from seeking amusement abroad. Would it not be well, therefore, as all other means to keep the Street Commissioners in order have failed, for the managers to enter suit for damages? ‘Patrice,’ however, beginning poorly, ended the week well. It would be strange if a really good Irish drama, produced in such superb style, should not make an impression upon the public. Miss Keene has placed this drama on the stage with a beauty and magnificence of scenery which eclipses all her other efforts; and in many respects it deserves the outlay. The story begins with the banishment of the patriot O’Connor from Ireland, and the sacrifice of his lady-love Patrice, who promises to marry his rival, Tracy, but falls dead. In the second act O’Connor returns and finds her tomb broken open by resurrectionists, and, to preserve the body of Patrice from insult, he carries it himself to a hut in the mountains.

“Here Patrice, who has been in a trance, revives, and the lovers are finally united. To baffle the enemies of O’Connor they make their home in a Fairy Glen, a place haunted by ‘The White Lady,’ and there Patrice is mistaken for the ghost by Tracy. In the third act O’Connor, who has been recaptured, escapes from the British troops, and in the fourth act the search is continued in the mountain, but is baffled by the appearance of the real ghost, the White Lady, who is seen by a spectral light floating high in the air, above the peaks of hills. In the last act Gossom Blake, a traitor of the clan of the O’Connor, undertakes to guide Tracy to the

highest point of the Wicklow Mountain, where the lovers are concealed, but a terrible storm arises, and as the couple are about to cross a chasm a thunderbolt strikes Blake into the abyss, and Tracy falling, catches the branch of a tree and hangs in mid-air. From this perilous position he is rescued by O'Connor, and the play ends with the reconciliation of Tracy with his enemy and the happiness of Patrice. This is but the main outline of a plot which embraces an unusually large number of characters. All the phases of Irish character are presented—the gentleman, the peasant, the priest, the traitor and the pretty girls.

“With the exception of Patrice, which is beautiful and poetical, there is little new in the characters of the play. The O'Connor, a fine, manly hero, we have met before, and we may claim the same acquaintance with Dan Pepper, the comic Irishman; Blake, the traitor; and Maggie, the deluder. But the management of some thirty different characters is excellent, and it is only in the fifth act that the dramatic interest is interrupted. Here the dispensary scene has little to do with the story, and though amusing in itself, might be shortened with advantage. All the romantic portions of the play centre in the mysterious Patrice and her gallant lover. The comic parts are particularly good. Two of the best scenes are a jig, in which the champion old lady dances down all her rivals, and a drill of British troops, which is capitally burlesqued by Mr. McNulty and his assistants and which was received with roars of laughter.

“Patrice is admirably acted. Miss Laura Keene exquisitely portrays the heroine, who, during much of the play, seems to hover on the borders of the supernatural, and to be more of a vision than a reality. The O'Connor is powerfully represented by Mr. Mordaunt, who never acted so well in his life as he is doing this season. Miss Laurens plays the pretty Maggie well, and sings ‘The Green Bushes’ charmingly, with the exception of a final quaver, which she might as well omit.

“Mr. Harry Hawk, a new member of the company, whose Thomas in ‘The Saucy Housemaid’ was remarkably funny, is almost as good as Danny. Taken altogether, ‘Patrice’ is



LAURA KEENE
As PORTIA in "The Merchant of Venice."

a strong, lively, interesting Irish drama, and one which will add to the reputation of Colonel Fitzgerald, who turns out to be its author. It is more elaborate, and the dialogue is better, than most of his other plays. But that which makes it especially remarkable is the number of dramatic and scenic effects introduced, some of which, as we have said, excel anything seen in Philadelphia this season. The scene at the close of the second act, where the corpse of Patrice, seen by firelight, slowly rises, and the dead woman returns to life in the arms of her lover, is beautiful and startling. The rescue of the O'Connor in the third act is picturesque and effective, and the ghost scene, which ends the fourth act, is entirely new and impressive. All the scenery with which Miss Keene has produced this play, is unusually fine; more artistic, in fact, than anything we have seen this season."—*John D. Stockton, in Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch, 1870.*

CHAPTER VI.

LAURA KEENE AND JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

THE opening of Laura Keene's theatre, in September, 1857, was an important event to me. I had been engaged for the leading comedy, and it was my first appearance on the western side of the city. Miss Keene had never seen me, either on or off the stage. It was looked upon as a kind of presumption in those days for an American actor to introduce himself into a Broadway theatre; the domestic article seldom aspired to anything higher than the Bowery; consequently I was regarded as something of an interloper. I am afraid I rather gloried in this, for in my youth I was confident and self-asserting; besides, there was a strong feeling among my artistic countrymen that the English managers had dealt unjustly with us, and I naturally shared in this feeling. I have since come to the conclusion that the managers do not open theatres for the purpose of injuring any one. At all events, I was installed as the comedian at Laura Keene's theatre, and opened in Colman's comedy of 'The Heir-at-Law.' One of the leading papers, in allud-

ing to my performance, mentioned the fact that 'a nervous, fidgety young man, by the name of Jefferson, appeared as Dr. Pangloss, into which character he infused a number of curious interpolations, occasionally using the text prepared by the author.'

"Laura Keene's judgment in selecting plays was singularly bad; she invariably allowed herself to be too much influenced by their literary merit or the delicacy of their treatment. If these features were prominent in any of the plays she read, her naturally refined taste would cling to them with such tenacity that no argument but the potent one of public neglect could convince her that she had been misled in producing them. I do not say that polished dialogue or delicately-drawn characters are detrimental to a play; on the contrary, they assist it; but if these qualities are not coupled with a sympathetic story, containing human interest, and told in action rather than words, they seldom reach beyond the footlights.

"As an actress and manager Laura Keene was both industrious and talented. If she could have afforded it, no expense would have been spared in the production of her plays; but theatrical matters were at a low ebb during the early part of her career, and the panic of 1857 was almost fatal to her. In the midst of financial difficulties she displayed great taste and judgment in making cheap articles look like expensive ones, and both in her stage setting and costumes exhibited the most skillful and effective economy. She was a high-mettled lady, and could be alarmingly imperious to her subjects with but little trouble.

"During the season of 1858-59 Miss Keene produced Tom Taylor's play of "Our American Cousin," and as its success was remarkable and some noteworthy occurrences took place in connection with it, a record of its career will perhaps be interesting.

"The play had been submitted by Mr. Taylor's agent to another theatre, but the management failing to see anything striking in it, an adverse judgment was passed and the comedy rejected. It was next offered to Laura Keene, who also thought but little of the play, which remained neglected upon her desk for some time; but it so chanced that the business

manager of the theatre, Mr. John Lutz, in turning over the leaves fancied that he detected something in the play of a novel character. Here was a rough man, having no dramatic experience, but gifted with keen practical sense, who discovered at a glance an effective play, the merits of which had escaped the vigilance of older and, one would have supposed, better judges. He gave me the play to read.

“While it possessed but little literary merit, there was a fresh, breezy atmosphere about the characters and the story that attracted me very much. I saw, too, the chance of making a strong character of the leading part; and so I was quite selfish enough to recommend the play for production. The reading took place in the green-room, at which the ladies and gentlemen of the company were assembled, and many furtive glances were cast at Mr. Couldock and myself as the strength of Abel Murcott and Asa Trenchard were revealed. Poor Sothern sat in the corner, looking quite disconsolate, fearing that there was nothing in the play that would suit him; and as the dismal lines of Dundreary were read he glanced over at me with a forlorn expression, as much to say, ‘I am cast for that dreadful part,’ little dreaming that the character of the imbecile lord would turn out to be the stepping-stone of his fortune. The success of the play proved the turning-point in the career of three persons—Laura Keene, Sothern, and myself. . . .

“Miss Keene was undoubtedly delighted at Sothern’s rising fame. I think she found that I was becoming too strong to manage and naturally felt that his success in rivaling mine would answer as a curb, and so enable her to drive me with a tighter rein. I don’t blame her for this; as an actor has a right to protect himself against the tyranny of a manager, the manager has an equal right to guard the discipline of the theatre; and I have no doubt that I perhaps unconsciously exhibited a confidence in my growing strength that made her a little apprehensive lest I should try to manage her. In this she did me an injustice, which, I am happy to say, in after years the lady acknowledged.

“The first rupture came about in this way; the Duchess—as she was familiarly called by the actors, on the sly—had

arranged some new business with Mr. Sothern, neglecting to inform me of it. I got the regular cue for entering, and as I came upon the stage I naturally, but unintentionally, interrupted their preconceived arrangements. This threw matters into a confusion which was quite apparent to the audience. Miss Keene, not stopping to consider that I had been kept in ignorance of the plan, and that the fault was hers and not mine, turned suddenly on me, and speaking out so loudly and plainly that most of the audience could hear her, said, 'Get off the stage, sir, till you get your cue for entering.'

"I was thunderstruck. There was a dead silence for a moment, and in the same tone and with the same manner as she had spoken to me, I replied: 'It has been given and I will not retire.' We were both wrong. No actor has a right to show up to the audience an accident or a fault committed on the stage, or intrude upon them one's personal misunderstandings. As two wrongs cannot make a right, it was clearly my duty to pass this by, so far as any public display of my temper was concerned, and then demand an explanation and an apology from her when the play was over. But who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral in a moment?

"Besides, I felt that no explanation of hers could set me right with the audience, and I was smarting under the injustice of her making me appear responsible for her own fault. When the curtain fell she was furious, and turning to me with flashing eyes and an imperious air discharged me then and there. I might leave now if I liked, and she would dismiss the audience rather than submit to such a public insult. I told her that if she considered my conduct an insult to her, it was a confession that she had insulted me first, as my words and manner were but a reflection of her own. This sort of logic only made matters worse. So I informed her that I could not take a discharge given in the heat of temper, and would remain.

"The play proceeded, but she was singularly adroit, and by her manner in turning her back on me through an entire scene, and assuming an air of injured innocence, undoubtedly made the audience believe that I was a cruel wretch to insult

her in so public a way. She had the advantage of me all through, for when her temper was shown to me the play was proceeding, and I dare say that in the bustle and confusion of the scene very few of the audience could understand what she had done ; whereas, when I retaliated, there had been a pause, and they got the full force of what I said. When an actor shows his temper upon the stage, the audience feel insulted that they should be called upon to sympathize with his private quarrels. The actor is the loser, depend upon it.

“ As Laura Keene’s season drew to a close she and I had buried our differences, and were comparatively good friends again. So the lady was somewhat surprised to learn that I was not going to remain with her during the following season, and seemed to consider it unkind of me to withdraw from the theatre after she had done so much to advance my position. This is the somewhat unjust ground that managers often take when an actor wants to go to another house. This is unreasonable, for there must come a time when it will be for the interest of one or both parties that they should part, and it would be just as wrong at one time as at another. If an actor, when the season is concluded and his obligations are at an end, sees an opportunity of increasing his salary or bettering his position by going to another establishment, it would be an injustice to himself and those who depend upon him not to do so. And by the same reasoning, if a manager can secure better talent at a more reasonable price, he has a perfect right to replace one actor by another, having fulfilled his engagement. I have never known any manager to hesitate in pursuing this course, unless he retained the actor as an act of charity, and then, of course, the matter is a purely personal one. Miss Keene, taking the unfair view I have alluded to, was highly incensed at my proposed departure. She considered that, having been the first to bring me to New York, to her my loyalty was due, and in common gratitude I was bound not to desert the theatre for the purpose, as she supposed, of joining the opposition forces. I replied that, so far as my ingratitude was concerned, I failed to see in what way she had placed me under obligations ; that I presumed when she engaged me for her theatre it was

from a motive of professional interest, and I could scarcely think it was from any affection for me, as we had never met until the engagement was made. This kind of logic had anything but a conciliatory effect; so I concluded by saying that it was my intention to star. 'Star! Oh, dear! Bless me! Indeed!' She did not say this, but she certainly looked it, and as she turned her eyes heavenward there was a slight elevation in the tip of her beautiful nose, that gave me no encouragement of an offer from her under these circumstances. With a slight tinge of contempt she asked me with what I intended to star. I answered that, with her permission, I proposed to act 'Our American Cousin.' 'Which I decline to give. The play is my property, and you shall not act it outside of this theatre.' And she swept from the green-room with anything but the air of a comedienne. The houses were still overflowing, and there was every prospect that 'Our American Cousin' would run through the season; but Miss Keene was tired of acting her part in the comedy, and was determined to take the play off, and produce 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' which had been in preparation for some time, and, in fact, was now in readiness.

"The management was anxious that Mr. Blake, who had been idle for some four months, should be in the cast, so that the play might contain the full strength of its expensive company. The Duchess being in high dudgeon with me, deputed her business manager, Mr. Lutz, to approach me on the subject of the cast, proposing that I should resign the part of Bottom to Mr. Blake, and at the same time requesting me to play Puck. This I positively refused to do. I told him plainly that Miss Keene had taken an antagonistic stand towards me, and that I felt that she would not appreciate a favor even if I might feel disposed to grant it, and would treat any concession that I should make as weakness. He said that Miss Keene had begged him to urge the matter, as she did not know how else to get Mr. Blake and myself into the cast. 'Very well,' said I, 'if that is all, tell her I will play Bottom, and let Mr. Blake play Puck.' And so we parted. Of course I did not suppose that he would carry this absurd message, as Mr. Blake would have turned the scale at

two hundred and fifty pounds, and looked about as much like Puck as he resembled a fairy queen. But, not being familiar with Shakespeare, and having no idea what the characters were like, he gave her my suggestion word for word. This put the fair lady in a high temper, and she did not speak to me for a week. But I stood on my rights and was cast for Bottom, Miss Keene essaying the part of Puck herself. After three or four rehearsals I discovered I should fail in the part of Bottom, and therefore deemed it wise to make 'discretion the better part of valor,' and resign the character, which I did upon the condition that I might take the play of 'Our American Cousin' upon a starring tour, and give the management one-half of the profits for the use of the play. I have thought that perhaps it was scarcely in good taste that I should touch upon the little misunderstandings between myself and Miss Keene; but as these quarrels were not of a domestic or private nature, and as the public were made fully aware of them at the time there is nothing sacred about them, and they may serve as lessons in the future to younger and, as yet, inexperienced actors. And then, too, Miss Keene and I were friends in after years; we had long since shaken hands and buried the hatchet—had talked and laughed over our rows and reconciliations, and had continued to get as much amusement out of the recollections as we had created trouble out of the realities. When I returned from Australia we met again. She had lost her theatre, and was traveling and starring with only partial success. Her early popularity had waned, but she battled against adversity with great courage. At last her health gave way, and she retired, but still with the clinging hope of returning to the stage again. She never did. The last letter she wrote was penned upon her death-bed and was addressed to me. She sent me an ivory miniature of Madame Vestris, and a water-color drawing, by Hardy, of Edmund Kean as Richard III. Her letter was cheerful and full of hope; she spoke of feeling better, and seemed confident that in a few months she would be in harness again. She died the day after this was written."

—*Joseph Jefferson's Autobiography.*

“Years passed, and in the meantime Tom Taylor, thinking because Silsby died that ‘Our American Cousin’ was a manuscript in the basket of oblivion and ‘Rejected Addresses,’ and having a copy of it, placed the same in his New York agent’s hands, who in due course sold it to Laura Keene for a thousand dollars. On the production of the piece for the first time, Mrs. Silsby, the widow of the comedian, remembering the name and the various characters, having been present at the rehearsal in California, searched over the old papers of her late husband, and then found the original manuscript, with the following superscription in Josiah Silsby’s own handwriting, ‘Our American Cousin,’ by Tom Taylor. From B. Webster to J. Silsby.’ The subject coming to the ears of Messrs. Wheatley and Clark, the managers of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, they bought the original manuscript from Mrs. Silsby, and commenced rendering the play, when a lawsuit was instituted between themselves and Miss Laura Keene, in which some interesting evidence was elicited, but none that sustained the Philadelphia managers in their case against the shrewd and wily Laura. The piece from its first night at Laura Keene’s to the time of its withdrawal, was wonderfully attractive, and though played in every city of the Union since, has not been successful as a ‘run,’ save in such cities as a short distance made it convenient for the imitators to visit, watch and study the original performers. For instance, from Boston, E. L. Davenport and Chanfrau, J. A. Smith and Warren, and from Philadelphia, Wheatley and Clark, visited Laura Keene’s in New York, and repeatedly studiously witnessed every movement, every ‘gag’ or stage tact, and the entire affair was secretly taken down in shorthand by hired stenographers for these gentlemen. Hence, in only these cities has the piece been well rendered, and though the public have seen it already here, many have yet to see it more complete with its three original characters, and its chief one, Lord Dundreary. So much for the history of ‘Our American Cousin.’”—*Pemberton’s Memoirs of Sothorn*, p. 168.

CHAPTER VII.

LAURA KEENE AND KATE REIGNOLDS.

“**L**AURA Keene was an exponent of the elegant ‘modern comedy,’ in which her delicate taste and feminine charm controlled the imagination; it was not photography, nor labored art, but a water-color sketch, full of light and grace. A pity it is that, together with the high comedy of a former generation, it seems completely to have passed away, for such performances are the ideal amusement of a gay hour for men and women of the world, who do not delight to find themselves and their doings reproduced on the stage, nor to be betrayed into vehement and unpleasant emotion.

“As we have seen in other cases, however, managers who succeed must sometimes set aside their own preference, and, if themselves actors, their own special gifts, and follow where the public leads. So Laura Keene was driven in dark days to a variety show, the first of its kind, perhaps; and in a play called ‘Variety’ she, in her own person and in ‘citizen’s’ dress, appeared in her own situation as a perplexed manager, puzzled what to do to regain the public favor. Fairy help produced ‘Samples’ for approval, and these specimens were the piece. There were songs in character, a burlesque of ‘Lady Macbeth,’ tableaux, dances, and finally a basket-horse and a miniature circus. One of the loveliest pictures I ever saw on any stage was the Rose, in which, through a large cloud aperture, appeared the great Jacqueminot, each petal a little pink clad child, fold within fold, down to a sweet cherub face, which was the heart of the living flower. But there is no greater game of chance than theatrical venture, and this was Miss Keene’s experience. Expensively-mounted pieces met, financially, with meagre results, the truth being that theatre-going people were fewer then than now, and a play that now runs six months would last then but six weeks, even this being an uncommon success. So Laura Keene, like every other wearer of a crown, found

it no easy task to smile while the heart ached with care. We see it in every condition of life. The leaders of society, with all the alleviations that money can give, have all a special strain that responsibility of any nature must of necessity bring. Only the very few, well-placed, unambitious, mercifully-sheltered lives, are free from it; and the cruel tension to keep up to concert pitch, together with the intense pressure in time of doubt and failure in catering for the public must be felt to be known.

“It seems as if I rather anticipated my share in those early days with Laura Keene. All women, I suppose, in girlhood adore some other woman. I adored her. I found an excuse for every fault. I waited her bidding; ran at her call; and meekly accepted the scoldings I got for my pains, and these were not a few, since she took advantage of my devotion, and when anything in others deserved a rebuke, she invariably administered that rebuke to me—like the tutor who punished the fag when the prince was naughty. It is a fact—she was so in the habit of calling me to account for others to take warning, that on one occasion when her complaint was a smell of ‘tobacco, tobacco from a pipe’ (Laura Keene addressing men in general), from the pure force of habit turned in my direction and riveted her eyes upon me with such severity that there was a universal smile at my expense.

“A stranger would undoubtedly have credited me with the capital offence of smoking that pipe. On another occasion my fascinating tyrant saw she had tried even my spaniel affection too far, and sending for me to her own room, where I went with red, swollen eyes her greeting was as follows: ‘What are you crying for, you little fool? I didn’t mean you, but Mr. Harold,’ but, as this cold comfort was dispensed with a downright shake, it somehow did not have the effect of healing my wounded feelings. So I turned my back upon her—yes, I did, with a very large lump in my throat and tears streaming, but I did turn my back upon her, and spent a wretched afternoon, in consequence. ‘Suspense is the condition of the spider, but most injurious to man.’ It surely is to woman, as I can testify. Oh, how long the hours seemed! She would surely send for me, as she often did, to help find a

pocket-handkerchief or search for a lost ring! But no messenger came! I grew, as I flattered myself, quite calm, indifferent, even dignified under the fancied slight, until in our first scene of the 'Rivals' that night, she subjugated me completely with her penitence. For, when I went on as 'Julia,' the reception of 'Lydia Languish' was so felicitous, her kisses so loving, her introduced line of admiration so enthusiastic, that as she led me down to the footlights there was a round of applause given, and the next day a lady who had been in the audience, remarked: 'How fond Miss Keene is of you!' Well, I never said then what brought this special fondness about.

"Years afterwards, when Miss Keene and I met on equal ground, we had many happy hours together, and in one of them a good laugh over my scapegoat days. But when I said, perhaps rather too feelingly, 'Oh, you did treat me shamefully,' the little lady instantly recovered her ancient attitude as she earnestly rejoined: 'Your character needed it; you would not be what you are but for my early discipline. It was all good for you.' Perhaps it was! At any rate, my admiration for her never waned, and she is one of my pleasant memories of to-day. The resources of a woman's mind, concentrated upon a crisis, certainly invest her for the moment with extraordinary executive ability.

"One night, when 'Much Ado About Nothing' was to be given, it was found almost at the last moment that the costumes were not ready. All the women not in the cast were instantly pressed into service. Under Laura Keene's direction, the unfinished garments were sewn upon the wearers. The time running short, the distracted manager, who had her own hands full, and was still to dress for 'Beatrice,' called the lords and attendants to stand before her, and sending to the paint room for a pot and brush, finished the borders of their 'jackets and trunks' in black paint! 'Now, keep apart! Don't sit down! Don't come near the ladies!' with her spasmodic, quick speech, and she was off to array herself in a twinkling, for the dainty lady of Messina!

"Like many another English woman, Laura Keene was seen at her best in her own home, where she was a charming hostess, without a touch of affectation. Bubbling with

delightful conversation, she yet had a rare and attractive reserve, which stimulated the fancy, and was never broken with her most intimate friends. A woman's life, if not led in sheltered places, must lose some of its finer fibres, or they must protect themselves by deep, shrinking sensitiveness and a veil of reticence. She had a frail physical constitution, which made the hard life of an actress a specially severe one to her, and her delicate temperament brought its usual penalty of a great capability for suffering. She had much pain, her life had many struggles and failures, and though she passed away in her prime, those who loved her and mourned her felt their sorrow alleviated in knowing she was at rest. The public missed a little, but mourned not, as is its wont, a name and presence that were potent spells for many years; and the mimic triumphs of the comedienne passed into speedy oblivion. She died in the comfortable faith of the Roman Catholic Church.

“One livid gleam fell on the name of Laura Keene to preserve it from absolute forgetfulness, out of the stormiest moment of American history. She stood upon the stage, beneath the box where the tragedy of Abraham Lincoln's assassination was enacted, that Good Friday night of 1865, and her robes were brushed by John Wilkes Booth as he rushed away for his dismal flight. She never made, or could bear to hear, the slightest allusion to that moment; and the horror and shock of it shortened her days.”—*Kate Reynolds' Yesterdays with Actors*.

“The re-opening of this popular theatre, after an unusually prolonged recess, was marked last evening by the presence of a most fashionable and numerous audience. Every seat in the house was occupied; and during the course of the performance no opportunity was lost by the audience to evince their appreciation of the zealous efforts of the accomplished directress to cater for the public amusement. The honors showered upon Miss Keene last evening were only a well-deserved and substantial testimony to her merits. During the summer vacation the painters and upholsterers have plied their vocation so industriously that the house now presents an entirely fresh and pleasing aspect. The scenery to a great

extent is new, and the old act drop curtain has been replaced by an elegant affair, fresh from the brush of Mr. Minard Lewis, a native artist, whose work bespeaks him a man of taste and skill in his profession. But the mechanical and scenic improvements are only a secondary consideration when viewed beside the other desirable changes Miss Laura Keene has introduced, particularly in the *personnel* of her company, which may now compare with the best in the city, not excepting even Wallack's. We believe it is Miss Keene's intention to discard, at least for the present, the sensation drama, and to produce the good old standard comedies, which, after all, possess the most permanent elements of success and popularity. With the material furnished by the company she has gathered about her, she may safely venture the experiment, and rest confident that her efforts will be properly appreciated by the public. The season was judiciously opened with Boucicault's sterling comedy, 'Old Heads and Young Hearts;' Blake as Jesse Rural, Miss Keene as Lady Alice, and Charles Wheatleigh as Tom Coke. The piece was produced most carefully and effectively. It is not necessary to state that the three characters specified were splendidly enacted, as the talent of the artists named has long been acknowledged and admired. The other principal parts were as admirably sustained by Miss Clifton, Mrs. Hind, Stuart Robson (a new actor here), Stoddart, and C. Walcot, Jr. Our space will not permit of a more extended notice."—*New York Herald*, September 23, 1862.

"Laura Keene has made one of those happy hits, in the character of Peg Woffington, which, as in the case of Sothorn's Lord Dundreary, promises her an undisputed monopoly of the part. All the town is running to see the piece."—*New York Herald*, October 16, 1862.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.

"'Our American Cousin' was reproduced at this establishment last night. The character of Asa Trenchard was taken by John T. Raymond, who rendered the part very acceptably to the audience. His acting was excellent, and with a little more experience his Asa Trenchard will be all that could be

desired. The Lord Dundreary of Mr. Levick was a good performance. Mrs. J. H. Allen took the character of Miss Trenchard, formerly represented by Laura Keene, with marked ability. The entire cast was excellent, and the present representation of 'Our American Cousin' is fully equal to the cast of its original production."—*New York Herald*, January 12, 1862.

"Of all the theatres, both for manager and plays, commend me to Laura Keene's. The fair Laura, herself an unexcelled actress, and excellent judge of artists and plays, holds ready a friendly hand both for home and foreign productions, provided they be good. This is the theatre for all our citizens, and this is the reason for the great success of the 'American Cousin,' a piece made more popular at Miss Keene's theatre than any theatrical production ever yet presented at any theatre in the world. Our citizens go there as naturally to see the 'American Cousin' as they do to the Park to see the City Hall."—*New York Sun*, January 12, 1862.

"Two new pieces were presented last night with all that fulness of stage details which marks this establishment. The first is a dramatization adapted to the season, founded on the fruitful Christmas story-teller Dickens. It has the moral in it which always lends value to the stage. The central character is Skinner, the miser, whose dream works a change of heart. The vision is put in, of course, on the stage, and accordingly we had matter which kept the house in a good humor. The piece had a strong cast; Miss Keene herself doing the lame boy, and Messrs. Stoddart, Peters, Marlowe, Burnett, Miss Sara Stevens, Mrs. Lotty Hough, and others, contributed to it."—*New York Herald*, December 27, 1861.

E. A. SOTHERN.

"While in New York, and before he made any hit, he had a dispute with Laura Keene, concerning some trivial affair at rehearsal, and she became highly excited. After a brief quarrel on the stage, she retired to her dressing-room, and still angry, sent for him and commenced to rate him soundly. Sothern said to her: 'Stop! Laura! Stop, just a minute!' and advancing to the light, deliberately turned it down.

“ ‘What do you mean by that, sir?’ said she, in a rage.

“ ‘Oh, nothing,’ rejoined Mr. Sothern, ‘but you have always been so lovely to me that I can’t bear to look upon your beautiful face when you are in a passion. Now go on!’

“She never said another word of unkindness to him during her lifetime.

“ ‘I was trying to recall,’ writes Mrs. Vincent, in a postscript, ‘where I heard this anecdote, and I now remember that it was told to me by Miss Laura Keene herself, and she added that he was ‘the most impudent, audacious, good-for-nothing, good-hearted fellow’ she ever met. That was her estimate of him when he was young, and the friendship formed during those early days continued until her death.”

“LAURA KEENE.

“We give this week a portrait of Miss Laura Keene. This fine artist is so well known here that to recapitulate her career would be but to tell, not ‘a twice-told tale,’ but one familiar to every member of the profession and lover of dramatic art. Among the mass of tributes and criticisms which have been bestowed upon her, we find none better or truer, none more fit to accompany the ‘counterfeit presentment’ of her familiar features than the following: ‘No braver, steadier, abler, purer soldier ever battled in the ranks of art than is Laura Keene; no captain ever planned better, or labored more perseveringly, or with more success. She is not one of yesterday. She has illustrated, since 1853, a long line of art for which the whole profession of actors is her debtor, and for which work the public can never repay her. In good fortune she has borne prosperity without arrogance or self-conceit; in adverse fortune she has buckled on her armor and often plucked triumph out of the jaws of defeat. Her genius has been a perfect nursery of art. No actor or actress in America will deny this fact; and those under her immediate management will gratefully acknowledge how much they owed to her ladylike courtesy, her patience, her intellect, her self-sacrifice, her appreciation, her fostering care and ever active sympathy in the really noble profession of the legitimate stage. The bitter, inflexible energy and perseverance

of Laura Keene have few equals in any walk of life. Her energy rises with emergencies, and her industry triumphs over circumstances that have overwhelmed able and resolute men, placed under like difficulties. As long as our stage lives she will be remembered as among its steadiest, clearest, purest lights; a fixed star, an unselfish enthusiast, a valiant and true woman, who has fought a noble fight, without faltering, for the honorable legitimate drama, such as Shakespeare created it.

“‘Her long, able, artist life has not been without its personal rewards. Such devotion has not escaped the hearts and minds of all liberal men and women, among whom she has ministered in the temple of art. We have seen it here in the capital, in the unaffected sympathy which has been extended to her by such ladies as Mrs. General Sherman, and such men as President Grant and General Sherman. And we are now at perfect liberty to state—which we were not before, while her engagement lasted, without danger of misconception of her motives—that she declined a public testimonial, headed by the general of our armies, purely from a feeling of self-sacrificing sensibility. And wherever she goes over the land, the liberal of all professions and the *elite* of all womanhood bear testimony to her similar offerings. Criticism is honored in making a record like this; for it feels itself sustained in such grateful duty by the strong support of public opinion.’

“The foregoing tribute to Miss Keene we judge to be from the pen of Judge Barnett, of Washington, in which city this lady has no rival in popularity among the higher classes of its society.

“During her present engagement Miss Keene has presented, and will probably present, but one play, ‘Hunted Down,’ one of the very best of Boucicault’s quieter dramas. As matter of mere record we print here the plot of the piece, adding that in the rôle of Mary Leigh, Miss Keene has certainly reached a degree of artistic finish and delicacy of analysis not surpassed by any English-speaking actress in America since Ellen Tree.”—*Judge Barnett, of Washington, D. C., from “Scrap Book of C. W. Mann, Philadelphia.”*

“LAURA KEENE :

“MY DEAR MADAM—Here is another drama—my last for this season. It was written in five days, and the labor has rather overtaxed me, as this makes the seventh I have written within the space of twenty-eight weeks—one five-act play, five three-act dramas, and a burlesque. This piece is called ‘The Colleen Bawn,’ and is Irish to the backbone. It is the first time I have taken a subject from my native country, and, quickly as the work has been executed, I am not the less satisfied with it. ’Twill be found to be, I think, the best constructed of any of my works. Whatever demerits it may have, it is my happiest effort in that particular. The public must determine the rest.

DION BOUCICAULT.”

CHAPTER VIII.

LETTER TO JOSEPH JEFFERSON—A REPLY—THE MACARTHY.

“JOSEPH JEFFERSON, ESQ. :

“DEAR SIR — The subject of this letter is my only apology in writing to a man who is, personally, an entire stranger to me. More than twenty years ago, or, at the death of Laura Keene, nearly every newspaper in this country, with perhaps the exception of the *New York Tribune*, had nothing but laurels to strew on the grave of this dead woman. It remained alone for the chivalrous (?) and magnanimous (?) pen of William Winter to be an exception to the rule. In the gentleness and mellowness of time, however, right-thinking people began to predict that even Mr. Winter would learn to repent the folly of his harsh and ungenerous criticism. While recently reading the ‘Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson,’ I was more than pained, nay, the Irish blood in my American veins revolted, at finding in that work a literal reproduction of the same criticism of the same woman after more than twenty years.

“‘Why,’ you may say, ‘has he not written to the author of the article, and not to me?’ I will tell you. I desire that you should first know that all of Miss Keene’s friends are not yet dead; and, secondly, the contempt which every right-

thinking man must have for an author, writer or journalist, who is capable of such blunders after more than twenty years. At the death of John Lutz, the husband of Miss Keene, that lady, as you know, was not rich. She had an aged mother to support, and two daughters to educate and care for. Had Miss Keene done nothing else, but carefully minister to the wants of her aged mother to the last, and educate her daughters in the convent at Georgetown, Washington, D. C., this fact alone should have entitled her to the respect and admiration of every honest man. I shall now tell you something which I think you do *not* know: that William Winter, for having written that article, was saved from being publicly horse-whipped by one of Laura Keene's daughters, simply because she never met him from the day of its publication to the hour of her death. Mr. Winter lays great stress on the production of 'The Seven Sisters,' 'which was considered rubbish,' but carefully forgets to state that while Laura Keene produced this very 'rubbish,' which ran 169 nights, that the same woman produced practically the entire galaxy of English classics at her theatres. Nor was that all. That she was surrounded by a company of players who certainly had brains, has long since passed into history. The history of the men who were her actors has long since been written on the pages of dramatic art.

"While the wardrobe of her women may not have been as 'massive or gushing' as that worn on the stage by the gentler sex of to-day, yet, I have yet to learn of a single woman of Laura Keene's company who was in 'high jinks' with the Prince of Wales, or who depended on her popularity for notoriety or the number of her alleged husbands. Mr. Winter also refers to the fact that for a long time Miss Keene 'was inconspicuous in theatrical life, but it was vaguely known that she was roaming the country with a traveling company.' During the publication of the 'Fine Arts,' Miss Keene was practically out of the theatrical business. As to 'roaming the country,' what, my dear sir, is Mrs. John Drew doing to-day? She recently, according to the public press, was, while in a western city, obliged to borrow money from a prize-fighter to 'get out of town.' 'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true.' What is Fanny Janauscheck to-day, or

that child of genius, Modjeska? Nay, let me come nearer home, and ask what is Joseph Jefferson, whose 'Rip' recently set my 'water-works'* in motion, although I have seen it during the past quarter of a century? What is the life-story of any actor or actress but that of a 'roaming' player? Has it not been such from the first? Even if some of them travel in a palace-car at present, the fact nevertheless remains that they are 'roaming.' It is simply unavoidable, owing to the character or nature of their business.

"Actors, however, are not the only roamers. The ministers of God, who are located here to-day and there to-morrow, are equally such, and, as a matter of fact, so are nine-tenths of the business population of this or any other country. During her management of the Chestnut Street Theatre in this city, Miss Keene not only commanded the respect of the citizens of your native city, but it was generally conceded that her stock company was as fine as that of any English-speaking theatre in the world. According to Mr. Winter, Laura Keene made mistakes. To err is the lot of all. No one who has been endowed by nature with an understanding would knowingly, willingly, or intentionally resort to professional errors; yet William Winter, with all his experience as a professional journalist, could not prevent himself from committing the colossal blunder of maligning a dead woman. The truth is, the biography of Laura Keene has not yet been written. When it is, that lady will be considered as a daughter, woman, wife, mother, scholar, actress, artist, and manager; and not through the focus of William Winter.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN CREAHAN.

Continental Hotel, Phila., December, '94."

"COCHRAN, Washington, D. C., January 28, '95.

"DEAR SIR: I can only reply to your letter in the words you suggest: 'Why to me instead of to the author?' Let me, however, add that Mr. Winter did not consult me in re-

* In sounding the chords of the human heart, the story of Rip is as potent to-day as when I first saw it.—J. C.

gard to the matter, and for the having only glanced at the book. I have never read the article you speak of.

"My relations with Mr. Winter are such that it would be in bad taste for me to criticise his work, nor have I any right to find fault with your censure of it.

"If you will refer to my Autobiography, you will find that I have treated Miss Keene with every respect.

Very respectfully,

Faithfully yours,

J. JEFFERSON.

"JOHN CREAHAN ESQ."

"France, who most laudably pays honor to her distinguished children, should not have shared in the unjust war made upon Rachel by certain authors and journalists under the contemptible promptings of spite and ill-temper, by leaving that luminous star unheeded to quench itself by inches in languor and melancholy. Her merit was so supreme that we can well pardon some slight defects in her character—defects which were, perhaps, due to the malady which was secretly preying upon her, and both as a woman and as one who was a real honor to her country, she had the right to expect more indulgence and higher regard from the proverbial equity and courtesy of the French people. The thought that she was disliked by her compatriots exacerbated the disease which brought her to her grave. Poor Rachel! May the compassion of an Italian artist reach you in your eternal abiding-place."—*Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini.*

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

"In the criticism of my play, 'The Macarthy,' published in this morning's paper, a great injustice has been done me. It is there stated that my play is in fact Mr. Falconer's, the names only being 'altered to avoid the copyright law,' etc. Now, after I have put forth the work as my own, this is a serious accusation, and if true would convict me of dishonesty to the public, dishonesty to Mr. Falconer, and, more than all, dishonesty to my principles, for instead of attempting to evade the copyright law, it has ever been my effort to uphold it, and



LAURA KEENE

As BELTHAZAR (Portia) in "The Merchant of Venice."

from it I demand protection for this very work—a work which has cost me much labor and expense. But having accused me of theft, the writer at least should have established the identity of the property. The critic describes Mr. Falconer's play correctly, I have no doubt, but the public, on witnessing 'The Macarthy,' will look in vain for a 'blind old harpist,' the 'coy maiden,' 'transported brother,' 'returned exile,' 'treasonable documents,' 'betrothed sweetheart' and the villain who is 'eventually shot dead' (a catastrophe which has not yet taken place in my play to my knowledge). Mr. Falconer's drama was suggested by one of Banim's novels, 'The Macarthy' by another, and the sensation scene (which is their only point of resemblance) by a third. My treatment of the latter, however, differs materially from Mr. Falconer's. In explanation of this singular mistake, I can only conclude that the critic being crowded out by the rush, accepted the report that my play was, indeed, Mr. Falconer's. Had he witnessed the performance he would have avoided placing himself in so ludicrous a position.

"LAURA KEENE.

Laura Keene's Theatre, February 25, '62."

—*From N. Y. Herald, Feb. 26, 62.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE FINE ARTS.

IN 1872 Laura Keene and Emma Webb Nivert embarked in a new enterprise, the publication of *The Fine Arts*, an art journal which cost Miss Keene a great deal of money, if practically not a fortune. It was entirely against the wishes of her family that Miss Keene entered into this unfortunate, if not bold or daring, venture. But Laura Keene was a woman whose will was law, and this was no exception to the rule. "The Springler House was for sale at the time," said Emma Taylor to the writer "I wanted my mother to buy it and convert it into a theatre, but she had set her heart on publishing *The Fine Arts*, and was almost financially ruined in consequence."

As a publication *The Fine Arts* was on a par with every thing which Miss Keene handled. As a literary production it could command but few readers, owing to its high character and erudition. It was printed on thick, white paper, and had the most expensive artists that could be found, among whom were Arthur Lumley and Henry Linton. Indeed, it was more suggestive of the production of a millionaire than a business enterprise. Had Miss Keene taken the advice of her daughter, and purchased the Springler House she might have died almost a millionaire.

"34 Bond Street, February 10, 1872.—My Dear John, I want you to have the cards put in the book-stand of the Continental. The young ladies and myself have devoted ourselves to high artistic literature. . . . And we hope, with God's blessing, that our journal will be a means of refinement. Will write fully next week; meantime, kind regards from Emma and Clara.

LAURA KEENE."

"34 Bond Street, February 29, 1872.—My dear John, Miss Keene being very ill, and unable to attend to business has asked me to enclose . . . for advertisements in the programme. Will you kindly attend to this, and let me know when? With many thanks for your kindness; kind regards to your family; and hoping to see your mother and yourself here at no late day.—Yours, in great haste,
E. TAYLOR."

"Our Artistic Literature.—Under the title of *Fine Arts*, a new journal, wholly devoted to the culture of the æsthetic tastes of our people, has entered the literary arena. We have long felt the want of just such a vehicle for the conveyance of artistic ideas to the wealthier classes, upon whom such a journal must naturally depend for support. The projectors of *Fine Arts* have the right ideas about what their journal should aim to teach, and the articles on various subjects connected with art are pleasing and instructive. They are written in an easy and popular manner, which will meet the wants of the general public better than any profound disquisitions. Among the articles, those entitled

‘The Origin and Divisions of Art’ and ‘Vicious Cartooning’ deserve special mention. The last, in particular, deals with an important subject in a common-sense and dignified manner, justly visiting with severe condemnation the vulgarity and immorality which in many of our illustrated papers take the place of satirical humor. Laura Keene and Emma Webb Nivert have undertaken the editorial control of the new journal; and under their direction we are certain it will preserve its high character and achieve success. The present number contains two large wood engravings and one beautiful photographic illustration. The letter-press is printed in clear, elegant type on thick, substantial paper. Altogether, *Fine Arts* has been brought out in most creditable style, and deserves the warm support of every-one interested in the development of art among our people.”—*New York Herald*.

“*Fine Arts*, a journal of the polite world, by Laura Keene and Emma Webb Nivert, as a monthly magazine, is an exquisite specimen of fine typography and engraving, an authority, indeed, on all questions of taste and manners—one or two of Linton’s wood engravings being gems—and the letter-press is quite up to the standard the well-known names of its fair conductors would suggest.”—*New York Tribune*.

“*Fine Arts* is the name of a new monthly magazine, of which the object is sufficiently indicated by its title. It is of large quarto form, very handsomely gotten up in all typographical details. The first number has a wood-cut carefully engraved by Mr. Linton, of Bartolozzi’s ‘Lodona,’ an exceedingly rare and precious print. Miss Laura Keene and Miss Emma Webb Nivert are the editors, and it is to be hoped the success of *Fine Arts*, with the first number of which such generous pains have evidently been taken, may more than equal their expectations.”—*The World*.

“Miss Keene has become an editor of *Fine Arts*, a journal of the polite world. Associated with Miss Keene in this enterprise is Emma Webb Nivert. The first number of their journal is out. It is handsomely printed, and its contents are varied and entertaining, and invaluable to those who desire culture and refinement.”—*New York Sun*.

"ENGLISH PAINTERS.

"Hogarth was a genius in humorous satire; Sir Joshua was an intellectual painter of heads; Barry, a large-minded man crippled by insufficient knowledge; Gainsborough, a poetical thinker not sufficiently appreciated in his own day; Romney's portraits have grace and tenderness; West's historical tableaux, a certain dull, equable, Quakerly placidity; Morland's pigs are steeped in a golden cuypish atmosphere that should only be breathed by angels; Fuseli's designs are wild, weird and lurid; Stothard invested all he touched with a divine calmness and peace; Opil was manly and vigorous; Wilkie finished like Ostade, and was far deeper than the coarse Dutchman he imitated; Blake was a spiritualist of spiritualists; yet none of these men succeeded in founding a school of painting. They were all timid, all more or less imitators. Reynolds sighed after the grandeur of Michael Angelo, that Titanic Florentine; Gainsborough aimed at the somewhat sketchy grace and gallantry of Vandyke; Fuseli wandered from Signorelli and 'Hell' Breughel and found no place whereon to rest his foot; Wilkie only gave Ostade a larger purpose; Stothard was Raphaelesque in his mannered gentleness; Barry was always posing himself after the old masters, and putting tie wigs on Greek statues. In none of these early English painters do we find a grand or original ideal fairly worked out.

"The age they lived in wanted portraits and imitations, furniture portraits and imitations, of Claude and Teniers—above all, it insisted on cabinet pictures—the artist was no longer to decorate Cyclopean churches like St. Peter's, the Cathedral at Seville, but boudoirs and country gentlemen's dining-rooms. The genius of art, that in Cimabue's time emerged from the leaden jar hauled out of the Dead Sea of Oblivion by Giotto's sturdy hand, and rose till it touched the sun with one hand and the moon with the other, planting one foot on the earth and the other on the morning star, had now shrunk down again to within two inches of its old prison—it had served Heaven, it was now to work at silver,

filagree and mosaic upon earth, a new phase of this Ariel's servitude to man had arrived.

"Amongst our dead painters we can only see two really European men; they are Hogarth and Turner. They alone exhausted their special worlds; the one, the social life of his own day, and the passions of human nature; the other, the scenery of England, and all the more accessible parts of Europe. As both these great workers and thinkers are dead, they ought to be beyond the reach of our envy; let us, therefore, do them justice. When we want to know if a painter is worthy of a European fame, we always try him by this drop of test-acid: would his pictures please Moldavians, Icelanders, persons unacquainted with our history, manners, and language? Yes; Hogarth's and Turner's would. Show a Finlander, capable of appreciating art, Turner's 'Old Temeraire Towed to Her Last Moorings.' Even if he could not see the pathos of the old age of the war-ship, he would be lost in admiration at the twilight effect, the keen young moon, the pearly haze, the misty blue of the river-reaches, the gorgeous last flush of the sunset. He might not care to know that that grand picture was suggested to Turner by Stanfield, at a Greenwich dinner; but he would take off his hat (if he had such a possession), and say, 'I bow the head, for here is an emanation of God's greatest gift to man—genius. This painter was a teacher, only a little lower than the angels.'—*Fine Arts*, March, 1871.

ART TREASURES IN NEW YORK.

"Among other evidences of the prosperity and wealth of New York, are the treasures of statuary which adorn the homes of the magnificent city. A recent visit to the elegant mansion of Mrs. Loring Andrews, of Fifth Avenue, especially delighted me. In her spacious drawing-rooms are several exquisite works of eminent sculptors.

"'The Flight from Pompeii,' by Benzonei, possesses rare excellence and patriotic interest. There are three figures in the group—the husband, wife and child. They are represented as rushing with frantic haste over the lava-strewn streets, where caskets of jewels are thrown heedlessly beneath

their feet. The husband shields his wife and infant with his mantle, or toga, clasping her delicate waist with his strong arm. The woman, with true mother's instinct, seems to think only of her infant, which she holds in her arms, protecting its eyes with one of her small hands from the glare of the volcano. The attitude of this group is eloquent of the anguish of the fearful peril, and of the love which defies even death. 'Rizpah,' by Moshier, is admirable. The subject is taken from Bible history, and represents Rizpah, daughter of Aiak, seated on a rock, with a torch in one hand and a staff in the other. She is supposed to be watching over the dead bodies of her children, slain by the Gibeonites, and left unburied. With the torch by night she frightens away the wild beasts, and with the staff she drives off the birds by day.

" 'And suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.'

"The figure is full of strength and comeliness. The story of the mother's agony is manifested in the fixed and rigid lines of the face, and in the firm resolve which her attitude indicates, to guard them even in death from sacrilegious hands.

"Tennyson's 'Elaine,' by Shakespeare Wood (an English artist), is singularly beautiful; the form is slight and graceful, the head of exquisite shape, the hands rest upon the shield of Sir Launcelot, clinging as it were lovingly to it ere he claims it from her.

" 'Ruth,' by Randolph Rogers, is one of the loveliest creations of this famous sculptor. She has just gathered up the wheat sheaves, and is glancing up appealingly, as though for permission to take them away.

" 'Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii,' is another charming work, by Rogers. The figure is crouching down as though to escape the storm of fire. One hand is held to her ear, to gather in the full extent of the approaching destruction. The other holds a staff with which she guides her footsteps. The large, wide-open, sightless eyes are touchingly suggestive of her perfect helplessness, and seem to appeal for aid and pity. Wealth which thus adorns the home, is in truth a blessing, conferring happiness not only upon the possessor of

these treasures, but upon those who enjoy the privilege of seeing them.”—*Fine Arts*, March, '72.

“SCULPTURE.

“It is quite impossible to bestow too great a compliment upon the beautiful and sublime art of Sculpture, which more than almost anything else, explains ancient history and unfolds ancient manners. It is marvelous to reflect how perfectly the most tragic events have been chiselled in marble so that time itself has been conquered by the hand of Art. For instance, the Grecian sculptors represented the tortures of Prometheus with such terrific exactness that the spectator, who thrills with horror at the description of *Æschylus*, feels his mind relieved by doubting the authenticity of the story, or by yielding his assent to the other account, that Prometheus was only a servant high in the confidence of Osiris, an Egyptian monarch, and was only punished for communicating the Arts of Egypt to the Greeks, and that the officer who guarded him was slain by *Hercules* and the prisoner set free.

“The world can never pay the debt of gratitude it owes the Grecians for the great excellence to which they carried the art of Sculpture, nor can it ever evince too much respect for the uses to which they applied it. It was with them an honorable and lasting tribute to departed worth, and a powerful stimulus to laudable emulation. The poet and the orator shared its honors with the hero and the patriot, and it is a high eulogium on the republican spirit of the Athenians that their justice and gratitude impelled them to erect a statue to *Pisistratus* for having collected and published the works of *Homer*.

“An eminent scholar of the last century has truly said that the further the sculptor shall be enabled to search in the storehouse of ancient learning, the higher dignity will be attributable to his matchless art. He will find the talents of *Phidias* to have been so remarkable that they form an era in the history of sculpture. The genius of this Athenian, matured under the reign of *Pericles*, enabled him to convert the marble brought by the Persians as a trophy of their victory into a memorial of their defeat. The artist who

transmitted to posterity the figures of those intrepid patriots that dared to oppose the tyranny of Hipparchus rendered sculpture the means of exciting a patriotic ardor in the minds of an enslaved people, and of perpetuating the memory of those who perished in the defence of public liberty.

“He was adored by the Athenians, and the name of Praxiteles will exist as long as the memory of those immortal patriots, Harmodius and Aristogeton, shall survive. As the approach to the heart is quicker by the eye than by the ear, what effect must these statues have had upon contemporary beholders, when, as Lowth informs us, the song of Harmodius would have gone further to put an end to the tyranny of the Cæsars than all the philippics of Demosthenes! But the Romans never possessed any of the Grecian genius for sculpture, though they had taste, or rapacity, enough to import the best statues from Greece after they had conquered it; and they often resorted to the culpable meanness of erasing the Grecian inscriptions and inserting false titles of their own countrymen. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the statue of Alexander, after the conquest of Macedon, should adorn the portico of Metellus, or that Cæsar ‘sighed at the sculptural form of Ammon’s son.’ But can we ever sufficiently despise the fraud of the great Constantine, who caused his own name to be put on the statue of Apollo? Indeed, Phædrus informs us that, at Rome, those who had pieces of sculpture to sell erased the name of an inferior artist and substituted that of the great master, Praxiteles. Is it any comfort for us to know that there were as great impostures practiced about art hundreds of years before the Christian era as there are at the present time? But the Egyptians applied their genius to the art of sculpture long before the Grecians took it up, and Lucian, an Assyrian and a sculptor, speaks of them as distinguished by their meritorious efforts in its infancy. The Egyptians, however, were never able to carry the art beyond its infantile state, for, although in their statues the features were clearly chiseled, the eyes distinctly carved, and the outward semblance of the man was there, yet there was no glow of the inward spirit; the hand of Greece first imparted to stone the token of some higher inner

sentiment, until eyes and mouth and limb and posture became eloquent of all the passions of the human soul. It was Greece that first made living men in stone. But still she had to confess that to Egypt was she indebted for her first start in this sublime art. Long before statues appeared, the trunk of a tree was worshipped by the Thespians as their Juno, and stones of a cubic form were used as symbols of the divinity. From this rude conception thousands of years passed before the art was brought to perfection; and the intelligent sculptor must be delighted at the contrast of the pointed stake, which was the first Minerva of the Athenians, with the perfect work of those great masters, Phidias and Praxiteles."—*Fine Arts*, March, 1872.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

"We have, in another place, called attention to the rare and beautiful architecture of the New Jewish Synagogue, and we have space here to refer briefly to St. Patrick's Cathedral as another evidence of the growing knowledge and taste of our people in this splendid department of arts. Architecture, more than almost anything else, indicates the degree of a nation's intellectual progress. Indeed, it has been truly said that, in tracing the history of architecture, 'we follow the progress of the various parts of the world towards civilization, or their relapse into barbarism.' From the ruined and dismantled edifices of remote centuries we obtain our most correct ideas of religion, recreations, manners and ability of the people by whom they were erected.

"The proudest and only reliable history of Egypt is written in earth and stone.' It is recorded of Lord Bolingbroke that once, on calling for some historic volumes, he exclaimed, 'Bring me my liars.' But the records of brick and stone do not lie. To those who are capable of deciphering their immortal testimony, they are the best revealers of the religion and civilization of all the buried centuries. The history of Europe, even at so late a period as the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, would be painfully incomplete without the steady lights which shine from the architectural monuments and remains of those ages. They are monuments of a genius and a faith which will challenge the admiration

of all lovers of art as long as the world shall stand. For it must be said that there can be no taint of a sectarian spirit in true art.

“In true architecture there is a majesty, simplicity, harmony, and energy which seize and captivate the imagination, and swell the soul with a noble feeling that prostrates the vanity and selfishness of man. The architecture of St. Patrick’s Cathedral is of the pointed Gothic style which distinguished France especially in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and produced such noble structures as the cathedrals of Rheims, Amiens, Chartres, Rouen, and Notre Dame at Paris. The same style has some splendid specimens in England and Germany of that period. But the decorations of St. Patrick’s Cathedral are altogether less massive than the ancient style, and are, we suspect, claimed as original designs of the architect Renwick, who has certainly in this noble structure demonstrated his remarkable taste and genius. It will be impossible to look upon this grand cathedral when completed without reverting to those tremendous centuries when the religion it represents was the only great European power which arrayed itself against the brute force that deluged all Europe with the ravages of public and private war; a church reposing upon a power which claimed to be greater than the world, and which stood unmoved amid the shock of falling empires, impervious to all the chaos of misrule and un-rule in which the nations lay weltering and tumbling, and doubtfully feeling their way to a new civilization that was to be; a church which sent its missionaries out into the far north of Germany, Prussia, and Anglo-Saxon Britain, sowing the seeds of civilization, and proclaiming truces of God to the ferocious barbarism that threatened all Europe with extinction; which took charge of those young Italian republics, that otherwise must have been ground to powder between the jostling kingdoms; and cherished in the consecrated asylums of its abbeys and monasteries germs of civilization which, if cast carelessly out upon the embattled elements, would have been trodden under foot of contending armies. We say that no impassioned lover of art and no intelligent and unprejudiced student of history, will be able to

look upon the grand structure of St. Patrick's Cathedral without feeling his bosom swell with all those prodigious memories. Here it will stand, in the commercial emporium of the New World, as a grand remembrancer of the mightiest events of the Old.

"And there seems a remarkable propriety in calling this proudest cathedral of the western hemisphere after the name of St. Patrick, as it was from the country of this saint that the first missionaries went forth to carry a knowledge of Christianity over the whole of Western Europe. And they paused not in their zeal until they had penetrated Lombardy and Piedmont, and planted the standard of the Cross upon the loftiest peak of the Apennines. Nor must we forget that it was to Ireland Charlemagne looked for his first teachers in the Italian schools at the revival of learning and arts; nor that during the eighth and ninth centuries the children of the nobility and gentry of England were sent to Ireland to be educated. The proud edifice of St. Patrick's Cathedral will revive these memories in the breast of many a learned student of history and impassioned admirer of the grand and beautiful style of architecture it represents.

"Nor will it be possible to overestimate the inspiring and refining influence of such a structure upon the present generation. It is expected that this magnificent structure will be completed in about three years. We shall hereafter describe it more minutely."—*Fine Arts*, March, 1872.

THE DRAMA.

"The drama has always been an almost infallible indicator of the refinement, manners, and character of the people. If a nation left no other monument but its drama, that alone would be sufficient to tell its story. If we go back to those immortal centuries which gave birth to the most finished works of poetry, eloquence, painting, sculpture, and architecture, we shall find that the drama was carried to a correspondingly high degree of perfection. The profession of an actor, in those proudest ages of the human intellect, was one of exalted honor, as well as of unbounded profit. It was truly one of the learned professions. No one was allowed to undertake it

except such as gave evidence of proper personal and mental qualifications; and not even then until he had served a long and laborious course of study and preparation. Cicero declares that the actors practiced many years before they appeared upon the public stage; and the Scholiast of Aristophanes affirms that no actor could appear publicly before he was thirty years of age—a fact which indicates the vast study and learning that were held to be indispensable to the profession. In ancient Greece, especially, the actors (as we may learn from Quintilian) were generally persons of the first rank in letters and in family dignity, and they were usually orators and poets. Sometimes even kings did not think it beneath their royal honors to appear upon the stage, to entertain and charm their subjects.

“It was to the Grecian actor Satyrus that Demosthenes was indebted for the instruction which gave birth to the thunders of his eloquence; and Cicero himself confesses that he owed no inconsiderable portion of his oratorical force to the Attic polish and precepts of his bosom friend, Roscius, the immortal ornament of the Roman stage. The great poet Æschylus was also a great actor, author, orator, philosopher, statesman, warrior, theatrical manager, and belonged to one of the noblest families of Greece. He bore a conspicuous part in the memorable battle of Salamis and wore to his grave wounds received on the plains of Marathon. But the honor he won from the stage was deemed by himself and his countrymen the crowning glory of his genius.

“In that golden age the profession of an actor embraced a combination of nearly all the polite arts. But, alas! the profession with us can lay claim to no such distinction.

“Charles Kean, like Æschylus, has left a name that will live forever in the annals of the stage. His life was pure, his manner perfect, his education complete. To the art he loved he brought research, labor, enthusiasm. He elevated the drama to the highest possible pinnacle. During his life the great truth necessary for dramatic perfection was inculcated. An aspirant for the Thespian bays speedily learned from him that before becoming an actor it was imperative one should be a scholar and a gentleman. In the death of Charles Kean a great teacher was lost to the English stage.

“With the elder Wallack and James Hackett passed away the best exponents of the art that America possessed. The dramatic artist who conscientiously followed the teachings of those great masters was certain of success. Where now can a student find a school in which to perfect himself for the drama? We have magnificent temples, handsome costumes, scenery sometimes correct, but the acting—alas! where is that? The great effects on our stage are never produced by grand delivery of sublime passages. Actors never seem sufficiently inspired by the poet’s words to be able to awaken their audiences to that point of enthusiasm where actor, audience and author in harmony and sympathy rise to a very ecstasy of impassioned feeling. No; in two-thirds of the actors it is painfully apparent that they are mentally aware of their disqualifications for the art—their want of proper dramatic education, culture and refinement. Fortunately, their stage directors are sometimes adroit, and by a timely rush of soldiery, or citizens, or with some beautiful grouping or admirable bit of stage management, they redeem the scene, and secure the applause which the acting has failed to obtain. We should not reproach a man with the fact that he was by poverty or circumstance deprived of the early training needed by every aspirant for dramatic honors, but it is our duty to remind those who have obtained a footing upon our boards without a proper education that the theatre is a public school of virtue and refinement—that the actor is the minister of manners, as the clergyman is the minister of morality. The pulpit should be the friend of the stage, for the theatre is the great intellectual and moral barometer of every generation.”
—*Laura Keene in Fine Arts, March, 1873.*

EDWIN BOOTH.

“It was a feat of no mean daring in Edwin Booth to cast himself for the parts of Brutus, Cassius and Marc Antony. It was not a battle between the Gods and Titans, we admit. His company were not his compeers. But he had himself to contend against, and if Booth uplifted Booth in the one character, he ran the risk of dwarfing himself in the other. The ability to play all parts constitutes the player. The versatility

of the accomplished actor is not counted for much in these 'starring,' one-part days; but it is the only true test which determines the ability to cast aside self, and to put on the habits, the manners and the outer and inner life of another. This is to be a player, and this was the task which Mr. Booth undertook.

"Brutus, Cassius and Antony, both in history and as drawn by Shakespeare, were broadly diverse. Brutus was calm, self-poised, dignified, honest, tender, and unsuspecting. Cassius was petulant, envious, crafty, and cynical; regarding Brutus with so much of affection as his nature admitted, but bound to use his friend, and in some degree despising him for his gentle and facile disposition. Brutus was a mild stoic; Cassius a rugged soldier. Antony was a man of geniality, of luxurious life, easy and agreeable in his opinions, more influenced by association than by personal ambition; but, as events showed when he was forced into action, a born diplomatist, wily, energetic and determined. All three were eloquent, and able to sway men. Booth's physique does not unfit him for Brutus or Cassius; the Romans were not giants; but the gay, dissolute and gamesome Antony is not included in the personnel of Mr. Booth. The greater honor to him for the power of a performance that makes us forget personal disadvantages.

"Mr. Booth's style and delivery, in most of his characters, are sedate, temperate, even cold. His outbursts seem enforced. He sways his audience less by the violence of his emotions than by the repression of his feelings. This moderation and natural repose harmonize with the character of Brutus. When he played that part it seemed as though nothing could be added nor taken away. His unassailable composure when Cassius vents his spleen, his tender love for Portia, his sorrow at her death, and the grief-laden meaning he gives to the short phrase, 'Speak no more of her,' so indifferent in word, so affecting in delivery, all went to make up a masterpiece. His Cassius was not very different from that of Mr. Barrett, except in the passion and earnestness he threw into it. Mr. Barrett suggested impatience and disgust. Booth made Cassius a stronger, more fiery, more manly personage.

In Marc Antony he rose out of himself and carried the sympathies of the great audience with him, even as Antony did those of the Roman crowd. At his first entrance there is a cringing sycophancy in his demeanor toward Cæsar which impresses the audience disagreeably. It is the slavish bearing of a Syrian freedman of the empire, rather than the self-respecting affection of a Roman, of a friend and equal, albeit of inferior social standing. But the man is transmuted when his time for action comes.

“The need of conciliating the conspirators; his affected cordiality with them; his grief at the untimely death of his mighty friend; his instantaneous determination to avenge the murder; his rapid apprehension of the political consequences impending from so tremendous an act; his temporizing self-control; his burst when he was left alone; then the great speech over the body, its art, its elocution, tact and subtle management of the crowd, with the quicker and quicker delivery, till it swelled to a torrent of words; finally, the leap from the tribune (a trick, but a clever trick), and his thunderous denunciation of the traitors, were to us, we must confess, a marvel and a surprise. The house was swept away in an irresistible rush of enthusiastic sympathy, and there was no room to doubt that we had seen and heard a great actor.

“Mr. Booth’s artistic career, like the career of all illustrious men, is worthy of some special study.

“He has achieved triumph in the face of obstacles natural and incidental. Inheriting fewer advantages than hundreds of young men in the profession, he has first learned to conquer himself, and has then conquered circumstances. It is the fashion of many aspirants after fame and riches to leave their work half done and trust to accident. With them the easiest way is the best way. Mr. Booth has been unsparing of toil, unremitting in thought and investigation.

“He is a model in that first acquirement of a sound artist—perfect study. He knows his part, and plays it. He seeks earnestly to master the dramatist’s meaning; and if the astute critic should perchance dissent from Mr. Booth’s rendering, he cannot question its reasonable and strong probability and its perfect delivery. In all that pertains to the *mise en scene*

Booth's theatre is a temple in which all things are fitting and in order, and there is probably no theatre, not even in Europe, unless supported by government subsidy, in which expenditure is more profuse, detail more elaborate, or the general result more near to completeness. All this is chiefly due to Mr. Booth himself, and even when he has the assistance of able coadjutors, he still deserves the honor that accrues to the great monarch of a well-governed realm—he knows how to choose his ministers.—*Laura Keene in Fine Arts, April, 1872.*

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

I cannot refrain from expressing regret that I have not Laura Keene's article on the art of Joseph Jefferson, which was written by her and published in *The Fine Arts*. The number containing the criticism in question has been lost, and while I have searched the libraries of the country for it, it has been in vain. What appreciation of art was shown there! And with what pathos, devotion, tenderness and affection did this sister artist refer to her no less distinguished brother in art, who has now survived her by nearly a quarter of a century, only to be beloved by his fellow-countrymen and admirers of art more than ever! "Farewell, Joseph Jefferson," said Miss Keene; "Washington Irving has deprived the world of a Tony Lumpkins, of a Doctor Pangloss, with his Latin and his learning." I cannot, however, trust to my memory to quote more from an article which I read nearly a quarter of a century ago, and which I did not think then would be necessary to refer to later on. Laura Keene's public "farewell" to Joseph Jefferson was practically her last, for while it was written in the Spring of 1872, she died in the Fall of 1873.

CHAPTER X.

AS A LECTURER.

AS a lecturer in the star course of lectures which were so popular in this country under the management of T. B. Pugh, Laura Keene was as popular as on the dramatic stage. About the middle of December, 1872, Miss Keene delivered two lectures on the Fine Arts at the Academy of Music,

Philadelphia. She did not depend upon herself, great as she was, but was supported by her daughter, Miss Clara Taylor, as soprano, a fine young actor by the name of Pope, and Signor Morosini as pianist.

Among those present to hear Miss Keene deliver her opening lecture on the "Fine Arts," at the Academy of Music, was the lovely Agnes Robertson, who was then playing an engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, with her husband, Dion Boucicault, in "Arrah Na Pogue." Laura Keene and Agnes Robertson—what memories of the halcyon days of dramatic art do these names recall!—met at the supper table in the dining-room of the Continental Hotel that night. "Who was that young girl with the glorious voice who sang at the Academy to-night?" said Mrs. Boucicault to Miss Keene. "There she is," replied Miss Keene, turning her eyes towards her daughter, Miss Taylor, who sat at the same table.

The next morning, about 11 o'clock, Miss Keene requested me to call and see her. As I entered her room, she was resting on her bed, engaged in conversation with her manager. Miss Taylor sat by the window in the same room, watching the snow which was falling thick and fast. I sat down by her side, and as the room was large, we could talk together in a subdued tone without attracting or annoying the business conversation of her mother. I congratulated Miss Taylor on her artistic triumph and success of the previous night. This was my first meeting with Miss Taylor for some time; her face was sad to look at, and to me she appeared more angelic than usual. The plain black costume she wore then, together with her changed condition generally, suggested but little that it could be the same girl or woman who was the vocal idol of the audience at the Academy of Music the night before. "No heart that's honest but in it shares some woe."

"God alone knows," was her reply, "how I managed to sing last night. I left my grandmother dead at home, and I have not the courage to tell aunt of grandma's death." "Mr. Booth, our lawyer," continued Miss Taylor, "is to meet us in Jersey City, and will then break the news to my mother."

Here was a young girl who had courage enough to leave the death-bed of her grandmother, and go to Philadelphia to

fulfill a professional engagement. Yet she had not the courage to inform her mother of a death which had been anticipated for months. How common are such pictures to the life of an actor! Yet with what levity, lightness, and frivolity do we pass judgment on the woman of the stage!

After the lectures on the "Fine Arts," Laura Keene and her dramatic company, which included such fine actors as Frank Mordaunt, Vining Bowers, and Harry Hawk, continued to star until early in the summer of 1873, when, through failing health, Miss Keene was obliged to return to her home in New York, never to appear again on the mimic stage, where, for probably a generation, she won a wreath of laurels which should ever remain green while dramatic art shall exist.

During Miss Keene's illness, which fortunately was but of comparatively brief duration, I very much doubt if any woman was ever more carefully or more lovingly cared for than Laura Keene was by her two daughters. Shortly after her return home, I paid a brief visit to Miss Keene at her home in Bond Street, and found her on what was practically her death-bed. Miss Keene occupied the back parlor, which was converted into a bed-room, in that fine old mansion of hers, which was then located in one of the most fashionable and aristocratic streets in New York, although Bond Street presents a very different aspect now. Miss Keene's apartment, where I found her, was more suggestive of a convent than that of the home of an actress whose mimic power and genius had electrified the English-speaking world for probably a generation. A crucifix and prayer-book were on her bed, while the practically white-robed girl who was present to attend on her every want, seemed to be more like a "daughter of heaven" than the young miss who had been so carefully educated to appear on the lyric stage.

Miss Keene, even in her dying condition, or then, was still more than fascinating to look at. Her beauty was no longer there, but she was still, even in her physical ruin, a handsome woman. Her hair had turned darker, her face whiter, but the large lustrous eyes and beautifully modulated voice still remained impervious to the ravages of a disease which was rapidly ending her earthly career. After what to me



LAURA KEENE

As PEG WOFFINGTON in "Masks and Faces."

was a very affectionate but sad greeting, in which Miss Keene so tenderly referred to my mother and other old friends so well known to both "when life was fresher and fairer," I soon found the great actress to be like Richard—"herself again." Neither of us lost much time on sentiment. For obvious reasons on my part, I was most desirous to impress on her mind the fact that she was having a very good time of it; all by herself, and having for a nurse a young lady who should have been on the stage long since.

For many years before this, which was the last time I saw Miss Keene, both of us made it a rule to talk very seriously of the future professional career of her daughters. It had occurred to me more than once that they were in imminent danger of professional neglect, and I did not hesitate to remind the mother of this fact. No one seemed to be more conscious of this than Miss Keene, and no one seemed to be so anxious to place them before the public than she was. Yet, it is a fact, that placed there they were not, notwithstanding the fact that no one was more competent, if indeed as much so, to introduce the daughters to the public as the mother. Emma Taylor, the oldest daughter, was no longer under the jurisdiction of her mother, as she was then married, although she continued to travel with her mother as a companion and adviser to the end. "Clara," continued Miss Keene, "wants to enter grand opera, but I want her to be a singer in light or comic opera."

"There are no parts in such a school familiar or congenial to me," said Miss Taylor, who greatly detested the very thought of her appearance in public in anything less than that of a lyric singer.

"Create a part!" said her mother, in a voice which might have then filled the largest building in this country.

Miss Keene continued to live in her Bond Street house until she got well enough to move into the country, when, with her two daughters, she took a house at Montclair, N. J., where she lived, provided with every luxury, were such necessary, and the care, gratitude, affection, devotion and love of her children until her death, which occurred on November 4, 1873. Miss Keene was buried in the Catholic Cemetery

at Montclair, but her body was subsequently removed to her family lot in Greenwood. Her last words to her daughter Emma were—"You go to sleep when I do."

During Miss Keene's illness I was in constant communication with her daughter, Miss Clara Taylor. Some of these letters, or, at least, extracts from them, may be of interest. They were, it is true, never intended to see the light of day; less than eighteen months ago nothing was further from my mind than the idea of writing this work. It is with great delicacy that I place before the world letters which were never intended to appear there. Having consulted older heads than my own, however, on this subject, and being assured that there is no breach of confidence in making these letters public, Miss Keene's last days during her illness shall be given as recorded by the pen of her daughter:

"34 Bond St., N. Y., July 14, 1873.

"DEAR JOHN: In reply to your letter, which I received to-day, I must state that I am much annoyed by the paragraphs in the papers. How they get hold of such reports I cannot imagine. We have had several persons call here to-day with faces long and grave for the occasion, and in search of excitement, ready to learn that Miss Keene was dying or dead. Every one received the information that Miss Keene has not returned to the city, or that she has gone with a friend to the country.

"She desires no one to know where she is, or she would be overrun with people of all sorts. Aunt did return to New York last Sunday in a very weak condition—emaciated and ill. I certainly thought she was dying, but the doctor says she has a wonderful constitution, and that with good nourishment and rest he thinks she will get well, but it will take weeks. Of course, we have not let her know how changed we find her. She is better, but very weak. Do not let any one know that you know where she is. She has run herself down so completely that time alone can show whether this illness will result fatally. Remember me to your aunt and cousin. I wrote to the latter on my return home from Philadelphia. Hoping that all are well.

"Truly,

C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 Bond Street, Aug. 3, 1873.

"DEAR JOHN: Your letter cannot be very satisfactorily answered, for the reason that I know no more of Aunt's health than when you were here. To all appearances she has been getting a little better—if she has gained in strength it is only a very little. Some days she is better; some not so well. The warm weather, which weakens us all, is very trying to her. It may be that she is better, and that it is the weather which pulls her down.

"As to myself, this is the first summer I have spent in the city since I was eleven or twelve years old. If I continue to get thinner I shall, in two years' time, have attained to the scragginess traditional to old maids. I have to thank you for the pleasure which has been afforded me by the perusal of Miss Donnelly's poems. She has more talent than I anticipated.

"I have no doubt you had a pleasant afternoon with the Misses Carroll, and your aunt and cousin. Please remember me to all my Philadelphia acquaintances. Music is progressing about the same. I have no high aspirations at present. It would, I think, be well if your wishes regarding the opera could be fulfilled. Who can see into the future? At present everything depends on Aunt's health—all future and present movements; as she is now, she must remain here, and I beside her.

"The doctor will not commit himself. He told Mr. Booth (Aunt's lawyer) that she could not get well, when he first saw her. He now says, 'She is no worse;' she seems much better. The fact is, she has a wonderful constitution, and there is probability, and possibility, of her rallying through this, and being well and strong; but I doubt if she will ever again be fit for work. No one can tell! The doctor himself cannot tell. Everything, after all, depends on one's constitution.

"Thanking you for your kind wishes.

"Truly,

"C. S. TAYLOR.

"P. S.—Mrs. Rawson, to whom I delivered your message, is quite well."

“34 Bond St., N. Y., Sept. 18, '73.

“DEAR JOHN: Aunt is now in the country, pleasantly situated and quite content. Her health is much the same, if anything different, a little better. It would, however, be impossible to say whether she will recover or sink, as the doctors feared. Time alone can tell. The chances at present seem favorable. She received extreme unction—but the papers rarely get the right end of a story.

“My sister is quite well. With regards to Mrs. Duffy and your cousin, and all enquiring friends; in haste.

“Truly,

“C. S. TAYLOR.”

“34 Bond St., N. Y., October 10, 1873.

“DEAR JOHN: Your letter was duly received. The air of Montclair seems to have benefited Aunt. She has appeared stronger than when at home. The ride her nurse gives her on fine days seems to do good; although I have not seen her look really well, or better, she seemed (though helplessly weak) to have a little more vitality.

“I have not been sanguine either of her convalescence or her demise; lately, however, she has seemed so much better that I thought she might rally, live through the Winter, and perhaps, regain a great portion of her strength.

“A strange physician called on her the other day, with her lawyer, Mr. Booth, and he gave his opinion that she could not live more than three or four weeks. The doctors are sometimes deceived, but they all seem to agree that she cannot live. Ever since Aunt returned home—over three months—I have lived between hope and fear. She nearly died the other day from abandoning morphine (at the suggestion of her last doctor) which the other physicians had recommended to produce sleep. I am glad to hear that your mother, whom you say was ill, is now better. Emma is quite well. With kind remembrance to all enquiring friends, your aunt and cousin especially,

“Very truly,

“C. S. TAYLOR.”

CHAPTER XI.

LAURA KEENE'S ART.

NATURE did much for Laura Keene to establish the claim legitimately, had it ever been made, and there is no such proof on record so far as Miss Keene was concerned, that she was one of the most beautiful-looking women ever seen on the stage. Indeed, the form of this charming woman was such, that the chisel of a sculptor might have been envied for such a production. She was slight, graceful and willowy in her every movement, as if guided by the hand of the supernatural. While there was never a suggestion of corpulency, the absence of physical angularity was not less marked. In stature she possessed the advantage of being capable of essaying the male rôle, and suggesting the idea that she might be a man—at least in size, or “a daughter of the gods divinely tall.”

“Many of the heroines of Shakespeare play fantastic frolics with ‘Your lord and master,’ with the view of wooing and winning him.

“It was as a woman, however, her true sphere after all, that Laura Keene appeared so queen-like in form and bearing as to suggest that a throne and not the stage might have been her realm. Her eyes were large, soft, and full of expression; while her wavy auburn hair, so rich and luxuriant, clung like sprays from a vine or bush around her beautifully shaped head. Her voice was so rich, soft, and mellow, that the master of a great organ might have been baffled in the combination of his stops, to produce anything so melodious to the ear as the tones which nature endowed this woman with.

“While nature, however, did so much for this woman, art had not been neglected; for Laura Keene was probably the most cultured woman on the stage during her generation. She was a devourer of books, more than conversant with the literature of her profession, and familiar with the poetry and

prose of her age. Her knowledge of the higher order of art, such as sculpture and painting, was demonstrated to the world in her editorial capacity on *The Fine Arts*. Add to all of this the exquisite taste of the woman, and it can be readily understood why 'all New York went crazy over her' for so many years of her professional life."

"Miss Keene," says Joseph Jefferson in his autobiography, "was esteemed a great beauty in her youth, and even afterwards her rich and luxuriant auburn hair, clear complexion and deep chestnut eyes, full of expression, were greatly praised; but to me it was her style and carriage that commanded admiration, and it was this quality that won her audience. She had, too, the rare power of varying her manner, assuming the rustic walk of a milkmaid or the dignified grace of a queen. In the drama of 'The Sea of Ice,' she displayed this versatile quality to its fullest extent. In the prologue she played the mother, in which her quiet and refined bearing told of a sad life; in the next act, the daughter, a girl who had been brought up by savages and who came bounding upon the stage with the wild grace of a startled doe. In the last act she is supposed to have been sent to Paris and there educated. In this phase of the character she exhibited the wonderful art of showing the fire of the wild Indian girl through the culture of the French lady. I have never seen this transparency more perfectly acted.

"Laura Keene was in private life high-tempered and imperious, but she had a good heart and was very charitable. I never heard her speak ill of any one but herself, and this she would sometimes do with grim humor that was very entertaining."

In his "Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson," William Winter says: "In person, Miss Keene was slender and graceful, she had an aquiline face, delicate features, dark eyes, and a musical voice. She was lovely to see in statuesque characters and attitudes. She often dressed in white garments, and she seemed to enjoy heightening as much as possible the effect of the spiritual attribute in her personal appearance." The same writer, in his "Shadows of the Stage," refers to this woman

Miss Kate Reynolds, at one time a member of Miss Keene's company, a charming actress, and brilliant and gifted woman, in her "Yesterdays with Actors," describes Miss Keene as "the one with sunny auburn hair and magnificent eyes, which she opened wide upon you, but never rolled and ogled with; her sloping shoulders and slight form, dressed so exquisitely with Frou-Frou airy trifles, only suggesting a thistle-down transformed into a woman."

Cowley's description of a lady in his play of the "Belle's Stratagem," is probably the best pen-picture of Laura Keene that can be given :

"Now, sir, hear my definition of a fine lady: She is a creature for whom Nature has done much, and education more; she has taste, elegance, spirit, understanding. In her manner she is free, in her morals nice. Her behavior is undistinguishably polite to her husband and all mankind; her sentiments are for their hours of retirement. In a word, a fine lady is the life of conversation, the spirit of society, the joy of the public! Pleasure follows wherever she appears, and the kindest wishes attend her slumbers."

"Laura Keene's recreations"—said an exchange, during the publication of *The Fine Arts*—"from professional duties were rarely ever found in any other place than the seclusion of a very large and well-selected library. Born and reared in the midst of art (St. James' Gallery, London), her studies and her tastes have always been completely devoted to its advancement. She is, perhaps, one of the best informed women living in all matters of taste and polite culture."

Laura Keene's dramatic art did not cover the entire range, scope or field of the actor's life. This gift has yet to be bestowed on a name not known to posterity or the world. It has been said that she could no more play tragedy or burlesque than Edwin Forrest could play Toodles, or Edwin Booth Bob Acres. And yet it is known that she did both. There are many reasons to suppose that in her earlier career her appearance in poetic burlesque—for in her school of refined art it would have been such or nothing—her style and appearance were such as to be fascinating, if not

enchanting, even in burlesque; if, indeed, burlesque can be made such.

That she played tragedy in her tour with Edwin Booth in California and Australia is a matter of history. Tragedy, however, was no more in Laura Keene's art life than burlesque. All great actors have in their day played tragedy and comedy. That was a part of their art education. Edwin Booth played comedy at one period of his life; while John S. Clarke was known to have appeared before the public as a tragedian. Eliminating tragedy and burlesque, however, from the art of Laura Keene, the line must probably be brought to a period there; as in almost every other sphere of the actor's life, she ranked among the first of her day and time as an actress, and at an era in the history of the American stage when stars were the rule and not the exception in almost every first-class theatre in the United States. The elder Wallack was not likely to make a mistake in going to London to engage a leading lady for his temple of dramatic art in New York. Laura Keene was his choice. The name of Laura Keene has passed into history as a master of high classical comedy; being equally great in pastoral, spiritual, romantic, pathetic, poetic, and the emotional school of acting.

Probably the greatest compliments that can be paid to the memory of Laura Keene's life and art as an actress and manager come from the members of her own profession or those who knew her best, many of whom were members of her theatres and stock companies, who traveled with her, and who shared with her in her brief hour her triumphs, trials, sorrows and vicissitudes, which seem to be ever the lot of an actor's life. It has been the pleasure of the writer to meet personally, for the first time, many of Miss Keene's associates nearly a quarter of a century after her death, and to communicate with others, who, for obvious reasons, such as time, distance, etc., were precluded from a personal meeting or interview. But in almost every instance, if indeed not in all, Laura Keene was regarded as one of the most remarkable women ever known to the stage, not only as an actress, an artist, and a scholar, but as a manager.

"The Sea of Ice" was always a favorite play of Laura

Keene. Its first production at her theatre in New York proved to be the turning-point in the success of her financial career; or, as Brutus says,

“There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.”

It was the last play in which she appeared in the same city. Viewed, not from a financial point, this is not surprising when we consider the scope for acting which this play presents to a woman of genius. And, yet, how shallow and ephemeral does it appear in the hands of a novice! The character of Louise de La Course in the first and second acts of the play was full of quiet and gentle dignity, love and devotion for her husband; maternal affection, solicitude and love for her child. What anguish, agony and despair were depicted at the separation on the breaking of the ice! With what pious devotion did the mother cling to her child as she taught her to appeal to the Ruler of the universe. “Kneel, my child, and repeat,” says the mother, “Oh! Thou, who hast all the strength of a father and the tenderness of a mother, save us from the abyss that threatens and the wicked who kill.”

It was as Ogarita, however, in the same play, that Laura Keene created a character that was not only hers during life, but which practically died when she did. Compared with that of the *role* of the mother, full of sanctified devotion as it was, it sank into nothing in contrast with the character of the daughter as played by this wonderful woman. In this *role* of Ogarita there is a part capable of expressing nearly every feeling or impulse almost possible to be known to the human woman of the stage. Her first appearance as the wild Indian girl—the creature, if not the creation of a wild and savage race—was such as to suggest a divine creature of God. Her fairy or sprite-like movements revealed at a glance the story of her forest life. Her meeting—by accident or design, probably the latter, as if guided by the hand of Heaven—when she is recognized and her identity becomes known to her relatives, her discovery of Del Monte, the

murderer, the trap which she subsequently sets by consenting to marry Del Monte to avenge the murder of her father and mother, all displayed the power of the actress in depicting gentleness, pathos, affection, devotion, and love for her own people; while her hatred for wrong, deceit, duplicity, and the recollection of murder, rose to such a degree of dramatic greatness as to practically make it impossible to describe the effect.

The character of Marco in the "Marble Heart," as created and played by Miss Keene, has always been regarded by the leading actors of her day as practically unapproachable; while very many of Miss Keene's professional fellow-artists regarded it as her greatest creation or work (always excepting her Lady Teazle). The character of Marco is certainly not one to be admired, and yet there is a halo of fascination about it which clings to it, very much like that which surrounds the life of Lady Macbeth or which causes so many to admire Becky Sharp without studying or analyzing the life of that most despicable female character. To us it seems that, in more respects than one, the three women are analogous. Ambition was the one ruling or dominant thought of Lady Macbeth's life.

"Bring forth men-children only,
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males,"

says Macbeth to his wife.

Ambition may sway the mind without the vulgar thought of money, and probably has, notably in the lives of writers, painters, sculptors, artists, ministers (when children of God), and, in rare instances, statesmen. That, however, in the opinion of very many, is a mooted question, and will probably remain so to the end of time, or while it shall be impossible for one man to be able to read the mind or the actual thoughts of another. Had Lady Macbeth been on a throne, the mere thought of the murder of Duncan might have caused her very soul to shudder. Becky Sharp might have been one of the most fascinating creatures in London had her bank account been such as to meet her every demand. Marco, if she ever loved or cared for any one, at least preferred Raphael to all other men; but whatever good there

was in her was sacrificed—for what? Money! Is that surprising to those who know the story of her life? Is it surprising to those who do not or to those who have never entered the door of a theatre? Is there one mercantile rule or law for the woman, and another for the man? Who is more exacting for his mercantile “pound of flesh” than he who is “holier than thou?” He who is too sanctified to rescue his neighbor’s ox on a Sunday, but who takes good care to take pay for his own work on that day?

Marco, like Lady Macbeth and Becky Sharp, should have been a man; and yet history is replete with the wiles, crimes, and even murders perpetrated by women. Marco, however, was no criminal. She was not even an adventuress, but a woman who has studied and penetrated deeply into the heart of the world as it actually exists, as it has been formed and created by men, not only of to-day, but probably from the beginning of time. This may be regarded as heresy, but it is none the less true. Who are the men who command the respect and admiration of the world to-day? Are they the righteous, the virtuous, the temperate, or those who follow the doctrine taught or promulgated by the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount? Yes, in rare or isolated cases; probably in ten per cent. of the population of any city. In the other ninety per cent., the knee and neck will ever be found ready and willing to crook and bow to Mammon. The percentage is frightfully large, but it is more than frightfully true.

“You see, Marco,” says Raphael, “he was my only friend, and I have let him go—for you I renounce all. (Wildly) Marco! Marco! Have you not one kind word for these sacrifices?”

Marco—(Laughing in derision) “Sacrifices!”

Raphael—“I have endured the sarcasm of Monsieur de Vaudore, the disavowal of your love, the reproaches and anger of my only friend, who insulted me in my last adieu. For your sake I have become a coward, a crawling, abject wretch; without heart, without mind, without shame. What did that man say to you? I have a right to ask!”

Marco—(Smiling in derision) “Right!”

Raph.—“Yes, Marco, the right of a man who, knowing he

is to die, would learn the time and manner of his death—he told you he loved you.”

Marco—(Carelessly) “Perhaps he did—what then?”

Raph.—(Violently) “You accepted his love?”

Marco—“I will not answer you.”

Raph.—“But you must; you shall!”

Marco—(Disdainfully) “Shall!”

Raph.—“He offered you his hand? (A pause.) Speak, Marco, speak; in mercy let me know the worst.”

Marco—“He did.”

Raph.—“And you accepted?”

Marco—(Coldly) “Yes.”

Raph.—“O, Marco! Marco!” (Violently, rising.) “You shall not marry him!”

Marco—(With contempt) “Who shall prevent me?”

Raph.—(With a burst of fury) “The man you have wronged! No, no—pity, pity for the wretched maniac who cannot live without you—humanity—remorse—”

Marco—(Taking away her hand and rising, with contempt and rage) “Remorse! I am weary of this persecution, these clamors, these maledictions—you think me a monster of falsehood—inconstant as the wind, perfidious as the ocean, the incarnation of caprice, selfishness and cruelty! and why? because I am too wise to rush headlong to ruin, and too proud to be pitied.”

Raph.—“Pitied, Marco!”

Marco—“Yes (vehemently), pitied, insulted, and despised,—look at me now; surrounded with every luxury that art can invent and gold purchase—everybody bows to me. I am a queen—divest me of these gilded claims to the world’s respect, and what am I? (Bitterly.) The dust—the friends who now follow my carriage and fight for my smiles will mock me, and trample upon me.”

Raph.—“Marco, Marco! in mercy—”

Marco—“I have known poverty, and have suffered such torture in its hideous grasp, that my heart sickens, and my soul shudders at facing it again. You will perhaps laugh at my fear, and say there is happiness in poverty. (Laughing in scorn.) Yes, for those who are born to it—but to have known better days, and fall! O, the misery, the heart desola-

tion, the despair! My father was rich and proud, the descendant of a noble family. He lived in splendor, and brought me up to despise every thing but wealth; he showed me its power—it surrounded him with friends and flatterers, and made life a perpetual summer. An evil day arrived—he speculated, and was reduced to his last crown. Where were his friends? (Laughing in scorn, and speaking in a hoarse voice.) They passed him in the streets without recognition—they maligned, they despised, they forgot him.” (Sinks into a chair, sobbing and wiping her eyes.)

Raph.—“Forbear, Marco, forbear.”

Marco—“Ten years (O, how long the days and months!) we lived in poverty—abject, squalid, starving poverty. I saw my father in the prime of his life grow old, decrepit and insane. In his ravings he had but one thought: ‘Money, money, money! Cling to it, my child,’ he would say to me, with glaring eyes and grinding teeth. ‘Cling to it, Marco, as you would to a raft in shipwreck; it is the all-in-all of our existence. See what the loss of it has brought to me. Let your heart be marble to *everything* but gold, gold, gold!’ ”

Raph.—“O, misery!”

Marco—“My father died, and I was left dependent on the charity of my relations. (With savage scorn.) Charity! I wore their cast clothes, waited on their will—their servant, their incumbrance, their helpless slave. One day Providence came to my relief—I was left a small fortune. From that moment I became a statue! The recollection of my days of misery extinguished the glowing impulses of my youth, and I lived on the surface of the world, mixing in all its gay pleasures, caressed and feted, the idol of the hour—hating and despising the smiling monster, and devising means to secure my independence. A wealthy marriage was my only course; and for that I have been cruel, false, and pitiless—for that I am deaf to reproaches, deaf to remorse.”

Laura Keene was not a woman who loved money for the mere sake of making, owning or possessing it, as can be more than attested by those who knew her best—her lifelong professional associates. In business she was strict, severe, exacting and punctilious to the very letter of the

law. Not to have been such would have made it impossible for her to have been one of the greatest theatrical managers known to this country, if not to the world, in her day. Had she been a woman who loved money, to fondle it as a parent does a child, she might have died one of the richest women known to the stage, instead of having died comparatively poor; or, at least, as wealth is known or regarded to-day, if, indeed, not as it was known at the time of her death; although at that period the rich actors on the American stage might have been enumerated without the aid of a mathematician; while it is a question if the aid of one is required even now, or practically twenty-five years later, when "performers" and comic singers receive very much greater salaries than actors or even artists did during the day or time of Laura Keene.

The Marco of Laura Keene was the creation of a woman who had not only encountered, but probably studied, every phase and side of man as he is actually known to exist. It was not without its womanly instinct, nature and heart. It was, in dealing with men of the world, cold, heartless, treacherous and without pity, that she met them with their own weapons. Her heart was steeled against flattery, praise, admiration or adulation. The same mask which made it possible for men to change their names, their identity, their country and even their creed—and all for money—was as potent in the hands of the actress as it has so often been successful in that of the men. It was not a battle for hearts, or the happiness of a home or the domestic fireside. It was a conquest for that which man values most in life—money. In the conflict between man and woman Marco was the victor. She was a marble statue, with the life-blood of a living human woman passing through her veins. Her better impulse and instinct were dead to all but that for which men only live—money, money, money! To everything else she was "deaf to reproaches, dead to remorse."

Laura Keene's delineation of Marco was so life-like in its fidelity to nature that it was one of the greatest stage triumphs of her life. So great, indeed, was her success in

this rôle that very many, or those who did not personally know the woman, while professionally knowing the actress, began to suspect that the character of Marco on the stage was really that of the woman off it. As it is obviously impossible for any actor or actress to be personally acquainted with all who visit a theatre, to counteract the impression created by Miss Keene's rendition of Marco, she produced a little play as a "curtain raiser," entitled "I Dine With My Mother."

This stage trifle was written for Laura Keene by a Mr. McLaughlin, of New York. It dealt entirely, so far as we have been able to learn, with the story of opulence and domestic or maternal happiness; in other words, the lesson or picture of money and its power, and all that it means or may convey against the love which a daughter should have for her mother, and the latter for the former.

On witnessing this domestic picture of Laura Keene's, Rose Watkins says: "I fear my words are too weak to import half the pleasure I enjoyed as I sat with the author, Mr. McLaughlin, in a box at Laura Keene's Olympic Theatre. Her voice was so musical and full of pathos that the author remarked, 'I did not know that I had written such a gem until I witnessed its creation by Miss Keene.'" As the actress declined the overtures from the world of Mammon, and accepted the love of her mother in preference to the gayeties which surround the life of wealth, her picture of domestic and maternal happiness as she knelt before the portrait of her mother, convinced all that Marco, as portrayed by Laura Keene, was but the art of the actress, and not the story of the real woman's life.

Peg Woffington, in "Masks and Faces," has passed into dramatic history as one of Laura Keene's greatest creations. There are many reasons why the role of Margaret Woffington should have fitted this woman as if it had been written expressly for her. The impetuous, hot-headed, warm-hearted and impulsive Irish actress, ever, like her race, ready for a frolic, ever at hand to defend the wronged, and always willing to aid and assist the helpless, was so characteristic of the real life of Laura Keene, that it was nature and not art that ap-

peared before the footlights when Mabel Vane was protected and defended, or James Triplet and his family rescued from starvation, when Miss Keene was the Peg Woffington.

Although by birth an English woman, and by choice an American, no one understood more, or was in greater sympathy with, the Irish race than Laura Keene. It may not be generally known, but it is not the less true, that among her other accomplishments, this lady was, if not a master of the Celtic tongue, quite capable of being very entertaining in that very ancient, very rich, and most melodious language. "There were two things which Laura Keene could not do," says Charles M. Walcot. "She could not master the Irish brogue, nor acquire the Scotch dialect. Her Effie Deans and Peg Woffington would have been flawless were it not for these defects."

Just how far Dion Boucicault, who dramatized Scott's novel, "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," resorted to the Scotch accent or dialect as far as it relates to the character of Effie Deans, who proved to be more than a mother to her wayward sister, Jeanie, we are not prepared to say, not having seen the play. Peg Woffington, however, has just six words to utter which call for the brogue. They are spoken when Triplet plays, while Peg dances the jig: "More power to your elbow" and "Hooroo." Even that queen of dramatic art, Janau-scheck, might, and indeed could, have mastered that bit of Hibernian dialect or brogue, if only as a compliment to the musical art of poor James Triplet.

This idiom of countries seems to be very much misunderstood, not only by Mr. Walcot, who, by the way, together with his charming and gifted wife, are among the few really great artists now left or known to the American stage, but to a vast number of Americans. The opinion seems to be very general among our countrymen that the brogue must of necessity cling to all persons—men and women alike—of Irish birth. It is a matter of history that the most perfect English spoken is that which flows from the lips of the educated people of Dublin, Galway, and other cities in Ireland. There is rarely, if ever, the slightest suggestion of brogue among the educated classes of Dublin. It is true that the brogue, and

very broadly, but also most musically, clings with great tenacity to certain Irishmen; as, for instance, in the case of that distinguished actor, author, scholar and man, John Brougham. On the other hand, Ada Rehan and Rose Coghlan are, we believe, children of Ireland. Yet, there is no more suggestion of brogue in their language or tongue than there is a possibility that they may develop into Dutch comic song and dance artists (?), although even the latter may be within the range of probability, should the American stage continue its downward course or career during the next ten years as it has during the past fifteen.

Mary Wells, one of the most capable actresses and lovely women known to the stage, predicted that if she lived long enough she would have to keep a peanut stand, owing to the influx into the market of her art of those who had learned how to "star" before they had learned how to study even the first rudiments of dramatic art. Fortunately for Miss Wells, but unfortunately for her profession, she was spared from the realization of her prediction; although were she alive to-day it is a question if she would not prefer to sell peanuts rather than compromise her art by mingling or associating with many of the alleged "stars" of our day.

Referring to Miss Wells, recalls a very pleasant, if indeed not a very delightful afternoon I spent with her at the Permanent Exhibition Building, in Philadelphia, during 1877. It was the intention of Philadelphians to retain permanently the glorious Main Building of the Centennial Exposition of '76. With that understanding most of the original exhibits were permitted to remain, while the space made vacant by those who removed their goods at the close of the Centennial was soon occupied by new exhibitors. Miss Wells at this time was playing at the Walnut Street Theatre. I suggested that we should visit the Permanent Exhibition, which invitation she gladly accepted. I was quite familiar with the building and most of its contents. After our arrival there I took her to the art department, where there was on exhibition a large and beautiful life-size painting of Hamlet. I was curious to learn the effect the picture would have on this woman who had played the role of the mother of Hamlet so frequently in

probably the greatest dramatic work ever conceived by the human mind.

The painting represented Hamlet in the closet-scene with his mother when the ghost appears. Terror-stricken, Hamlet was gazing on the ghost of his dead father, as with outstretched arm and pointed finger he says to his mother, "Do you see nothing there?"

There was no other figure on the canvas but that of the unfortunate Prince. I did not pretend to see the picture, but watched carefully "in the background" every movement of the actress. As her eyes fell on the picture she seemed to be transformed into a statue. The whole dramatic career of the woman seemed to run through my mind as I watched her. She finally recovered her speech, and discovered that I had been studying her as closely as she had been studying the painting, the price of which was \$10,000. "My only regret is," said Miss Wells, "that I cannot buy that picture for my house."

There was also in the same department, a noble statue in marble of Medea. Tragic meditation was depicted on the face of the voluptuous and bloody-minded daughter of Æetes, as her chin rested on one hand, while she held a dagger in the other. The study of Medea by Miss Wells was almost as interesting as was that of Hamlet.

Margaret Woffington in her child (or girl)-hood was a waif, or child of the slums, and sold oranges in the streets of Dublin for a living. What was Edwin Forrest in his boyhood? A street arab, whose delight was to run with the volunteer fire department. Yet Edwin Forrest not only became the greatest actor known to the American stage, not even excepting Edwin Booth, but has made his name probably immortal for all time by creating the Forrest Home for members of his profession who may not, during their old age, be able to earn a living. Did the noble-hearted Forrest cling to the idiom of the firemen as he electrified his audiences in *Coriolanus*, *King Lear*, or *Metamora*? If not, why should Peg Woffington, the queen of comedy, cling to the brogue as she gave life and being to the characters or creations of scholars and men of letters?

“Just my luck!” (says Triplet to Woffington). “Oh Lord! Lord! To see what these fine gentlemen are! To have a lawful wife at home, and then to come and fall in love with you! I do it for ever in my plays. It is all right there; but in real life it is abominable!”

Woffington—“You forget, sir, that I am an actress!—a plaything for every profligate who can find the open sesame of the stage-door. Fool! To think there was an honest man in the world, and that he had shone on me?”

Triplet—“Mrs. Woffington!”

Woffington—“But what have we to do with homes, and hearths, and firesides? Have we not the theatre, its triumphs and full-handed thunders of applause? Who looks for hearts beneath the masks we wear? These men applaud us, cajole us, swear to us, lie to us; and yet, forsooth, we would have them respect us, too.”

Triplet (fiercely)—“They shall respect you before James Triplet! A great genius like you, so high above them all! My benefactress.” (Whimpers.)

Woffington (taking his hand)—“I thought this man truer than the rest. I did not feel his passion an insult. Oh! Triplet, I could have loved this man—really loved him.”

Triplet—“Then you really don’t love him?”

Woffington—“Love him? I hate him, and her, and all the world!”

Triplet—“You will break with him, then?”

Woffington—“Break with him! No! I will feed his passion to the full; torture him; play with him, as the angler plays with fish upon his hook! I shall make him curse the hour he first met with Peg Woffington, the actress!”

Triplet—“But his poor wife?”

Woffington—“His wife! Are wives’ hearts the only hearts that throb, and feel, and break? His wife must take care of herself. It is not from me that mercy can come to her.”

Triplet—“But, madam,”—(a knock at the door). “Who’s this at such a moment.” (Goes to the window.) “’Tis a lady! Eh! cloaked and hooded. Who can she be? Perhaps a sitter! My new profession has transpired.” (A tap at room door.)

Servant—"From a lady who waits below."

Triplet (reads card)—"Mabel Vane!"

Woffington—"His wife, here! Show the lady upstairs. What does she come here for?"

Triplet—"I don't know; and I wish to heaven she had stayed away. You will retire; of course you will retire?"

Woffington—"No, sir! I will know why she comes to you." (Reflects, and enters the picture again.) "Keep it from me if you can!" (*Triplet* sinks into a chair, the picture of consternation.)

Enter Mabel Vane.

Triplet—"Madam!"

Mabel—"See first that I am not followed. That man has pursued me from my husband's house. Look out!"

Triplet (looking through window)—"Sir Charles Pomander! He examines the house; his hand is on the knocker—No! he retires."

Mabel—"I breathe again. Mr. *Triplet*, you said I might command your services."

Triplet—(Bows.)

Mabel—"You know this actress you spoke of to-day, Mrs. *Woffington*?"

Triplet (aside)—"Curse it! I am honored by her acquaintance, Madam!"

Mabel—"You will take me to her, to the theatre, where she acts?"

Triplet—"But consider, Madam!"

Mabel—"You must not refuse me."

Triplet—"But what can be the use of it?"

Mabel—"I am sure you are true and honest; I will trust you. When I saw you yesterday, I was the happiest woman in the world, for I love my husband, and I thought then he loved me as he used to do. Two days ago I left our country home—I yearned to be by my husband's side; I counted the hours of the journey, the miles, the yards of the road. I reached his house at last—to find that the heart on which I had so longed to rest my head was mine no longer."

Triplet—"Poor thing! poor thing!"

Mabel—"And she who held my place was the woman—the



LAURA KEENE.

actress you so praised to me; and now you pity me, do you not? And will not refuse my request?"

Triplet—"But be advised; do not think of seeing Mrs. Woffington. She has a good heart, but a fiery temper. Besides, good heavens! you two ladies are rivals. Have you read the 'Rival Queens,' Madam?"

Mabel—"I will cry to her for justice and mercy; I never saw a kinder face than this lady's—she must be good and noble."

Triplet—"She is! I know a family she saved from starvation and despair."

Mabel (seeing Woff. in the picture)—"Ah! she is there! See! see!" (She approaches the easel.)

Triplet (interposing)—"Oh, my portrait! You must not go near that; the colors are wet!"

Mabel—"Oh, that she were here, as this wonderful portrait is; and then how I would plead to her for my husband's heart! (She addresses the supposed picture.) Oh, give him back to me! What is one more heart to you? You are so rich, and I am so poor, that without his love I have nothing; but must sit me down and cry until my heart breaks—give him back to me, and I will love you and kiss your feet, and pray for you until my dying day. (Kneels to her and sobs.) Ah! a tear! It is alive! (Runs to Triplet and hides her head.) I am frightened! I am frightened!"

(Woffington steps out of frame and stands with one hand on her brow, in a half-despairing attitude. She waives her hand to Triplet to retire. Mabel stands trembling.)

Woff.—"We would be alone."

Trip. (in consternation)—"But, Mrs. Woffington—but, ladies!"

Woff.—"Leave us!"

Trip.—"I will retire into my sleeping apartment. (Retires into inner room.) Be composed, ladies. Neither of you could help it."

Woff.—"Leave us, I say!" (He vanishes suddenly. A long, uneasy pause.)

Woff. (with forced coldness)—"At least, Madam, do me the justice to believe I did not know Mr. Vane was married."

Mabel—"I am sure of it. I feel you are as good as you are gifted."

Woff.—"Mrs. Vane, I am not—you deceive yourself."

Mabel—"Then, heaven have mercy on me! But you are—I see it in your face. Ah! you know you pity me!"

Woff.—"I do, madam; and I could consent never more to see your—Mr. Vane."

Mabel—"Ah! but will you give me back his heart? What will his presence be to me if his love remain behind?"

Woff.—"But how, madam?"

Mabel—"The magnet can repel as well as attract. You who can enchant—can you not break your own spell?"

Woff.—"You ask much of me?"

Mabel—"Alas, I do!"

Woff.—"But I could do even this."

Mabel—"You could?"

Woff.—"And perhaps if you—who have not only touched my heart, but won my respect—say to me, 'Do so,' I shall do it. (*Mabel clasps her hands.*) There is only one way—but that way is simple. Mr. Vane thinks better of me than I deserve. I have only to make him (with trembling lips) believe me worse than I am, and he will return to you, and love you better, far better, for having known, admired and despised Peg Woffington."

Mabel—"Oh! I shall bless you every hour of my life. (*Pause.*) But rob you of your good name! bid a woman soil her forehead so for me! (*Sighs, long pause.*) With heaven's help I do refuse your offer; it is better I should die with my heart crushed, but my conscience unstained; for so my humble life has passed till now."

Woff.—"Humble such as you are, the diamond of the world!! Angel of truth and goodness, you have conquered! The poor heart we both overrate shall be yours again. In my hands 'tis painted glass at best—but set in the lustre of your love it may become a priceless jewel! Can you trust me?"

Mabel—"With my life!"

Woff.—"And will you let me call you friend?"

Mabel—"Friend? no—not friend!"

Woff.—"Alas!"

Mabel—"Let me call you sister?" (Timidly and pleadingly.)

Woff.—"Sister! oh yes!" (They embrace.) You do not know what it is to me, whom the proud ones of the world pass by with averted looks, to hear that sacred name from lips as pure as yours. Let me hold you in my arms—so—a little while—if you knew the good it does me to feel your heart beating close to mine; (pause) and now to bring back this truant—how this heart flutters—you must compose yourself. (Goes to door leading to inner room and opens it.) And I have need to be alone awhile. (Puts her in, comes forward and sits a moment with her hands pressed over her forehead.) 'Twas a terrible wrench—but 'tis over; and now—'about my brains,' as Hamlet says—to bring back the husband to his duty—what a strange office for a woman like me! How little the world knows about us after all. (She sighs and sobs convulsively.) I ought to feel very happy—pshaw! On with the mask and spangles, Peggy—and away with the fumes of this pleasant day-dream—how to bring Pomander hither! Let me see—this paper (takes paper Mable sent up) signed in her hand; Mable Vane—what if by its aid—I have it—pen—ink—one never can find writing materials in an author's room. (Goes to door and calls) Triplet!"

Peg Woffington, as created by Laura Keene, was something more than a stage picture. It was the ideality of dramatic art; a work which left so deep an impression on the audience as to convince them that the chords which surrounded the heart of the actress were human—not tinsel, or like a mask to be put on, only to be removed with the fall of the curtain. The self-sacrifice of the actress to restore the wronged wife to her wayward husband; the scorn of the insulted woman; the contemptuous mockery of the coterie of goose-quill critics; the lightness of heart on entering the home of Triplet; the dancing of the jig after saving the family from starvation, were stage pictures of dramatic creation such as were possible only to Laura Keene.

"Rachel the Reaper," taken from Charles Reade's novel, "Clouds and Sunshine," was probably not only one of the most exquisite and lovely stage pictures in the entire gallery

of Laura Keene's vast galaxy of creations, but it is very doubtful if anything so entirely ornate in its simplicity, religious and pastoral beauty, has ever been surpassed on any stage. It is true the literature of Charles Reade has not become a classic, but it is certain that while Laura Keene's name shall live her creation of "Rachel the Reaper" will not fade from stage history. There were no complexities in the life of this woman Rachel—such as are frequently, if not commonly, in most great stage creations of her sex; no feminine resources from a Worth of Paris or London, for the actress to fall back on to cover the lack of dramatic art. Rachel was a poor peasant; a child of the people; whose garments were made by herself, and were as clean as her virtue. Her wardrobe was ever ready to be tied up in a bundle, which she suspended from her faithful sickle over her shoulder, as she led her aged grandfather from village to village, from farm to farm, wherever there was honest work to be performed, to support the tottering form of the aged soldier.

The wronged and beautiful Rachel, too young to be a woman and too old to be a girl, as full of innocence, purity and chastity as the very crops of the field which she cut down with her sickle, was such a picture of holy loveliness and purity, as to deserve a place by the side of the "Angelus."

Oliver Goldsmith, regarded by many, and very justly so, as probably the purest and most melodious writer known to the English language, was destined to create a character, that of Miss Hardcastle, which was probably as much a part of Laura Keene during her life, as "The Deserted Village" is known to belong only to Goldsmith. The village, hamlet, or town, must be poor indeed in its school-houses or places of learning for the young, where Goldsmith's melody does not flow from the lips of its children as freely as the water ripples from the brooks of the world. The creation of Kate Hardcastle by Laura Keene seems by common consent, or by those who were best qualified to pronounce judgment on the same—her professional associates—to not only have been hers by right, but lived while she did, and died with her.

Probably the only actress in this country since the death of Laura Keene who has attempted the role of Kate Hardcastle

with any degree of artistic success has been Mrs. Charles M. Walcot. That Mrs. Walcot, who is one of the really great actresses now on the American stage, should have met with success in this role is not surprising when it is remembered that in her novitiate she, or Isabella Nickinson, as she was then known, was a member of Laura Keene's stock company in New York. Mrs. Walcot, however, or Miss Nickinson, had more advantages than being a member of Miss Keene's theatrical company, then one of the foremost in this country. Miss Nickinson, if we are not in error, lived in Miss Keene's house, where she had advantages which do not often fall to the lot of a young actress.

That Mrs. Walcot profited by her close and early associations with Miss Keene, her subsequent career as an actress and artist have attested. "I am told," said Emma Taylor to the writer, "that Mrs. Walcot's art greatly resembles that of my mother's." That was a well-merited compliment to Mrs. Walcot, which she now hears of for the first time, as Emma Taylor and Mrs. Walcot have probably not seen each other since 1870, if, indeed, they did then. The compliment, however, was more than deserved, as Mrs. Walcot, if she had but been properly handled or placed in the hands of a competent business man, would, in all probability, have developed into one of the most successful stars known to our stage during the past half a generation or more. Mrs. Walcot, however, was destined to miss not only the advantages of a good business manager, but her professional life has been singularly free from "jumboism," scandal, and all the professional abominations which have contributed so largely and successfully during the past ten or fifteen years to make actresses (?) a success financially. It is true that this estimable lady has been all that a woman should be. As such she will go down to posterity—not as a great star, but something more to her credit—a woman who has been an ornament to her sex, a credit to her profession, and an honor to the memory of Laura Keene.

It has been stated by newspaper critics (?) that Miss Keene's creation of Miss Hardcastle and the barmaid was so life-like and true to nature that Laura Keene must have been profes-

sionally the latter during the early part of her life. This compliment to Miss Keene's art probably stands out solitary and alone in the long list of great actors and actresses. If, however, in portraying, as she did, the life of a barmaid with such consummate art as to suspect that Miss Keene must have been such in her early career, why not, on the same hypothesis, suspect (?) that Miss Keene, in portraying, as she did, with equal fidelity to nature the role of the aristocratic daughter of Hardcastle, assume, that in her early days Laura Keene must also have been a lady of elegance, culture, and refinement? It is true that critics everywhere, with the exception of those who were mystified by Miss Keene's art as the barmaid, have always conceded the latter. Yet, according to the mystified critics in question, Miss Keene was equally great as Miss Hardcastle in the first act as she subsequently proved to be during the remainder of the play. The veil of charity, however, should be drawn over the effusions and rhodomontade of these mystified critics, if only to save the critics from the criticism of the critics. "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till we find it stopping a bung-hole?"

Laura Keene's creation of Lady Teazle in Sheridan's classical comedy, "The School for Scandal," will, in all probability, pass into dramatic history as the greatest creation of this woman, not even excepting her Beatrice, Rosalind, Marco, Peg Woffington, Miss Hardcastle, Ogarita, Rachel the Reaper, and numerous, if indeed not scores of characters, which were practically hers during life, but which seem to have died when she did. Probably the nearest approach to Laura Keene's Lady Teazle during the life of Miss Keene has been that of that distinguished woman, actress, artist, and manager, Mrs. John Drew. Mrs. Drew played Lady Teazle for nearly, if not quite, half a generation after the death of Miss Keene; and practically since the death of Laura Keene was the ideal Lady Teazle of the American stage. This is saying much for the art of a woman who was some six or eight years older than Miss Keene.

Fanny Davenport—not only the daughter of one of the greatest actors known to the stage, but as an actress and

depending entirely on her own efforts—must have been a well-nigh ideal Lady Teazle, if we are to judge from the resources which were so bountifully bestowed on her by nature for such a character. Beautiful to look at as a woman, educated from her infancy in probably the best schools of dramatic art—fine stock companies, gifted with a voice which was melody itself, courteous, gracious, and queen-like in her bearing and appearance, Sheridan himself would have been pedantic not to have been charmed and fascinated with so lovely and charming a Lady Teazle.

With all of those advantages, however, and indeed very many more on the part of almost any other actress, Laura Keene might have easily ranked first as Lady Teazle. Confessedly as she was the greatest exponent of high-classical comedy in her day, she did not earn that reputation without possessing qualities which must not only command the respect, but admiration of students of art and men of letters; while nature bestowed gifts and advantages on Laura Keene which have probably never been surpassed or excelled by any other actress. Add to this the consummate art of the woman, her exquisite, natural and inborn taste (as unconscious to her as that the perfume of the flower surpasses that of the chemist's cunning), her entire consciousness of the fact that in matters of dramatic art she was to lead and not to follow, whether as actress, artist, or manager, and we can readily understand why the name of Laura Keene and Lady Teazle are synonymous, and as such must pass into dramatic history.

It is certainly to be questioned if any actress who has appeared on the American stage since her first connection with Wallack's Theatre until after her retirement from the management of her own theatres in New York, was so competent or so well equipped to essay the heroines of Shakespeare which she appeared in as was Laura Keene. There is not a single role or character in the many parts of Shakespeare in which Miss Keene appeared, with perhaps that of Queen Elizabeth, in "Richard the Third," that she could not have easily ranked first among all of even the great actresses who appeared in such parts during the generation of her day, which was rich in the production of great artists.

At the present day, or practically since the death of Adelaide Neilson, there has been no woman on the stage of this country who could for a moment be compared with Miss Keene in the characters of Shakespeare referred to. Modjeska's Rosalind is full of poetry, gentleness, loveliness, and womanly charm; with that minor-like chord which seems to be a part of her being, which we have never discovered in any other actress; but it lacks to the eye the youth and beauty of a Neilson, as it must have lacked the charms of a Laura Keene with the youth and even more than the beauty of a Neilson; added to which must be the culture, education and refinement of the woman, not omitting her natural graces.

Refinement was never lacking in Neilson or Modjeska, and probably has not been in many others. Mary Anderson, always a lovely woman to look at and remember; lovely, if only for the purity of her life, was generally accepted as an ideal heroine of Shakespeare. Miss Anderson, however, appeared on the stage of this country at a time when actresses of inspiration were practically unknown. Always gentle and fascinating, even when at the head of her profession—certainly not difficult to reach in her day; yet it is a question if she could be compared with some other actresses of her time—robbed of her personal charms and that wonderful power and advantage of newspaper notoriety, which was practically unknown in the days of Laura Keene, but which was all potent in the time or era of Miss Anderson, even if such a practice must have been distasteful to her, as we have always suspected to be the fact. The purity of Miss Anderson's life, however, and it was most assuredly such, was not more marked than that of Modjeska, Laura Keene, and probably very many more women of the stage.

There are always those to be found who can no more imagine an actress to be virtuous than they can reconcile themselves to the fact that a priest can be faithful to his vows of celibacy; yet the latter is not only known to be the rule and not the exception, but there have been pure women on the stage in the past, they are on it to-day, and will continue to remain on it while the stage shall be a factor in the history of the world.

Neither Charlotte Cushman nor Madame Janauscheck could

ever have been good looking in the zenith of their professional and artistic glory; yet there was more inspiration in the single line of Miss Cushman's address to Wolsey, in "Henry the Eighth," "Lord Cardinal, to you I speak!" than there has been in all the doll-faced actresses seen on the American stage during the last half a generation; while Janauscheck, in our opinion even the peer of Cushman, displayed more versatility in her little curtain-raiser, "Come Here," than that shown by all of the neophyte or alleged stars known to our stage since the disbandment of the stock companies in this country.

Laura Keene's reputation as an artist was earned and won by her own ability and as such only; achieved at a time in the history of the New York stage when elaborate dramatic criticisms such as are the rule to-day were entirely unknown, with perhaps a single journal, which was then one of two innovations, and it is greatly to be questioned if either or both have been in the interest of dramatic art. The former was the first introduction to the New York stage of a "Society Actress," then the wife of a rich mercantile man, who could well afford to spend thousands of dollars on the wardrobe of his wife. "When the public wanted to see fine dresses," said J. H. Stoddard to the writer, "they went to Wallack's Theatre. But when the same public wanted to see dramatic art they had to go to Laura Keene's."

That, we believe, was the origin of elaborate costumes on the stage in this country. It may not have been entirely vicious, but it was certainly demoralizing to art, if not dangerous to young actresses who had to depend on their salary. Every actress cannot be a woman of inspiration. On the stage a woman must be either a great actress or have a great wardrobe to attract attention.

The reaction had to come sooner or later. It came very much sooner than was agreeable to those who like to patronize art for art's sake only. The actresses of to-day, or very many of them, disport their wardrobes on the streets, send their theatrical costumes to the theatre in an envelope or by letter; while their photographs, which fill a huge trunk, or several of them, must be conveyed to the "Temple of Diana" by an express wagon, several weeks in advance of that "genius," the newspaper paragrapher.

The second innovation was the appearance on the staff of a New York journal of a typical "Jack Lofty," such as has been made immortal by the pen of Oliver Goldsmith. Goldsmith, however, exposed his pretender, or empiric, at the end of his "Good-Natured Man;" which may account for the fact that Goldsmith at his death was some twenty thousand pounds in debt. Had "The Inspired Idiot" of Ireland, as he was referred to by an English flunkey, been a modern "Jack Lofty," he might have been on the pay-roll of the box office, just as the New York journalist has been since the days of Wallack, and as he is said to be to-day on a prominent theatre of that city. Newspaper notoriety must have a wondrous fascination for the people of the stage when such a man can go unexposed so long, or not to be denounced by them in public as he is in private. The "melody" of "Lofty," however, like the brook, seems destined to run on forever. There is no feast or funeral of the great in the profession at which he is not to be found, while his lives of rich actors are quite as remarkable as is the fact that a biography of a great but poor actor is quite out of "Jack Lofty's" theory or way of wooing or paying homage to the genius of the stage.

There is most assuredly no reason why the lives of rich actors should not be written, especially when they are more than great in their profession. To do so, however, at the expense of equally great but poor artists seems not only like the sarcasm of Fate, but has been largely instrumental in the present degradation of the stage in this country.

It may be of some interest, and no doubt it will be, to glance at some of the stage creations of Laura Keene. How many other characters she created in her brief hour will never be known. At all events, it will be seen that the life of an actress is not all sunshine :

Albina Mandeville in "The Will;" Mephistopheles in "Mephistopheles, or an Ambassador from Berlin;" Mrs. Bromley in "Simpson and Co.;" Helen in "Poor Cousin Walter;" Rachel Heywood in "The Rent Day;" Mrs. Chillington in "A Morning Call;" Countess Helen in "The Twelve Labors of Hercules;" Miss Blandford in "Speed the Plough;" the Duchess de Torrenuel in "Faint Heart Never

Won Fair Lady ;" Sophia in "The Road to Ruin ;" Norah Merton in "The Irish Heiress ;" Lady Elizabeth in "The Day After the Wedding ;" Lady Hawthorne in "Old Heads and Young Hearts ;" Pauline in "Pauline ;" Paul in "The Pet of the Petticoats ;" Bessie Tully in "Time Works Wonders ;" Dinah in "The Young Quaker ;" Joseph in "The Young Scamp ;" Marita in "Don Cæsar de Bazan ;" Mary Warzel in "Used Up ;" Mrs. Bucklethorn in "Love in a Maze ;" Lucy Arundle in "Two Can Play at That Game ;" Carlo Broschi in "Asmodeus, or the Little Devil ;" Donna Francesco in "Where There's a Will There's a Way ;" Helen Plantagenet in "Love and Morning ;" Marie de Meranie in "Phillip of France ;" Marguerite in "Marco Spada ;" Sir Charles Coldstream in "Used Up ;" Francine in "Grist to the Mill ;" Cleopatra in the two-act comedy, "Antony and Cleopatra ;" Claribel Addington in "Look Before You Leap, or Wooing and Wedding ;" Honoria Walsingham (aged twenty) and Honoria Walsingham (aged 60) in "Dreams of the Future ;" Bob Nettles in "To Parents and Guardians ;" Mlle. Dibleux in "A Lesson for Ladies ;" Mrs. Torrington in "Balance of Comfort ;" Camaralzaman in "Camaralzaman ;" Edward Sharpless in "Our Clerks ;" Emily Lascelles in "The Millionaire, or the Politician's Bride ;" Mrs. Captain Fitzsmith in "The Ladies' Club ;" Therese Michel in "The Chain of Events ;" Victorine in "Victorine, or I'll Sleep On It ;" Madeline in "St. Mary's Eve ;" Smike in "Nicholas Nickleby ;" ——— in "Satin in Paris ;" Adriane in "Comedy of Errors ;" Fanny Morrison in "Mind Your Own Business ;" Mrs. Trictrac in "Married Rake ;" Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra, Married and Settled ;" An Interesting Widow in "A Lady and Gentleman ;" Mrs. Sternhold in "Still Waters Run Deep ;" Pauline in "Delicate Ground ;" Mrs. Robert Rackett in "My Wife's Mirror ;" Madame Rogu-lingrain and the Countess in "Demon Jester ;" Arabella in "Debutante ;" Blanche in "Violet ;" Patty Tavarock in "———" ; Mary Leigh in "Hunted Down ;" Miss Gray in "Hearts Are Trumps ;" Prince Charming in "Prince Charming ;" Louise in "King and Court ;" the Directress in "Novely ;" Bacchus in "Bacchus, or Spirits and Water ;"

Mary in "Mary's Birthday;" Rose Elsworth in "Love in '76;" Sylva in "The Elves, or the Statue Bride;" Prince Charles in "Love of a Prince;" Princess in "Love's Telegraph;" Blanche, in "Blanche of Brandywine;" Mrs. Merryweather in "Victims;" Countess in "Judith of Geneva;" Mrs. Catchmug in "The Siam Light-guard;" Mrs. Charles Glitter in "Splendid Misery;" Mlle. Therese Bernard in "Birds of Prey;" Florence Trenchard in "Our American Cousin;" Lady Isabella in "East Lynne;" Martha Savage in "The Workingmen of New York;" Harriet Wardner in "House and Home;" Fanny Kelly in "World and Stage;" Mrs. Honeyburn in "The Election;" Anna Maria Dobbs in "Distant Relations;" Miama in "Green Bushes;" Virginia Pate in "Vanity Fair, or Proud of their Vices;" Anne Chute in "The Colleen Bawn;" Jacques Renaud in "The Monkey Boy;" The Dauphin in "Louis the Eleventh;" Aileen Barradan in "Aileen Aroon;" 'Toinette in "The Saucy Housemaid;" Diavoline in "The Seven Sisters;" Diavoline in "The Seven Sons;" Little Tom in "A Christmas Carol;" Mary Kelly in "The Peep o' Day;" Madame Claire Genet in "No Rest for the Wicked;" Jessie McLane in "Jessie McLane;" Nellie O'Donahue in "Bantry Bay;" Tib in "Tib, or Our Cat in Crinoline;" ——— in "Second Love, or Nature and Art;" ——— in "I Dine with My Mother;" ——— in "The Light-house;" ——— in "White Lies;" ——— in "Flowers of the Forest;" ——— in "Court and Stage;" Patrice in "The White Lady of Wicklow;" Naomi Tighe in "School;" Lydia Languish in "The Rivals;" Widow Cheerly in "The Soldier's Daughter;" Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal;" Lady Alice in "Old Heads and Young Hearts;" Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance;" Clara Douglas in "Money;" Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer;" Cicely Homespun in "The Heir-at-Law;" Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons;" Mrs. Haller in "The Stranger;" Constance in "The Love Chase;" Juliana in "The Honeymoon;" Rose Fielding in "The Willow Copse;" Lady Dedlock in "Bleak House;" Hortense in "Bleak House;" Camille in "Camille;" Madame de Fontanges in "Plot and Passion;" Mlle. Marco in

"The Marble Heart;" Julia in the "Hunchback;" Lady Alice in "Dreams of Delusion;" Margaret Woffington in "Masks and Faces;" Jane Eyre in "Jane Eyre;" Clarissa Harlowe in "Clarissa Harlowe;" Ruth Ravenscar in "Two Loves and a Life;" Martha in "David Copperfield;" Marguerite in "Faust and Marguerite;" Lady Evelyn in "The Wife's Secret;" Effie Deans in "The Heart of Midlothian;" Louise De Lascorus in "The Sea of Ice;" Ogarita in "The Sea of Ice;" Hester Grazebrook in "The Unequal Match;" Eleanor, the blind girl, in "Second Love;" Rachel in "Rachel the Reaper;" Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair;" Gilberte in "Frou-Frou;" Queen Elizabeth in "Richard the Third;" Ophelia in "Hamlet;" Portia in "The Merchant of Venice;" Oberon in "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" Miranda in "The Tempest;" Viola in "The Twelfth Night;" Rosalind in "As You Like It;" Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing."

CHAPTER XII.

PROFESSIONAL TRIBUTES.

"HAD Laura Keene not been a great actress," says Charles M. Walcot, who was connected with her New York theatre for a long time, and traveled with her through this country as a member of her company, "the elder Wallack never would have brought her to this country. The Shakespearian creations alone of Miss Keene were remarkable. Her Ophelia, Portia, and Puck were fine. Her Beatrice is a stage picture of classical elegance to be remembered, while her Rosalind was not equalled in her day, and has not been since. Modjeska's Rosalind, compared with Miss Keene's, is not to be considered. Indeed, it may be said that Miss Keene was equally good in any part she played. Her Peg Woffington, Miss Hardcastle, Ogarita, Camille, Marco, Lydia Languish, Lady Alice in 'Old Heads and Young Hearts,' Ruth Ravenscar in 'Two Loves and a Life,' Mary in 'Mary's Birth-Day,' Rachel the Reaper, Sylvia in the 'Statue Bride,' Cicely Homesun, Lady Evelyn in 'The Wife's Secret,' Effie Deans, Miama in 'Green Bushes,'

Hester Grazebrook in 'An Unequal Match,' and Rose Fielding in the 'Willow Copse,' were all creations almost without a flaw, her Lady Teazle always ranking among the greatest of her creations. In high classical comedy, the romantic, pastoral, spiritual, pathetic, and emotional school of acting, Laura Keene probably had no equal in her day, and we are not likely to have her like in ours. Her plays were superbly mounted, but more especially so her Shakesperean productions (which were generally failures financially). Laura Keene always had the best of everything in her theatres to be found in the market. She worked herself to death, however, as it was a common thing for her to be at the theatre from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon, and then play at night.

"Music always played a prominent part at Miss Keene's theatre," continued Mr. Walcot, "her orchestra being a marked and attractive feature of the house. Julia Bennett Barrow, of Boston, in my opinion, was the nearest approach or rival to Laura Keene in my day."—*Interview with Charles M. Walcot, Philadelphia, October 13th, 1895.*

Mr. Joseph A. Smith, a retired actor, now in the Forrest Home, Philadelphia, says: "Miss Keene was a very charming woman; kind, gentle, generous and considerate to her actors. I was connected with her theatre in California, and also with her theatres in New York. As a business woman and manager she had no equal. Her plays were produced with an artistic and financial splendor practically unknown at any other theatre in her day. As an actress she was equally great in every part she played, whether as Marco, Effie Deans, Becky Sharp, Peg Woffington, or in characters now practically unknown to the stage. Her Rachel the Reaper cannot be blotted from the memory. Even in small trifles, such as 'I Dine with my Mother,' her art was such as to convert into a classic what in other hands might be entirely unworthy of comment. As her pathos came from the heart, it touched the hearts of her audience. Laura Keene lived before her day, and was more than loved by the members of her profession who knew her."—*Interview, December 8th, 1895.*

“I never saw Miss Keene play but once,” said that veteran actor, J. B. Roberts; “she played Portia under the management of the elder Wallack. It was so long ago that I cannot trust to my memory to express an opinion on the performance. I have, however, just returned home from London. Talk of acting! why, there is none at the present day, as I said to John S. Clarke. If what I saw there was acting, then we old fellows knew nothing of the art. Everything there, as here,” continued Mr. Roberts, “is sacrificed to scenic displays, spectacular effects, and magnificent stage mounting. I have never seen plays produced with such a lavish wealth of beauty. I saw Ellen Terry and Henry Irving. In ‘The Bells’ and the ‘Lyons Mail’ Irving is great; but his Hamlet and Macbeth are grotesque. In high comedy Ellen Terry has no equal to-day. Her Lady Macbeth is a woeful performance. They all want to play tragedy. As I have already stated, acting in London and America has become a lost art. Henry Irving is a great politician, a great student, and a great man. But the actor’s art has become a thing of the past. Electricity and stage effects have taken the place of the great actors of the past.”—*Interview with J. B. Roberts, Philadelphia, September 6, 1895.*

“Laura Keene,” says John Jack, “was not only an all-round actress, but as a comedienne, or in high classical comedy, she had few if indeed an equal. In such characters as Miss Hardcastle she had no rival. As an emotional actress Mrs. John Drew could not be compared with her; while, on the other hand, I regard Mrs. Drew as the finer actress of the two in certain parts. Mrs. Drew’s Lydia Languish was even finer than her Mrs. Malaprop. Miss Keene’s dignity, her exquisite and lady-like bearing, her high sense of honor, and her finely-cultivated mind, were hers by inheritance. She lived in the days of Goldsmith and Sheridan, and no one was more competent to interpret the creations of such masters than she. She was equally at home with modern novelists. As a business woman I have never known her equal. Her talent for business amounted to genius, and was such that the greatest business man in the country might have envied her. In such

a field, however, or while being great in both, it is frequently a source of evil, if not weakness. Miss Keene met with great triumphs and great reverses; but her life, as a rule, was practically that of the average actor of her time.”—*Interview with John Jack, at Atlantic City, August 4, 1895.*

“Laura Keene,” says W. H. Wallis (and at the mention of her name, the tears welled up in the old actor’s eyes), “was a dear personal friend of mine. She was a great woman, and the best all-round actress of my time, and I have been on the stage during the past forty years or more. Her Miss Hardcastle, Lady Teazle and Peg Woffington were great. There was practically no other Miss Hardcastle but Laura Keene. In ‘Dreams of Delusion,’ ‘The American Cousin,’ and characters in which she appeared she was marvelous. I do not regard Marco, in the ‘Marble Heart,’ as a test part. I have played with the elder Booth, Forrest, Fechter, Cushman and all the great actors of my day, but Laura Keene was the most finished artist of them all. . . . As Lady Teazle she had no equal. . . . Once, while playing in the west, she requested me to appear at rehearsal as Sir Peter in ‘The School for Scandal.’ I was a little afraid of the part, but did not like to say so. The truth is, I feared I could not act the part well enough to satisfy Miss Keene, and hoped to get out of it by saying that I had no coat for Sir Peter to wear. ‘That is all right,’ said Miss Keene, ‘I have his coat with me.’ She brought me a very handsome satin coat; and I played the part so well that she presented me with the coat. The last time I saw Miss Keene she put her arms around my neck and kissed me. Her parting words to me were ‘God bless you, uncle Billy’ (which she always called me), ‘take good care of your health.’”—*Interview, Philadelphia.*

“I never played under the management of Laura Keene,” says Marian Strickland, “a fact which I have always regretted, as Miss Keene was not only a great actress and manager, but the creator of great actors. As a stage-manager she had no equal—certainly no superior—in her day. As an actress it would be difficult to locate her greatest creation. The play of ‘Hunted Down,’ which she purchased from Boucicault, was

re-written by her, and she subsequently presented it to Boucicault, as she was always giving away something—from a play to large sums of money to the Sisters of Charity. As Florence Trenchard, Lady Teazle, Effie Deans, Becky Sharp, Miss Hardcastle or Marco she was equally great. To see her Marco was to remember it for all time. No one but Laura Keene could depict the lesson and advice of the ruined father as she did in 'The Marble Heart.' Her genius and enthusiasm inspired the members of her company. That was why Laura Keene created so many great actors in her day."—*Interview with Marian Strickland in New York, September 8, 1895.*

"I was personally acquainted with Miss Keene," says Rose Watkins, who covered her eyes with her hands and wept as she heard of the dead actress. "I regard Miss Keene as one of the greatest actresses of her time. She was one of the most beautiful women to look at I have ever seen; and incomparable as an actress in high comedy. With the death of Miss Keene such characters or creations as Marco, Miss Hardcastle, Peg Woffington and Ogarita also died. I have never known so great a stage-manager or anyone who produced plays with such taste, so elaborately, and with such personal attention to details. I first saw Miss Keene in 'Love in a Maze,' and was so charmed that the impression was such as cannot be forgotten; while the ovation to Miss Keene from the audience was more than tremendous."

"The first and only time I ever saw Laura Keene play," says Maggie Mitchell, "was in Baltimore. That was so long ago that I do not even remember the name of the play. Miss Keene was such a beautiful woman; her voice was so sweet and her art so remarkable that I cannot describe the effect she made on me."—*Interview at Long Branch, New Jersey.*

"Laura Keene," says Mrs. Jane English, "was not only one of the greatest actresses of her day and time, but as a stage-manager she had no equal, while she was the greatest business woman I have ever known. Compared with Miss Keene in business all other women, to me, in the theatrical world faded into nothing. I had considerable business with her, as I rented her theatre in New York. She was prompt, precise,

punctilious and exacting to the very letter of the law. Poor John Duff! How she did worry him! Miss Keene did not like Duff. He would come for his money. It was always there and ready. But Duff would come before his time. 'Your money, Mr. Duff,' Miss Keene would say, 'is due at such an hour. Call at that hour, and you shall get it.' He got it at the appointed hour, but not a moment sooner. As I was a stranger to Miss Keene, my first impression was not favorable, but I soon discovered that she was not only a woman with a heart, but as a manager all other women were mere cyphers or novices compared with her. The mounting of her plays or stage productions was not only on a degree of elegance, unknown and surpassing all other productions then, but has practically been unknown to even elaborate stage productions of to-day. The lace draperies alone, in one scene of a stage setting under Miss Keene's management, would cost hundreds of dollars. Nothing was too expensive for Laura Keene, and nothing but the best ever entered her theatre. She produced one play, the name of which I cannot now recall, in which one entire stage scene was composed of the finest white lace to be found on the market. Nothing like this scene or stage setting has ever been witnessed on the stage. Theatrical people came to see it, and marveled at the women's daring as much as the people applauded her wonderful enterprise. Miss Keene starred through the country in this play, and carried the same stage scene with her. When my daughter, Lucille, first appeared in New York, she was bitterly assailed by the press of that city, and was informed that, while her acting might do for the East side, it was not such as to warrant her appearance in a Broadway theatre. Laura Keene read the criticisms, went to the theatre where my daughter was playing, and saw the performance for herself. The next day she wrote a letter to my daughter, complimenting her highly on her performance. 'Pay no attention, my child,' said Miss Keene, 'to the criticisms referred to. I, too, in my day, have been criticised in much the same manner, but I have managed to live through it.' " "That letter from Miss Keene," continues Mrs. English, "was the first stage inspiration my daughter ever received. I should like to give



LAURA KEENE.

you the letter for publication in 'Miss Keene's Life,' but I cannot find it among my papers."—*Mrs. Jane English, Forrest Home, Philadelphia.*

"O! what a sweet creature Laura Keene was as Effie Deans!" says Emma Waller, "and what a life-like creation she gave of Becky Sharp!" "I cannot imagine," said the writer, "knowing the private life of Miss Keene as I did, how she could portray with fidelity to nature the complex and despicable life of Becky Sharp." "Bless you, my child," said Mrs. Waller, "Laura Keene's art was such as to make it possible for her to give a life-like creation of any character which she portrayed. Her Mary Leigh, in 'Hunted Down,' was one of her best creations."—*Interview.*

"I have little to tell you in reference to Miss Keene," says J. H. Stoddard, "further than that I was a member of her company when she opened Laura Keene's Theatre, and continued with her as a member of the same for years. I cannot name any particular part that I thought her better in than another. To me she was the most charming actress that I have ever met, and certainly the most brilliant in the directing of all her productions. Mrs. Stoddard met her when she (Miss Keene) was with Mr. J. W. Wallack in '53 (I mean Lester Wallack's father), who had the most brilliant company—Blake, the elder Walcot, Lester Wallack, Lysander Thompson, John Dyott and a host of others. Miss Keene, among them all, was the attraction of the theatre, . . . and, although Mr. Wallack was the ablest stage-director I have ever known, he did nothing without consulting Miss Keene's taste and judgment. . . . I am sorry I have nothing to tell you of a more interesting nature, but I am exceedingly glad that you are going to write a biography of so talented and fascinating an artist."—*Letter.*

"I met Miss Keene but once," says Mrs. John Drew. "I regarded her as a very good business woman, as well as a very handsome one. I saw her play on several occasions, and should judge that her best creations were in high and modern comedy. Her Lady Alice Hawthorne in 'Old Heads and Young Hearts' was delightful."

"I can give no information on the subject of Laura Keene," says Frank Mayo, "beyond the fact that I was a member of her company in San Francisco in 1856 or '55; but as I was a lad then of seventeen, my impressions would be of little value. My chief recollection of Miss Keene is that she was a most indefatigable manageress and a wonderfully versatile actress. So many were the parts I saw her play, and all so well (in my boyish judgment), that it would be impossible for me to say in which she excelled. But it was her stage management that most impressed me. I cannot conceive of its being surpassed. I do not refer to the arrangement of effects, etc., but of the marvelously keen understanding she possessed of each and every character in the plays. At least such was my youthful impression, and my riper days hold still to that conviction. I mention this only, as it may be of interest to you as a scrap of nothing on a work that must be a pleasure to you."—*Letter from Frank Mayo.*

"For the sake of my own professional career," says Fanny Davenport, "I regret the fact that Miss Laura Keene was long before my time. The only remembrance I have of her is that of a child, being practically such when my father (E. L. Davenport) took me to see Miss Keene. It was at her own theatre in New York. The play was 'The Statue Bride.' I have heard my father speak of Miss Keene as a most excellent manager, producer of plays, and a talented actress."

"I am sorry to say," says Mrs. G. A. Gilbert, "that I have no personal or professional reminiscences of Laura Keene. I knew and admired her, and considered her one of the best actresses of her time."

"My first recollections of Miss Keene," says Col. W. E. Sinn, "are when she had the Charles Street Theatre in Baltimore, Md. Mr. John Duff at that time was her manager. It was for a short season, and I think a fairly profitable one for those days. The part that I liked Miss Keene best in was Peg Woffington. I have never seen any one who pleased me as well as Miss Keene did in that character. She was one of the best all-around comedy actresses I can call to mind; and I think one of the best stage managers of her sex."

"It would give me much pleasure," says Mrs. E. J. Phillips, "to be able to furnish you with some material for your commendable work, but my acquaintance with Miss Keene was very slight. She was a beautiful woman and a thorough artist. It would be difficult, I think, to discriminate as to her greatest characterization; for in my opinion she was *great* in all she essayed—from Lady Teazle to Ogarita in 'The Sea of Ice.' I wish you every success, and would gladly assist you were it in my power."

"I was never a member of Miss Keene's company," says Mrs. Eldridge (Aunt Louisa), "consequently I knew but very little about her. I met her first in April, 1865, the week after the assassination of the lamented Lincoln, when she came to play an engagement at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, where I was a member of the stock company. She then told me the entire story of the assassination, and how she went into the box at Ford's Theatre, Washington, and held the head of the murdered president. She also gave me a piece of the dress she wore at the time. I cannot now find the scrap, as it is more than thirty years since that sad event took place. She played 'The American Cousin,' 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'An Unequal Match,' 'The Marble Heart,' 'The Love Chase,' 'London Assurance,' and 'The School for Scandal.' I think Miss Keene preferred 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'The Marble Heart,' 'London Assurance,' and 'The School for Scandal' to all other plays. She particularly liked Marco and Lady Teazle.

"Later on I played with Miss Keene. I think it was in 1868 or '69, at the Globe Theatre, Boston, under the management of William Horace Lingard. Miss Keene made an engagement to play 'Our American Cousin.' The theatre was run down, and the play did not draw as well as anticipated. Mr. Lingard made a contract to pay Miss Keene nightly. One night near the end of the week the curtain was kept down later than usual. I went to Miss Keene to ask why, as I feared she was sick. I found her standing behind the center door, ready to make her entrance, but at the same time forbidding the prompter to 'ring up' until she gave him the signal. To my inquiry she said, 'I will tell you later.' I

walked away, and a few moments later one of the men from the box-office handed her a roll of bank notes, which she quietly counted, placed in her bosom, turned to the prompter and said, 'Ring up!' A moment later she was before the audience, acting her part as though nothing had happened. This incident was sufficient to prove that she was a woman of great determination of character. Later on she told me that she felt certain she would never have received her money had she not acted as she did. I learned afterwards that she was right.

"Later on I met Miss Keene several times 'on the road,' but since the death of her husband, John Lutz, she never had a good manager. Miss Keene was a woman of great intelligence, well bred, rather retiring, but most interesting in conversation. I trust your work will be a great success, as the name of Laura Keene should not be permitted to die out. She did a great deal in her day and time for the stage in this country."—*Letter*.

"I should most gladly give you any material I possess," says Kate Reignolds (Mrs. Catharine Winslow), as my tribute to the memory of Miss Keene; but, beyond the mention I make of her in 'Yesterdays with Actors,' I am lacking in material.

"Every one who ever saw her act will acknowledge, I think, that she was none the less the artiste because her strongly delicate personality proclaimed her a lady first of all. . .

"She was, besides, one of those rare souls who possess fascination, and no one could help being sensible of it. Alike in private and public, she arrested you at once, only to carry you with her as few persons ever do either in society or upon the stage.

"I myself was scarcely advanced enough while a member of Miss Keene's company to venture a criticism at this remote day; but, looking back, it would seem as if, in one way, her lines were rather restricted. She rarely attempted anything beyond the elegant woman of the world and the simple pathos of genuine drama; yet, as a refined and exquisite comedienne, she has never, to my mind, been surpassed; and in fascination, speaking from my own experience, I have never met her

equal. I am truly sorry that I can contribute but feebly to what, I am sure, you will add as leaves of laurel to one so justly crowned. . ."

"Could Laura Keene return to life," said J. H. Stoddard, while playing at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in March, '96, "she would revolutionize the theatrical business. "I am now 68 years old," continued this grand old actor, "and have spent most of my time on the stage, but I have never known such a woman as Laura Keene. Her finely educated mind, her exquisite taste in costuming characters on the stage—characters now practically unknown; her exquisite bearing and style of dress when not on the stage; her sweet and lovely disposition; the gentleness and purity of her life; her wonderful knowledge of stage craft, independent of her art as an actress, are things to be looked for, but not to be found on the stage of to-day. Her charity was as large as her art. She was as great a Peg Woffington as the celebrated English actress, Mrs. Sterling, who was said to be the greatest Peg Woffington that has ever lived."

Julia Marlowe Taber, talking about the executive ability of theatrical women, says: "The executive ability in women of the theatre has been quite as remarkable as the courage they have shown. In touching on this point, one at once recalls the experience of Laura Keene, who was a successful manager as well as a delightful comedienne; and particularly one instance when her aptness and nerve were amazingly shown. The play was 'Much Ado About Nothing.' At the last moment it was discovered that the costumes were not ready. Calling before her the stolid and gaping supers, whose dresses were in a sad state of incompleteness, with a paint brush hurriedly brought from the paint frame, she finished the decorations on their doublets and trunks with slack paint; at the same time exclaiming in that rapid delivery peculiar to her, 'Now, keep apart, don't sit down, don't brush against the ladies,' and immediately was off herself to dress for Beatrice." —*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"I was a member of Miss Keene's theatrical company in New York," said Mrs. Taylor, professionally known as Mary Marks, "and also connected with her theatre in Baltimore

during the war. I first appeared under her management when she produced 'The Seven Sisters' in New York. I have always regretted that I did not continue under her wonderful art as an actress and marvelous stage discipline. Miss Keene's productions were, probably, if not practically, faultless; while as an actress and manager, I have often thought she was the greatest that ever lived.

"On the stage, while conducting rehearsals, she was absolute master, and could be very tyrannical at times, although in the next moment wonderfully kind. Suggestions to her from others could never be given. Even her husband and business manager, John Lutz, if on the stage during rehearsal, was brushed away by the wave of her hand. Her stage knowledge seemed to be such that that of all others counted for nothing. In matters of the most trifling detail she was quite as exacting. In the creations of Peg Woffington, Marco, Miss Hardcastle, Ogarita and Beatrice, she seemed to be without an equal; while the nearest approach to her Rosalind that I have ever seen was the lovely Adelaide Neilson. Miss Keene's great power over her actors was the kindness of her heart. Her school was severe and exacting, but she created actors and actresses such as you are not likely to see on the stage of to-day."

"In reference to Laura Keene," says John Mathews, "I can only speak of her, but as all the members of my profession knew her. She was an *actress*, and an experienced one. In her day the term had a meaning. To-day it is a hollow misnomer. Actresses then were not grown in a day, or rather a night, like a toad-stool, as they are now, from Blackberry alley, the divorce courts, or irresponsible hucksters called 'dramatic agents.' Her theatres in New York, the first, afterwards the Winter Garden, and the second, built for her by Trimble, Broadway, between Bleeker and Houston streets, were really *theatres*; not variety halls or leg-show dives. They were to New York what the Arch has been to Philadelphia, the home of the drama, tragedy, melodrama and comedy. Her companies were composed of actors and actresses, with the requisite number of 'utility' or useful beginners; ready, willing and anxious to learn the A, B, C's of

their art; who felt honored in being connected with such an institution; who lived at home understudying the small parts in the many plays best known and most frequently played; not gadding the streets and loafing on corners, as is the custom now. Then the anxiety was, 'How shall I speak the words of my part?' not 'What shall I wear?' In short, they knew they had much to learn. Now they know it all at the start, and consequently have nothing to think about except smoking cigarettes and chewing gum!

"In regard to the characters in which Miss Keene was most great, that depended on the part altogether. Good parts make good actors; but the Lord help the poor man or woman who has a run of bad parts to get through with. The public associate the actor with the parts, and call him 'bad,' a 'stick,' etc.

"Laura Keene, of course, was her own leading lady, and, like Mrs. Drew, played all the principal parts, save when she gave her juvenile lady a chance and promoted her. Personally, Miss Keene was a hard-working woman; attending rehearsals as was her duty, and behaved like a lady to all the members of her company. She was greatly liked by all who knew her, and when Laura Keene's theatre ceased to be, and fell into the hands of the so-called variety business, after poor George Fox's death, it was a dramatic calamity."

"Long before I ever dreamed of being a member of Miss Keene's company," says Frank Mordaunt, "I was fascinated not only with her as an actress, but her whole school of theatrical and dramatic art. To me there never was such a stage-manager as Laura Keene, with, perhaps, the exception of Mrs. John Drew; and these two women must remain for all time as the greatest stage-managers known to the world. Men, in their day or time or now, could not or cannot in any sense of the word be compared with them. Laura Keene, as the producer of plays, was the greatest known in the annals of the stage. Her devotion to even the most minute details was not less marked than the attention which she bestowed on greater matters. Miss Keene always took the greatest interest in my work, and three-quarters of the knowledge of my profession, which now practically covers nearly an entire

life, was learned from Laura Keene. Miss Keene was the first to arrange 'The School for Scandal' for production in this country; and while I have not seen Daly's production of that play, I am satisfied from what I have read of it that he produced 'The School for Scandal' as it was arranged by Laura Keene. 'Hunted Down' and 'School' were other plays which Miss Keene practically re-created. 'School', as re-written by Miss Keene, was so superior to the original that the author would not have known it. She introduced new dialogue for the scholars never thought of by Robertson. 'Hunted Down' was no exception, and, as a matter of fact, this was the rule in most, if not all, of her productions. Laura Keene was one of the greatest actresses that has ever lived. Her Rachel the Reaper, Effie Deans and Florence Trenchard were great creations, while there was no Peg Woffington but she. Miss Keene was equally great in any part she played. It would be impossible to name her greatest creation, as she was equally great in any character. I have never known a woman who possessed so many noble, generous and fine impulses as Laura Keene. And oh! what a fine mind this woman possessed! She also had the rare faculty of being able to transform herself from that of a middle-aged woman into that of a very young girl, as was seen in her creation of Naomi Tighe in 'School.' Miss Keene as a manager was imperious, haughty, dignified and dictatorial. But withal, she was full of kindness and forgiveness. I can give no better illustration of Laura Keene as an actress and manager than that of an incident which occurred at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, where we were filling an engagement. My work was not entirely satisfactory to Miss Keene. She sent for me, and said, in tones of exquisite superiority, 'Mr. Mordaunt, you must learn to act up to me, as it is quite impossible that I should act down to you. I come on the stage, and strew it with my exquisite scraps of oil-paintings. You come along after me with a whitewash brush, and daub all over my oil-paintings! This will not do, sir! You must learn to act up to me!'"—*Interview with Frank Mordaunt, October 28, 1896.*

TO LAURA KEENE.

“Lightest and liveliest of Thalia’s train—
To crush her merits envy strives in vain.
The sternest brow unbends when she is nigh,
Woo’d into kindness by her laughing eye;
There sporting loves and winning graces play,
To steal the gazer from himself away.
What heart e’er felt the magic of her smile
And paused to look for trivial faults the while?

Such graceful movements, mixed with courtly ease,
Such native elegance must ever please.
Her gay good humor and her countless charms
The coldest cynic of his frown disarms.
We lose ourselves, and, pleased—we know not why—
Forget to criticise when she is by!”

From Parker’s “Spirit of the Times,” New York, December 8, 1860.

“I do not understand why the renown and prestige of the great name of Garrick do not attract modern actors to follow in his footsteps. Do not tell me that the works of Shakespeare are out of fashion, and that the public no longer want them. Shakespeare is always new—so new that not even yet is he understood by everybody; and if, as they say, the public is no longer attracted by his plays, it is because they are superficially presented. To win the approval of the audience, a dazzling and conspicuous *mise en scene* does not suffice, as some seem to imagine, to make up deficiency in interpretation; a more profound study of the characters represented is indispensable. If in art you can join the beautiful and the good, so much the better for you; but if you give the public the alternative, it will always prefer the good to the beautiful.”
—*Autobiography, Tommaso Salvini*, page 168.

CHAPTER XIII.

AS MANAGER.

L AURA KEENE, as a theatrical manager, ranked in her day and time on a par with not only the leading theatrical managers of this country, but indeed of the world. She was the first theatrical manager in America, if we have not been wrongly informed, who had an agent in Paris, France, to notify her of the latest productions of the gay capital of the world. By this advantage she was in a position to be the first to present at her theatres in New York the latest attractions known to the theatrical world of France.

Laura Keene, however, was more than an actress and manager. She was an enthusiast, not only in her profession, but in every branch of the polite arts. She probably had the finest theatrical library in this country, and was more than conversant with the compositions of all of the English dramatists from the era of Elizabeth down to her own day. Spencer, Leigh Hunt, Wycherly, Congreve, Vanbraugh, Farquhar, Dryden, Addison, Massinger, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Southey, Charles Lamb, Ford, Strong, Southern, and Hughes, were names as familiar to her as those of Byron, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Shakespeare, Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Caldron, and Schiller—not neglecting at any time the living young dramatic writers of her day. In the columns of the New York *Herald*, of about thirty years ago, we find this woman offering one thousand dollars for the best play written by an American author, showing her desire then to not only aid but encourage American writers. In the same paper of that time, it can be seen that as a manager Miss Keene spent more money in advertising her New York theatres then, than is probably spent by any half-dozen of the theatrical managers of New York to-day.

It is a question, indeed, if any pen can give a better record of Laura Keene as a manager than her own, as may be seen in her preface in her version of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” as produced by her at her New York Theatre; for which I am

indebted for a copy of that play to that sterling actor, Owen Fawcett, who was later on a member of Miss Keene's company.

“PREFACE.”

“‘A Midsummer Night's Dream’ was, according to the best authorities, written by Shakespeare at a period of life when his creative mind ‘glowed with all the warmth of a youthful and lively imagination.’

“The poet did not search very deeply into history or tradition for the story; but, relying on his own exquisite genius, bequeathed to posterity one of ‘those unparalleled compositions which have rendered him the delight and wonder of successive ages.’ Apart from the supernatural agencies which relate to the quarrels of Oberon (the fairy monarch) and his queen (Titania), the classical figures of Theseus and Hippolyta stand forward as the chief human personages of this most harmonious of dramas.

“Nevertheless, I have undertaken with enthusiasm the production of the ‘Midsummer Night's Dream;’ not that the range of its female characters present any one which I might make peculiarly my own, but because this play, and that of ‘As You Like It,’ have been the chief objects of my admiration and study in the Shakesperian Drama—the one abounding in the most exquisite poetical imagery, and the other fascinating by its beautiful pastoral simplicity. It has been my earnest endeavor that the present representation shall be in strict accordance with the text as far as theatrical capabilities will allow, and I trust my endeavors will prove successful.

“I desire to render my warm and sincere thanks to Mr. H——, of Harvard College, for the valuable information he has afforded me on the subject of Greek, and more particularly Athenian, antiquities. Also to Mr. W——, whose knowledge of Shakesperian subjects and deep learning have elucidated many of the ambiguous and obsolete phrases of the original, and thus enabled me to arrive at the exact intentions of the author. Mr. W——'s valuable library, which has been placed at my disposal has greatly facilitated my search after the historical information necessary to the faithful production of the piece. To Mr. Genio C. Scott, also, I am

indebted for much valuable information on the subject of costume, he having kindly supplied me many designs from his sketches taken during his antiquarian researches at or near the scene of the events represented. I must also acknowledge my obligation to Mr. Charles Kean for the use of his acting edition of the play, so admirably arranged for the stage; and I should have availed myself more of his scholarly labors had I not desired to blend with the poetry of Shakespeare the music of Mendelssohn, and produce the *chef-d'œuvre* of that great composer, 'Ein Sommernachtstraum,' entire.

"New York, 1859.

LAURA KEENE."

No manager, most assuredly, not even Henry Irving, confessedly the greatest producer of plays known to the stage of to-day, can be said to have delved so deeply into stage-craft and its mystery as did Laura Keene then or nearly forty years ago.

As to Miss Keene's stock companies, "She always had the best that could be found in the market," says Charles M. Walcott. It is a question, indeed, if any English-speaking theatre in the world surpassed this woman in the selection of her actors, as may be seen by the following names which are taken from the cast of her plays as published in Col. T. Alston Brown's "History of the New York stage:"

"Walter Lennox, George Jordan, Charles Wheatleigh, J. H. Stoddard, Joseph Jefferson, C. W. Couldock, E. A. Sothern, Milnes Levick, Dion Boucicault, Mark Smith, Charles Fisher, H. F. Daly, George W. Lingard, J. Burnett, W. R. Blake, Frank Bangs, Charles M. Walcott, D. Leeson, T. B. Johnson, Owen Marlowe, John T. Raymond, D. W. Waller, W. J. Florence and Sol Smith Russell. . . . Mary Wells, Madame Ponisi, Kate Reignolds, Ada Clifton, Jesephine Manners, Marion Macarty, Eliza Couldock, Agnes Robertson, Mrs. Mark Smith, Mrs. Charles W. Walcott, Effie Germon, Sara Stephens, Cornelia Jefferson, Mrs. J. H. Allen, Polly Marshall, Mrs. W. J. Florence, Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, Mrs. Emma Waller and Charlotte Thompson. . . ."

These names, it should not be forgotten, are but those who were attached to Miss Keene's theatres in New York; there

is no mention of the stock companies which she had in her theatres in California or Baltimore, while her company at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, already referred to, proves that such a woman could not or would not be surrounded with any but artists; while her last starring tour, in which she was supported by her own company, was made up of the best members of the Chestnut Street Theatre stock company, Philadelphia.

With such material to work on, it can readily be seen that the plays as presented by Laura Keene were probably never surpassed at any theatre in this country, even at a time when great stock companies were the rule and not the exception. Laura Keene, however, was more than the creator of great stock companies. She was, in fact, the creator of great stars; for very many of the most successful stars in this country during the past quarter of a century were largely indebted to the great school of dramatic art handled and presided over by this woman.

Among the artists who practically graduated as stars from Miss Keene's theatres may be mentioned Kate Reignolds, E. A. Sothern, Dion Boucicault, Agnes Robertson, Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, John T. Raymond, Stuart Robson, Mr. and Mrs. Waller, W. J. Florence and wife, Sol Smith Russell and Joseph Jefferson. Madame Ponisi also starred at one period of her life; as did Charles M. Walcot and wife.

Much stress has been laid on the artistic success of that fine actor, E. A. Sothern, in *Dundreary* and *Brother Sam*. In our opinion, his greatest artistic work was as David Garrick and in "*The Crushed Tragedian*." The characters are so dissimilar; Garrick's self-sacrifice and humiliation, to prevent the girl who loves him from doing so, was so full of pathos as to be well nigh tragic; while the serious blunders of the "*Crushed Tragedian*" in always reading the newspaper criticisms of his own performances just when he should not, were efforts worthy of only a really great actor.

John T. Raymond's best performance, although he does not as a rule get credit for it, was probably as *The Babby* in "*The Peep o' Day*."

What should also recommend such a theatrical manager as

Laura Keene to the public was the fact that plays as they were written originally commanded some respect from her, and were not abbreviated or "chopped up" in the interest of any one performer. "Our American Cousin," certainly not a great play as a literary production, while probably not commonplace, was not blank verse. It possessed elements of human interest, however, which the masses could grasp without being either erudite or stupid. As originally performed by Miss Keene's great company, it became a great play owing to the individual power of each individual actor. As subsequently presented by Mr. Sothern it consisted largely of a one-part work of art. It is true that it made more than a fortune for Mr. Sothern as such, but it is none the less true that as presented by Mr. Sothern it lost its charm for the few, but retained its imbecility for the many.

Joseph Jefferson, on the other hand, who has been equally successful, if, indeed, not more so, with "Rip Van Winkle," has not found it necessary to destroy the beautiful legend of Washington Irving by making the fascinating vagabond, Rip, a one-part play. It is probable that had he done so, Rip would have been less successful. While, on the other hand, had Sothern presented "Our American Cousin" as Miss Keene did, he might have met with financial disaster. These are nice questions to consider. It is certain that at no period of her professional career was Miss Keene guilty of literary sacrilege in the interest of her own vanity; while "Our American Cousin" as originally produced by Miss Keene was one of the most successful plays in the history of the American stage, and at a time when our population was probably a third smaller than at the present day.

Serious dramatic writers, or those who are not such, but who cannot be influenced financially in matters of dramatic art, have always deprecated, among other evils of the stage, the liberty taken by actors and managers at the expense of authors. We can conceive why a writer's composition should be improved on by a manager of experience, not only to the interest of the author, but also the manager, without injuring the former while it may greatly benefit the latter. At the same time the writer of plays cannot be entirely a cypher—

metaphorically speaking. It is true that he may lack the experience of a manager, but it is equally true that the manager does not always possess the ability to write plays. Even Augustin Daly, who ranks very highly, and justly so, among the foremost of our managers, has been tainted with this evil; while a prominent American star, who recently gave a very elaborate stage setting of "Richard the Third," was so fascinated or conscious of his own importance that Richard was not only "himself again," but practically occupied or monopolized the stage during the entire performance.

The transition, or revolution, which the American stage is now passing through is one of the anomalies not easy to comprehend or understand. The history of the drama until about twenty years ago was confined entirely or exclusively to members of the theatrical profession, either as actors or managers, if not both. It is certain that as a profession it was confined, handled and managed by those only who were practically born in the business; and, as such, was largely, if not entirely, managed by those whose right it was, if not by inheritance, at least by experience and ability.

Laura Keene, the Wallacks, the Booths, Mrs. John Drew, E. L. Davenport and scores of names too numerous to mention were not only identified with, but, like their dramatic predecessors, were the managers of, the business in this country from the introduction of the drama in America until a comparatively recent period. During an era which might reach far back into the past century without any very great violation to the imagination or historical facts, dramatic art in America was confined entirely to those who had never known any other business, calling or profession. Yet, in less than the brief period of twenty-five years, we find this calling or profession, which once heralded to the world the names of the most illustrious artists known to dramatic fame, has passed as if in a night into the hands of an element who have no more regard for dramatic art than that sacred (?) animal of the late Phineas T. Barnum, known to the world as Jumbo!

This transition in so brief a period, during which time the entire business has been so revolutionized that dramatic art practically exists no longer in this country, is a phenomenon

which not only baffles the public, but those who have made theatrical art a life-study. We can conceive why—by the passing away of one generation of actors and managers—another generation from the same school should succeed them, as has been the rule and law of nature in other branches of art, trade and mercantile business. There is no such theory to work on, however, in the condition or history of the American stage during the past twenty years. Actors or their offspring have existed as formerly, but, as if stricken by a plague, they have been driven from their own temple as managers and, very largely so, as actors or members of their own profession; while those who usurp their place to-day are not only a sarcasm as such, but largely a burlesque—if, indeed, not a stain or a shame on the name of dramatic art.

That the introduction of the combination system has been largely responsible for this evil seems to be the general opinion of not only old-time actors, or what there is left of them, but of the public as well, or that part of the public interested in theatrical events. As the theatre is a factor or school which plays a very prominent part in almost every household in the land where the morals and education of children are at stake, it must necessarily follow that the attraction offered by theatrical managers is scanned very carefully by almost every father and mother. Art is of necessity of slow growth in almost every branch. Dramatic art is no exception to the rule. By the abolition of the stock companies and the introduction of the combination system there were no longer art schools in this country in which to educate young actors. Even old actors or those who were trained in stock companies and have been retained in their profession have lost much of their former power of splendor, as was inevitable; and have developed, in consequence of playing one part during an entire season or more, into mere machines or automatons, and possess but the fragments of their former grace and elegance. This is not surprising. They have been divorced so long from their former idols and so grotesquely associated with the creations of the showman, that they are practically no longer actors; while their art, which was once so carefully inculcated into them, has saved them from becoming mere buffoons or the

natural product of the showman's school. Nothing can be said in favor of the combination system but the fact that a few actors and very many theatrical speculators—the creation of the combination school—have amassed a vast amount of money. The actors who have grown rich are very few, but they have become such at the expense of the many; while the showmen or speculators who ironically pose as managers have grown opulent at the expense of the drama which no longer exists, for art and the auctioneer can scarcely be reconciled in the same temple. The rich actor and opulent showman travel in palace-cars, while the poor actors can be conveyed as best they may, if not frequently obliged to walk or borrow money to convey them from one night's stand to another.

Much of this sort of business might be condoned were it not for the fact that practically all theatres are now in the possession of the showman and speculator. Essentially vulgar in taste, this element cannot be expected to mingle, associate, or affiliate with dramatic artists while there are prize-fighters to be secured who are so much in harmony with their taste, and so near their intellectual(?) calibre or level. While the divorce courts and concert halls are carefully scanned and watched to furnish female stars (?) for the stage of this country, which has been honored by such names as Mrs. John Drew, Charlotte Cushman, Modjeska, Agnes Robertson, Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander, Mrs. Barney Williams, Agnes Booth, Fanny Davenport, Madam Janauschek, and hundreds of others, whose dramatic lustre is now a household word, while the modern "idol" or heroine of the showman and speculator has nothing to recommend her claims to histrionics but the story of her debauchery, profligacy, degradation, and shame.

This state of affairs certainly did not exist in the theatrical world of America during Laura Keene's day and time. The theatrical speculator and showman; the woman of society who has gone wrong; the faded beauties of the divorce courts; together with the concert hall products, were elements of evil which, happily, Miss Keene never had the misfortune of encountering professionally or otherwise. Professionally she would not, personally it would have been impossible. Had she lived, God only knows what professional

indignities and humiliations Fate might have had in store for her, as has been the case with so many of her sister artists during the past fifteen or twenty years. And yet there seems to be an element of poetic justice in the present degradation of the stage. Were dramatic artists true to themselves, the lewd of both sexes, the speculator and showman, the women from divorce courts, very questionable society and concert halls, never could have achieved a notoriety on the stage which has been largely the result of a life that has at least been questionable, if not revelling in gayeties, "splendor," and infamy.

Laura Keene's stock companies have already been referred to. Let us now glance at the cast of a few of her productions while manager in New York. Most of the actors are now either dead or living in retirement. Yet it is a fact that, to students of dramatic art or stage literature, those who are now living and professionally engaged, are but little better known than those who have passed from the foot-lights forever.

STOCK COMPANY.

Mr. W. R. Blake, Mr. Chas. Wheatleigh, Mr. Chas. Walcot, Mr. J. T. Raymond, Mr. Chas. Peters, Mr. Walter Lenox, Mr. Stuart Robson, Mr. J. H. Stoddard, Mr. H. F. Daly, Mr. Levick, Mr. Marlowe, Mr. Hind, Mr. Barrett, Mr. R. A. Baker, Mr. Bilby, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Fielding, Mrs. W. R. Blake, Miss Ada Clifton, Mrs. Sedley Brown, Miss Isabella Nickinson, Mrs. Charles Walcot, Mrs. Laura Leigh, Miss Clara Leigh, Miss Emma Taylor, Miss Ione Burke, Mrs. A. Hind, Mrs. J. H. Stoddart, Miss Mary Everett and Miss Laura Keene.—*Boucicault's chef-d'œuvre*, *New York Herald*, September 19, 1862.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Mr. Blake, as Mr. Hardcastle; Laura Keene, as Miss Hardcastle; Mr. Raymond, as Tony Lumpkin; Miss Ada Clifton, as Miss Neville; Mr. Peters, as Diggery; Mrs. A. Hind, as Mrs. Hardcastle; Mr. C. Walcot, Jr., as Young Marlowe; Mr. Levick, as Hastings.—*New York Herald*, September 25, 1862.

MARY'S BIRTHDAY.

George Lordley, C. Wheatleigh; Vernon Lordley, J. A. Smith; Beale, Mr. Reeve; Mr. Hawthorne, J. H. Stoddart; Alice, Ada Clifton; Mary, Laura Keene.

PEEP O' DAY.

The MacCarthy, Mr. Waller; Nelly Brady, Emma Waller; Mary Kelly, Laura Keene; Father Peter, Mr. Burnett; Peery Roirdan, Mr. Dillon; Darby Kelly, Mr. Stoddart; The Babby, Mr. Raymond; Capt. MacNeary, Mr. Marlowe; Terrence McGown, Mr. Peters; Aleck Purcell, Mr. Daly; Capt. Howard, Mr. Levick; Larry McDade, Miss Burke; Johnny Gaul, Miss Marks; Dennis, Mr. Richardson; Murphy, Mr. De Little; Phadrig, Mr. Miles; Thady, Mr. Bilby; Helen MacNeary, Mrs. J. H. Allen; Patsy Moore, Miss Ione Burke; Mrs. Unbrooney, Mrs. Marlowe; Molly Flaherty, Miss Everett; Widow Malloy, Mrs. Dillon. Soldiers, peasants, "Peep o' Day Boys," by a hundred supernumeraries.—*New York Herald*, February 27, 1862.

JAYNE EYRE.

Rochester, Geo. Jordan; Col. Dent, H. Hall; John Downey, T. B. Johnston; Jane Eyre, Laura Keene; Lady May, Ada Clare; Mrs. Col. Dent, Miss McDonagh; Miss Temple, Annie Walters; Miss Sencherd, Emily Lesdernier; Lord Theodore, G. K. Dickinson; Brocklehurst, C. Bass; Mr. Wood, Mr. Carpenter; Lady Blanche, Kate Reignolds; Dowager, Mary Wells; Mrs. Eshton, Miss James; Mrs. Gryce, Mrs. J. R. Scott; Grace Pool, Mrs. Carpenter; The Maniac Wife, Mrs. Jarvis.

YOUNG NEW YORK.

Bacchus, Laura Keene; Jupiter, J. G. Burnett; Momus, Charles Wheatleigh; Hymen, Cornelia Jefferson; Mars, Mrs. Hays; Silenus, H. McDouall; Pan, B. Yates; Mercury, Josephine Manners; Apollo, Miss Stella; Cadmus, J. H. Stoddart; Ampuleas, Mr. Alleyne; Vulcan, Mr. Donelson; Juno, Mrs. W. H. Smith; Ariadne, Julia Goulde; Venus, Miss Alleyne; Circe, T. B. Johnston; Hebe, Miss Howell; Caliope, Miss Minnie; Diana, Miss Gray; Jola, Mrs. J. H. Stod-

dart; Ceres, Miss Mairs; Olio, Mrs. Harry Wall; Cupid, Clara Taylor.

CAMILLE.

Armand Duval, Geo. Jordan; Count De Giray, Mr. Chandler; Dr. Lesage, Mr. McDonall; Arthur, Trevor; Gustave, Howard; Louis, Tree; Nanine, Kate Reignolds; Mlle. Marie, Miss Tree; M. Duval, Charles Bass; Gaston, T. B. Johnston; St. Gauden, Mr. Wemyss; Pierre, Mr. Carpenter; Camille, Laura Keene; Nichette, Annie Lewis; Prudence, Mary Wells; Mlle. Anais, Miss McDonough; Spirit of Camille's Mother, Emily Lesderneir.

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

Sir Gervase, Geo. Jordan; William, Mr. Chester; Musgrave, Wemyss; Captain Donner, Mr. Howard; Standish, F. Trevor; Hall, Mr. Watson; Fenwick, Mr. Tree; Ruth Ravenscear, Laura Keene; Father Radcliffe, H. Hall; John Daw, T. B. Johnston; Captain Jansen, F. Lyster; Gordon, Mr. Wilson; Sampson Potts, Mr. Rea; Ridley, Mr. Wilson; Farmer, Mr. Carpenter; Annie, Kate Reignolds.

JUDITH OF GENEVA,

Mons. St. Val, Hardenbergh; Henry St. Val, Carleton Howard; Le Lanney, J. H. Stoddart; La Vogue, C. Wheatleigh; Nicholas, Joseph Jefferson; Robert, Harcourt; Footman, Evans; Cook, Numeret; Countess, Laura Keene; Amy, Charlotte Thompson; Rose, Mary Wells; Gardener, Burke.

BIRDS OF PREY.

Charles de Rennepout, Geo. Jordan; Viscount George Darmononville, C. Wheatleigh; Mons. Lalonette, J. G. Burnett; Henry De Clamarius, G. W. Stoddart; Mlle. Theresa Bernard, Laura Keene; Duchess de Guarande, Annie Taylor; Mlle. Georgina, Charlotte Thompson; Mons. Maugiron, T. Duncan; Eustace, Brown; Gustave, Burke; Servants, Evans and Numeret.

THE ELVES, OR THE STATUE BRIDE.

Prince Pomp, J. H. Stoddart; Prince Lubin, Kate Reignolds; Count Coldstreamer, C. Wheatleigh; Toadlyer, J. A. Smith; Soft Sawder, Alleyne; Chringis, Hayes; Hyacinthe, McDonall; Colin, T. B. Johnston; Corin, Jackson; Arcader,

Ben Yates; Colantha, Harcourt; Eglanter, Benson; Argenter, Reeve; Melantha, Miss Alford; Sylva, Laura Keene; Princess, Miss Manners; Phillis, C. Jefferson; Eoline, Mrs. T. B. Johnston; Mme. Chloe, Mrs. H. P. Grattan; Daphne, Mrs. Stoddart; Phoebe, Miss Alleyne; Ifis, Julia Gould; Grundyne, Mrs. Atwood; Zephyr, Miss Stella; Florinis, Miss Berkowitz; Blondin, Miss West; Myrtilis, Miss Alice; Grimalkin, Master Thomas.

VICTIMS.

Mr. Merryweather, C. Wheatleigh; Mr. Rowley, J. G. Burnett; Herbert Fitzherbert, Geo. Stoddart; Joshua Butterfly, Jefferson; Mr. Curdle, J. H. Stoddart; Mr. Meddlemust, Carlton Howard; Mr. Hornblower, Hardenberg; Carfuffle, Harcourt; Skinner, C. Peters; Mrs. Merryweather, Laura Keene; Miss Crane, Mary Wells; Mrs. Fitzherbert, Charlotte Thompson; Satchell, Annie Walters; Mrs. Sharp, Mrs. Thompson; Mary Bustle, Miss Bell.

THE MONKEY BOY.

Pierre Renaud, C. W. Couldock; Jacques Renaud, Laura Keene; Joseph Rouquet, J. G. Burnett; Hon. S. Spooner, T. B. Johnston; Lucien Girard, H. F. Daly; Picket, Charles Peters; Tanpin, Dan Leeson; Maurice, Milnes Levick; Gervaise, Mr. Bernard; Paul, Mr. Barton; Kanoul, Geo. W. Lingard; La Jeune, Mr. Arthur; Conjuror, Mr. Markham; Blind Man, Mr. Clinton; Joseph, Mr. Goodrich; Mathias, Mr. Henry; Officer of Police, Mr. Gledhill; Le Noir, Josephine Henry; Le Rent, Master Wren; Fauvette, Polly Marshall; Rose, Mrs. J. H. Allen; Madame Mignonnette, Mrs. H. Vining; Coralie, Lotty Hough; Diana, Miss Oswald; Madame La Bridges, Miss Everett.

THE MACARTHY, OR PEEP O' DAY.

The Macarthy, D. W. Waller; Nelly Brady, Mrs. D. W. Waller; Mary Kelly, Laura Keene; Father Kelly, J. G. Burnett; Percy Riordan, Mr. Dillon; Darby Kelly, J. H. Stoddart; The Babby, J. T. Raymond; Captain Macneary, Owen Marlowe; Terrence McGown, C. Peters; Aleck Purcell, H. F. Daly; Captain Howard, Milnes Levick; Larry McDade, Miss Burke; John Gaul, Miss Marks; Dennis, Mr. Richardson; Murphy, Mr. De Little; Phadrig, Mr. Mills; Thady, Mr.

Bilby; Helen Macneary, Mrs. J. H. Allen; Patsy Moore, Ione Burke; Mrs. Mulrooney, Mrs. Owen Marlowe; Molly Flaherty, Miss Everett; Widow Molloy, Mrs. Dillon.

PHYSIC AND FANCY.

Argan, J. G. Burnett; Arnolde, Wall; Toinette, Laura Keene; Louison, Mrs. J. H. Allen; Belline, Lotty Hough; Bercalde, Geo. F. Brown; Angelique, Miss Willoughby; Dr. Pargon, D. Leeson; Thomas Diaforius, C. Peters; Clantes, Barton; Bonnefoi, Wren; Fleurant, Goodrich.

BLANCHE OF BRANDYWINE.

General Washington, Edwin Varrey; General Greene, McDouall; Sampson, Denham; Gilbert Gates, Frank Bangs; Blanche of Brandywine, Laura Keene; Randolph, H. F. Daly; John Walford, C. Wheatleigh; Col. Frazier, J. Burnett; Seth Hope, Joseph Jefferson; Krout, C. Peters; Clerewood, Arthur Alleyne; Rose Frazier, Miss Alleyne; Sally, Miss Warde; General Howe, Mr. Martin; George Percy, Milnes Levick.

JESSIE McLANE.

John McLane, Chas. Wheatleigh; Arthur Marsden, Chas. Walcott, Jr.; Mrs. Gimp, Isabella Nickinson; Marker, Chas. Peters; Martin, Milnes Levick; Doctor, J. H. Stoddart; Choker, Mr. Maxwell; Walford, Mr. Thompson; Phipps, Mr. Bilby; James, Mr. Jones; William, Mr. Rouse; Footman, Mr. Roberts; Jessie McLane, Laura Keene; Polly Wright, Mrs. Robertson; Betsy Brown, Ione Burke; Signora Morton, Miss Tyviell; Mrs. Grayson, Miss Everett.

NO REST FOR THE WICKED.

M. Genet, W. R. Blake; M. Fernand, Chas. Walcott, Jr.; M. Pomaire, Stuart Robson; M. Courtaine, J. H. Stoddart; M. Castelle, Owen Marlowe; M. Montar, Walter Lennox; M. Antoine, Charles Peters; M. LeClaire, Mr. Florence; M. St. Maur, Mr. Fielding; Mme. Fernand, Laura Keene; Madame Bidante, Mrs. Robertson (Brougham); Madame Claire Genet, Laura Leigh; Madame Montar, Miss Thompson; Annette, Miss Everett; Maid, Miss Thompson.

OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS.

Messrs. W. R. Blake, Chas. Wheatleigh, Chas. Walcott, J. T. Raymond, Chas. Peters, Walter Lennox, Stuart Robson, J. H. Stoddart, H. F. Daly, Levick, Marlowe, Hind, B. A. Baker, Bilby, Richardson.—Mrs. W. R. Blake, Miss Ada Clifton, Mrs. Gedley Brown, Miss Ione Burke, Miss Isabella Nickinson, Mrs. A. Hind, Mrs. Laura Leigh, Mrs. J. H. Stoddart, Miss Emma Taylor, Miss Clara Leigh, Miss Mary Everett, and Miss LAURA KEENE.—*New York Herald*, Sept. 2, 1862.

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

Sir Walter, Geo. Jordan ; Richard, Henry ; James, Evans ; Robert, Munerett ; Neville, M. Macarthy ; Maud, Mary Wells ; Lady Evelyn, Laura Keene ; Lord Arden, H. F. Daly ; Jabez Sneed, J. G. Burnett ; Bronillard, C. Wheatleigh ; Lieut. Harrington, Levick ; Harry, Jeffries.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

The Twin Brothers, Geo. Jordan ; Chateau Renaud, C. Wheatleigh ; Alfred Meynard, Geo. Stoddart ; La Baron D. Montgiron, Duncan ; Le Baron Giordano Martelli, Howard ; Mme. Sevilla Del Franchi, Mary Wells ; Servants, Chadler and Churchill ; Emilie De Lesparro, Charlotte Thompson ; Orlando, Wise ; Colonna, Burke ; M. Beauchamp, Munerett ; M. Verner, Dowton ; Griffio, E. K. Burke ; Antonio, Brown ; Boisseac, C. Peters ; Marie, Mrs. Thompson ; Coralie, Miss Lang ; Celestine, Miss Walters ; Estelle, Mrs. G. W. Stoddart.

VANITY FAIR, OR PROUD OF THEIR VICES.

Virginie Pate, Laura Keene ; Rose, Agnes Robertson ; Edgar Lambert, Dion Boucicault ; Old Lambert, J. G. Burnett ; Hector Pate, Felix Vincent ; Chicken, Chas. Peters ; Bragford, J. A. Smith ; Maxine Latour, Chas. Fisher ; The Duke de Calatrava, Chas. Wheatleigh ; Jerome, Dan Leeson ; Foulard, Mr. Henry ; Martin, Mr. Goodrich ; Balaclava, Annie Deland ; Mlle. Celeste, Mary Wells ; Francine, Mrs. Fox.

HOUSE AND HOME.

Fanny Kelly, Laura Keene ; Lady Castlecrag, Ada Clifton ; Miss Lipglue, Mary Wells ; Col. Gable, J. A. Smith ; Trim-

mer, Florence Bell ; Hon. Mrs. Cruickshanks, Annie Deland ; Norman Castlecrag, J. G. Burnett ; Hetty Stubs, Marion Macarty ; Daniel Dunlap, W. H. Stephens ; Lady Fanny Gabble, Mrs. Mark Smith ; Morcea, Chas. Wheatleigh ; Buzzard, F. A. Vincent ; Harry Malpas, Geo. Jordan ; Leonard Ashton, H. F. Daly ; Dazzey Browser, Chas. Peters.

PLOT AND PASSION.

Fouche, Burnett ; Mons. Desmarits, C. Wheatleigh ; The Marquis, J. A. Smith ; Berthier, Mr. Hayes ; Cecile, Miss Alleyne ; Henri, Lingham ; Jabot, McDonall ; Grisboulle, W. M. Reeve ; Mme. De Fontagues, Laura Keene.

THE RIVALS.

Sir Anthony, W. R. Blake ; Falkland, Frank Bangs ; David, Chas. Peters ; Fag, Milnes Levick ; Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. W. R. Blake ; Lydia Languish, Laura Keene ; Lucy, Mrs. Sothern ; Capt. Absolute, E. A. Sothern ; Sir Lucius, J. G. Burnett ; Bob Acres, Jos. Jefferson ; Boot Boy, Master Bullock ; Coachman, McDonall ; Julia, Sara Stevens.

LONDON ASSURANCE.

Sir Harcourt Courtley, J. S. Browne ; Dazzle, C. Walcot ; Chas. Courtley, E. A. Sothern ; Meddle, Wm. R. Blake ; Max Harkaway, J. G. Burnett ; Dolly Spanker, Chas. Peters ; Cool, Milnes Levick ; Martin, Evans ; James, B. Brown ; Solomon Isaacs, Mr. Wharton ; Lady Gay Spanker, Laura Keene ; Grace Harkaway, Sarah Stevens ; Pert, Miss Flynn.

HEIR-AT-LAW.

Lord Duberly, J. G. Burnett ; Dick Dowlass, A. H. Davenport ; Zekiel Homespun, C. Wheatleigh ; Dr. Pangloss, Joseph Jefferson ; Mr. Stedfast, J. H. Stoddart ; Henry Moreland, Carlton Howard ; Kerwick, C. Peters ; John, Harcourt ; Waiter, Brown ; Lady Duberly, Mary Wells ; Caroline, Charlotte Thompson ; Cicely, Laura Keene.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Lord Robert, G. K. Dickinson ; Capt. Jas. Harlowe, Love-day ; Belton, Carpenter ; Leman, Reeve ; Williams, Barrett ; Clarissa Harlowe, Laura Keene ; Jenny, Kate Reighnolds ; Pat-

rick, Geo. Jordan ; Jas. Harlowe, Wemyss ; Mr. Smith, McDonall ; Tourville, Howard ; Mrs. Harlowe, Mary Wells ; Arabella, Emily Lesdernier ; Mrs. Smith, Mrs. J. R. Scott.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

Sir Chas. Pomander, Mr. C. Walcott ; Jemmy Quin, Mr. C. Peters ; James Triplet, Mr. C. Wheatleigh ; Snarl, Mr. Stoddard ; Soaper, Mr. Lennox ; Vane, Mr. Levick ; Colly Cibber, Mr. Marlowe ; Mrs. Vane, Miss Ada Clifton ; Kitty Clive (an actress), Ione Burke ; Mrs. Triplet, Mrs. Hind ; Peg Woffington, Miss Laura Keene.—*New York Herald*, September 29, 1862.

THE WILLOW COPSE.

Sir Richard, E. A. Sothern ; Luke Fielding, C. Couldock ; Arthur Apsley, Marden ; Augustus, Jos. Jefferson ; Bubblemere, H. Wharton ; Fungus, Mr. Clifton ; George, Evans ; Lucy, Sara Stevens ; Meg, Mrs. Sothern ; Col. Vanguard, J. G. Burnett ; Dick Hulks, E. Varrey ; Staggers, C. Peters ; Joseph, B. Brown ; Lynk, McDonall ; Lady Apsley, Mary Wells ; Rose Fielding, Laura Keene ; Georgianna, Miss Couldock ; Miss Apsley, Mrs. Marden.

THE COLLEEN BAWN.

Eily O'Connor, Agnes Robertson ; Myles-na-Coppaleen, Dion Boucicault ; Mrs. Cregan, Mme. Ponisi ; Ducie Blennerhassett, Josephine Henry ; Kyrle Daly, Chas. Fisher ; Danny Mann, C. Wheatleigh ; Hardress Cregan, H. F. Daly ; Corrigan, J. G. Burnett ; Sheelah, Mary Wells ; Father Tom, Dan Leeson ; Hyland Creagh, M. Levick ; Bertie O'Moore, Mrs. Henry ; Annie Chute, Laura Keene.

RACHEL THE REAPER.

Rachel, Miss Laura Keene ; Corporal Patrick (an old soldier), Mr. C. Wheatleigh ; Mr. Hathorne (an English farmer), Mr. Stoddard ; Rob't. Hathorne (his son), Mr. H. F. Daly ; Paddy and Thady (Irish reapers), Mr. J. T. Raymond and Mr. W. Lennox ; Dick Hickman (a dissolute character), Mr. Levick ; Dame Hathorne, Mrs. Robertson ; Rose Mayfield (a young widow), Miss Ione Burke.—*New York Herald*, November 20, 1862.

JEANNIE DEANS.

The Duke of Argyle, Mark Smith ; David Deans, Charles Fisher ; Laird of Dumbredikes, Dan Leeson ; Geordie Robertson, H. F. Daly ; Reuben Butler, Milnes Levick ; Madge Wildfire, Marion Macarthy ; Jeannie Deans, Agnes Robertson ; Counsel for the Crown, Charles Wheatleigh ; Counsel for the Defense, Dion Boucicault ; Ratcliff, J. G. Burnett ; Archibald, Chas. Peters ; Meg, May Wells ; The Queen, Mrs. Mark Smith ; Effie Deans, Laura Keene ; Lord Justiciary, Mr. Henry.

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.

Asa Trenchard, Joseph Jefferson ; Sir Edward Trenchard, Edwin Varrey ; Lord Dundreary, E. A. Sothern ; Lieut. Vernon, Milnes Levick ; Capt. De Boots, Clinton ; Coyle, J. G. Burnett ; Abel Murcott, C. Couldock ; Binney, Chas. Peters ; Buddicombe, McDonall ; Rasper, Wharton ; John Whicker, B. Brown ; Florence Trenchard, Laura Keene ; Mrs. Montchessington, Mary Wells ; Augusta, Effie Germon ; Georgiana, Mrs. E. A. Sothern ; Mary Meredith, Sara Stevens ; Sharpe, Miss Flynn ; Skillet, Mrs. Levick.

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.*

Asa Trenchard (a live Yankee), Mr. John T. Raymond ; Lord Dundreary, Mr. Levick ; Benney, Peters ; Coyle, Burnett ; Abel Murcott, J. H. Stoddart ; Sir Edward Trenchard, Marlowe ; Fred Vernon, H. F. Daly ; Capt. De Boots, Richardson ; John Wickhen, Bilby ; Buddicombe, Dillon ; Rasper, Smith ; Florence Trenchard, Mrs. J. H. Allen ; Mary Meredith, Mrs. Chanfrau ; Augusta, Miss Ione Burke ; Georgiana, Mrs. Lotty Hough ; Mrs. Montchessington, Mrs. Marlowe ; Sharpe, Mrs. Dillon ; Skillet, Miss Everett.—*N. Y. Herald*, February 10, 1862.

THE SEA OF ICE.

Henri De Lascours, Charles Wheatleigh ; Louise De Lascours, Laura Keene ; Carlos, Geo. Jordan ; Medoc, C. Peters ; Pasquin, Burke ; Marie, Mary Bullock ; Horace, G. W. Stoddart ; Don Jose, Carlton Howard ; Mlle. Diana De Theringe, Charlotte Thompson ; Barabas, Joseph Jefferson ; Pierre,

* Different Cast.

Brown ; Jano, F. Evans ; Jose, Muneret ; Georges, T. Duncan ; Countess, Mary Wells ; Ogarita, Laura Keene.

THE SEA OF ICE.*

Raoul de Lascours, Captain of the Ship *Urania*, Mr. J. H. Stoddart ; Carlos (an adventurer), Mr. Waller ; Barabas (a sailor), Mr. Peters ; Jean Medoc (a carpenter), Mr. Dillon ; Pierre Pacome, Mr. Bilby ; Bouffard, Mr. Richardson ; Jano, Mr. French (sailors on board the *Urania*) ; Louise de Lascours (wife to the captain), Miss Laura Keene ; Marie (their daughter), Miss Le Brun.

Third and Fourth Acts.

Marquis del Monte, a Mexican nobleman, Mr. Waller ; Barabas, Mr. Peters ; George de Laval (an officer in Del Monte's service), Marlowe ; Don Jose (secretary to the Spanish envoy), Thompson ; Intendant, Henry ; Ogarita (the wild flower of Mexico), Miss Laura Keene ; Countess de Theringe (mother to Louise de Lascours), Mrs. Marlowe ; Diana de Lascours (sister to Mary de Lascours), Mrs. J. H. Stoddart.—*New York Herald*, May 15, 1862.

THE MARBLE HEART.

The Sculptor, George Jordan ; Alcibiades, Mr. Howard ; Phocion, F. Lyster ; Aspasia, Laura Keene ; Lais, Annie Walters ; Mlle. Dachatlet, Mary Wells ; Diogenes, G. K. Dickinson ; Gorgias, T. B. Johnston ; Straben, Mr. Tree ; Phryne, Ada Clare ; Thea, Kate Reighnolds ; Marietta, Mrs. Carpenter ; Mlle. Marco, Laura Keene.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sir Peter Teazle, Wm. Rufus Blake ; Sir Oliver Surface, J. G. Burnett ; Joseph Surface, C. W. Couldock ; Charles Surface, E. A. Sothern ; Crabtree, Jos. Jefferson ; Sir Benjamin Backbite, Chas. Peters ; Careless, Frank Bangs ; Rowley, Wm. Marden ; Moses, Edwin Varrey ; Snake, McDonall ; Trip, Milnes Levick ; Sir Harry, Wharton ; Lady Teazle, Laura Keene ; Lady Sneerwell, Mary Wells ; Mrs. Candor, Mrs. Wm. R. Blake ; Maria, Sara Stevens.

* Different Cast.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.*

Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. W. R. Blake; Lady Teazle, Laura Keene; Charles Surface, Mr. C. Walcot, Jr.; Joseph Surface, Mr. H. F. Daly; Mrs. Candor, Mrs. A. Hinds; Sir Oliver Surface, Mr. J. H. Stoddart; Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. J. H. Stoddart; Crabtree, Mr. J. S. Raymond; Maria, Miss Isabella Nickinson; Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr. Walter Lennox; Moses, Mr. Chas. Wheatleigh; Careless, Mr. Marlowe; Rowley, Mr. Hind; Trip, Mr. Leavitt.—*New York Herald*, September 26, 1862.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.†

Sir Peter Teazle, C. Bass; Sir Oliver, Wemyss; Charles, Geo. Jordan; Joseph, G. K. Dickinson; Crabtree, G. B. Johnston; Sir Benjamin, Loveday; Rowley, McDonall; Moses, H. Hall; Trip, Reeve; Snake, Chester; Careless, Howard; Sir Harry, Wilson; William, Carpenter; Lady Teazle, Laura Keene; Maria, Mrs. T. B. Johnston; Lady Sneerwell, Emily Lesdernier; Mrs. Candor, Mary Wells; Mary, Mrs. J. R. Scott.

A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Theseus, C. W. Couldock; Lysander, E. A. Sothern; Demetrius, Milnes Levick; Egeus, Wm. Marden; Philostrate, F. Evans; Hippolyta, Mary Wells; Hernira, Sara Stevens; Helena, Ada Clifton; Nick Bottom, W. R. Blake; Quince, Edwin Varrey; Snug, B. Brown; Flute, Chas. Peters; Snout, J. Henry; Oberon, Marion Macarty; Titania, Eliza Couldock; Puck, Laura Keene; Peas Blossom, Miss J. Henry; Moth, Mrs. McDonall; Cobweb, Miss Taylor; Mustard Seed, Mrs. Marden; Indian Boy, Mary Jane Bullock.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Duke in Exile, F. C. Wemyss; Duke Frederick, Mr. Chester; Le Beau, J. A. Smith; Oliver, M. V. Lingham; Jaques, Mr. MacRae; Orlando, Geo. Jordan; Adam, Mr. Burnett; Lord, H. Hayes; Touchstone, C. Wheatleigh; Corin, J. H. Stoddart; Amiens, Julia Gould; Jaques, G. K. Dickinson; Charles the Wrestler, Mr. Harcourt; Silvius, B. Ringgold; William, W. Reeve; Rosalind, Laura Keene; Celia,

* Different Cast.

† Another Cast.

Mrs. Stoddard; Phoebe, Josephine Manners; Audrey, Mrs. H. P. Grattan.

“In the demise of Laura Keene there is a befitting occasion for a tribute of mournful respect. It is indeed difficult to realize the solemn fact that this lady is now so early numbered among the silent dead. She who in life was so cheerful, and whose benign influence shed such a kindly radiance round the social circle; winning all hearts by her genial qualities, alas! now ‘sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.’

“Well may the monarch of the tomb defer his impartial work for a season, and recline beneath the laurels he has won, for he has robbed the stage of one of its brightest and most valued jewels, the profession of one of its most sparkling gems. Hers was no ordinary character. She was gifted with a nature exquisitely rare and gentle; of unusual delicacy and cultivation, to which were added the graces of a meek and quiet spirit. She possessed a character of mind peculiar from the many, in that it was always stern and inflexible for the right, unwavering and jealous of the prospects of the success of whatever she might be engaged in.

“It is only those who knew her well and intimately that could estimate and properly appreciate her. The world generally supposes that goodness is more frequently extolled and appreciated in the dead than in the living. In one sense this is true, because we do not fully and plainly see the many noble and generous traits in the character and lives of our friends until they are taken from us. Miss Keene was a woman of fine person and superior conversational powers; her intercourse was full of dignity, and remarkable for its constant display of intelligence, good sense and judgment.

“She was animated, witty and agreeable. She well understood matters of business, and the adaptation of the best means to the highest ends. Indeed, her solid qualities and knowledge of the perfect workings of the stage equalled those of any living professional.

“Her wisdom was not greater than her energy and tenacity of purpose. She was strict in business; so decided and so candid with every one, that she could never be misunderstood.

The charms of mind and firmness of purpose were crowned by a love of justice, and made acceptable by that nobleness and disinterestedness which ran throughout all her actions.

“As an actress Miss Keene was possessed of great talent. Her voice was remarkably plaintive, yet capable of all the firmness and exertion which the integrity of fortitude or impulse of sudden rage demands. Her eyes were remarkably effective; at once capable of disdain, and of dilating with the emotions of sympathy or pity. So entirely was she the mistress of her art, so collected, and so determined in her gestures, tone and manner, that she seldom erred.

“When she first appeared in this city she soon was acknowledged as one of the most finished actresses that ever trod the boards. She was great in all her roles, and in her reading perfect. Her natural talents were perfected by diligent study. She not only comprehended, but she knew all the parts she undertook. She knew the old comedies and standard plays so thoroughly as to be enabled to prompt any one on the stage who needed momentary assistance. Her comedy was richly imbued with the delicacy which constitutes the principal charm of this delightful department of the drama.

“It would be difficult to select any one or two parts as being superior to others in the long range of characters she assumed. Many, before considered unimportant, she elevated to respectability by the mere force of her acting. Her conceptions required not the fostering hand of study, they were not as the flower that grows in the dull earth, and matures by facts; they, indeed, owned a richer soil, and, while you looked, the peerless flower was up consummate in the birth.

“Her style was different from that of other actresses. It was marked by a noble simplicity, of that chaste and quiet character which, although critically correct, was neither cold nor artificial; disdaining for the sake of mere effect to sacrifice sense and outrage propriety. Her personations were rich, buoyant and graphic; never overstepping the modesty of nature, yet strongly drawn and marked as being entirely separate and characteristic portraits; and with an entire absence of mannerism.”—*Col. T. Alston Brown, New York Clipper.*

Mrs. Asia Booth Clarke, the sister of Edwin Booth, in her "American Actor Series," says (p. 147): "Laura Keene, as if to confirm the opinion he held of his own ability, offered him the position of leading man at her theatre in New York; but his continued successes had aroused the ambition of others, if not of himself, and it was decided that he should hold his place as a 'star.' Miss Taylor related an amusing incident in the life of her mother, while the latter was on one occasion playing in Chicago. It was shortly after the marriage of Edwin Booth to Miss Mary McVicker. Mr. Booth at that time was living with his wife in Chicago; and as Miss Keene was playing there then, she called to see them.

"Mrs. Booth was the first to appear, to receive her guest with friendly and affectionate greeting, but Mrs. Booth had a younger brother, then a very young boy, but very much like the average young boy of the past, present and probably the future. This youngster popped up just when he should not, and addressing the newly arrived guest, said:

" 'Miss Keene, you must not call to see my Uncle Edwin.'

" 'Why not, my little man?' was Miss Keene's reply.

" 'Because my sister Mary is jealous of you,' was the prompt but candid statement of young America."

LAURA KEENE AND LUCILLE WESTERN.

"MY DEAR MISS WESTERN:

"I witnessed your performance last evening, of 'East Lynne.' I have been most anxious to avail myself of the opportunity, especially since I understand the press have not taken you up tenderly, but had advised you to 'reserve your talents for the East Side of the city, for which you are more adapted.' I smiled at the permission granted; yet wondered how long since the West Side had ceased to import from the Bowery.

"If there are two who can sympathize with each other it is you and I, as we have had bitter experience from unjust criticism. I have lived through mine, and so will you. I am convinced from what I witnessed last night that you cannot fail. I cannot let the opportunity pass without sending these few words of congratulation; and trust it will have at least

one good result—that of establishing a friendship between two sister artists.

God be with you,

“LAURA KEENE.”

Copy of letter furnished by Mrs. Jane English, Forrest Home, Philadelphia, June 11, 1895.

“MR. JOHN CREAHAN :

“*Dear Sir*—Referring to the fact that you are writing a life of Laura Keene, the celebrated actress, I recall an anecdote, which I had from James W. McDermott, when he was proprietor of the Merchants’ Hotel, of this city. One day he showed me his autograph album, which contained the names of many distinguished persons, and among others, that of Laura Keene, under the quotation, which I give from memory :

“‘As a little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world.’

“He told me at the time when he secured Miss Keene’s autograph he was a clerk at Barnum’s Hotel, Baltimore, and the custom of putting candles in rooms and charging for them was still in vogue. He went to Miss Keene’s room, presented the hotel bill, in scanning which, she said that she had not used candles, whereupon he drew a line through the objectionable item, and handed her his autograph album. You can see by this anecdote, which is badly told, that she was a very ready wit.

Truly yours,

“JAMES F. SULLIVAN.

“Philadelphia, July 29, 1896.”

“The novelty in this city, last night, was the production at Laura Keene’s Theatre, of the new spectacle, ‘Blondette.’ There was a crowded house, of course, and everybody was delighted. Miss Keene has always carried off the palm in the matter of getting up spectacle plays. She has introduced scenic effects absolutely without a parallel in the city. The theatre-going public well remember the gorgeous *mise en scene* of the ‘Seven Sisters,’ in which each successive scene outshone its predecessor in point of display. But, however gorgeous their effect, they fall far short of the magnificent spectacle presented in ‘Blondette.’ The mechanical effects

are very ingenious, and the closing tableau of each act absolutely dazzles the eye with brilliancy.

“To sum up, ‘Blondette,’ as an exhibition of what can be done in this city in the way of scenic effect, is without a rival. This fact alone will give it a long run, as a holiday spectacle.”—*The Express*, New York, November, 1862.

“One of the best dramas we have ever witnessed is ‘Rachel the Reaper, or Clouds and Sunshine,’ as acted in this theatre. It is by Charles Reade. The dramatist has confined the action throughout the piece to a single scene, that of ‘Hathorne farm,’ which we may well say at once is one of the most natural and effective specimens of stage illusions it is possible to imagine.”—*New York Herald*, 1862.

“Miss Keene, in the slight part of Rachel, gave a sweet and childlike picture of the heroine, a real country maiden. Corporal Patrick, by Mr. C. Wheatleigh, certainly was ‘got up’ like a picture, and acted with splendid vividness.”—*New York Tribune*, 1862.

“The scenery is the feature of ‘Blondette.’ All the scenes are gorgeous in the extreme, and surpass Miss Keene’s achievements in the ‘Seven Sisters.’ The first act ends with the ‘Grotto of Love;’ the second act with the ‘Palace of Lace,’ and the third act with the ‘Kingdom of the Magic Watch.’ These are the grand scenes of the piece, and that which concludes the second act is magnificent and novel. The others are magnificent.”—*New York Herald*, 1862.

LAURA KEENE’S THEATRE—“BLONDETTE.”

“This bijou theatre was densely crowded last evening to witness the first representation of the most superb spectacle ever produced in any theatre on this continent. This statement may seem extravagant, but will be so regarded only by those who have not seen ‘Blondette.’ Miss Keene has produced many tasteful and brilliant spectacular extravagances, but in this one she has surpassed herself. Every scene is new, and all are gems. The ‘Abode of Love,’ the ‘Palace of Lace,’ the ‘Diamond Court,’ and the final scene display an inventiveness—a mastery of color in all its combinations, and

a sense of beauty in grouping rarely seen off the Parisian stage. Nor is the theme unworthy this sumptuousness of illustration. This could not have been said of even the most successful of the spectacles previously produced at this theatre; but 'Blondette' is really a very charming fairy play, rather than an extravaganza."—*New York World*, 1862.

LAURA KEENE'S.

"In the production of spectacular pieces, Miss Keene has far transcended all attempts at competition. Whenever she presents to the public a fairy extravaganza or pictorial burletta she does it with a recklessness of pecuniary outlay, a wealth of fancy, and an artistic finish that have never been approached at any New York theatre but her own. This particular domain of dramatic entertainment she may be said to have fairly monopolized, and such success as she has achieved in it she has certainly deserved. In all things that minister to the delight of the eye—in the arrangement of scenery, the selection of costumes, the grouping of attractive accessories—Miss Keene has a most exquisite and comprehensive taste; and so far as the public mind is affected by the optical fascination, she has made herself absolute mistress of the theatrical situation. The piece brought out by her last evening is the most expensively brilliant and magnificently showy of all the experiments of the same kind that she has ever made. It is gorgeous enough to dazzle the senses beyond the hope of their being amenable."—*New York Times*, 1862.

"Laura Keene's style is gloriously honest and independent. The must of the stage does not stick to it. Tricks and traditions have been cast clean out of it. Laura Keene has been bold enough to trample 'the authorities' under foot and to take lessons of Nature only. Her sway over the heart is absolute. She sends terror quivering to its inmost depths or steepers it in the sunlight of joy. You weep with her and laugh with her. This is the highest reach of art. Laura Keene does not work her miracles in smoke and thunder. That is, she does not vent passion—love, hate, fear, remorse—in shrieks, gasps, and a general fuss. She says and does natural things naturally. What higher praise is there?

When the stage mirrors nature it has done its best. All this is said while the remembrance of last night's work is awake. A simple little story—Reade's 'Clouds and Sunshine'—was simply and beautifully told from the stage. An every-day familiar air pervades it all. The characters, like Charles Reade's always, are in no wise monstrous or magnificent; but they keenly smack of the world we live in, and stand out bright and clear."—*New York Evening Journal*, Nov. 20, 1862.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAURA KEENE'S FAMILY.

LAURA KEENE did not come of a theatrical family. Her father by profession was a builder in London, England. His wife, Jane Keene, had four children; two sons and two daughters, Laura being the younger of the two girls. One of the sons died in London at the age of twenty-one. The other son was lost at sea—ship-wrecked off the coast of Spain in 1874. The other daughter, Mrs. Stewart, lived with her family in New York until her death, in 1878. The wonderful knowledge which Miss Keene possessed of stage mechanism was no doubt inherited from her father's profession. "Miss Keene," says J. H. Stoddart, "was the greatest stage manager I have ever known; not even excepting the elder Wallack." "Laura Keene," says Jane English, "could take a piece of paste-board, a pencil and calipers, and in an hour's time furnish drawings of stage setting or scenes for new plays for her stage manager, scene painter and head carpenter, such as could not be conceived or thought of by any other actor or actress in the business." Her knowledge of stage craft was not confined alone to her exquisite taste, which appealed to the eye. In the mechanical department of a theatre, whether in the cellar or in the "flies," she seemed equally at home; while her workmen, especially when engaged on the production of a new play, never went home hungry or thirsty; for while Laura Keene could handle her stage hands with more than the rigor or severity of a man, she was a veritable

"Lady Bountiful" to them when their work was to her approval, satisfaction and liking.

Like many other actresses, and indeed very many women who have never been on the stage, and probably some who have never even seen a stage, Laura Keene was married very early in life to John Taylor, whose god-father was no less a personage than the Duke of Wellington. There was nothing happy about this marriage but the birth of two children, daughters, Emma and Clara Taylor. In one respect at least this marriage of Miss Keene's was fortunate; for no woman was more beloved by her children than Laura Keene was by hers. Miss Keene, with her mother and two daughters, lived together "solitary and alone" until 1860; and, indeed, for the matter of that, the two women and two children—or girls—continued together very much longer. No four women, for we are writing of them when the children had grown up, ever loved each other more affectionately than the Keene family. Laura Keene worshipped her mother. The mother idolized the daughter; while the love of the two children was divided between the mother and grandmother; indeed, in point of affection, it was never quite clear who the mother of the children was, the grandmother or their "Aunt Laura," as they always called their mother—even to the day of her death.

Laura Keene, her mother, and Miss Keene's two children, continued to live with each other until death severed their holy bond of affection, love and devotion. Miss Keene's mother died at her daughter's home in Bond street, New York, on December 11, 1872, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, or nearly thirty years older than her daughter.

Even among Miss Keene's most intimate friends but little is known of her married life to John Taylor. It was a subject never referred to by any member of her family. On one occasion, while Clara Taylor was visiting the home of the writer, a child present lisped out the name of "father." Miss Taylor was on the act of leaving for her hotel, and I to accompany her. "I never knew my father," said this poor girl, in tones of deep sorrow, "I only know that he was a loafer." The woman seemed to change in an instant from sorrow to tragic fire, as she uttered the last words. I walked with her

to her hotel. We conversed on various subjects, but the painful one of her father was not among them. The death of John Taylor is recorded in Col. Brown's "History of the New York Stage."

Laura Keene's mother was a very attractive and delightful woman to those who knew her as she really was. She was finely educated, queen-like in dignity and bearing, but not always easy to approach. Her heart, however, was like that of her distinguished daughter, full of charity, gentleness and love; albeit one had to know her well before she could even be approached to make this discovery. It was not the rich that this woman was anxious to know or associate with. The pure in mind and body was very much more preferable to her than the gayeties and splendors of mammon, which are so frequently tainted with guilt; if, indeed, not with crime.

Miss Keene's children, when not under the protection of their mother and grandmother, were either in charge of a governess or in the convent at Georgetown, Washington, D. C., where they were practically educated, and remained until they were young women. Miss Keene, however, did not neglect their stage education, for while they did not appear prominently, and practically are not known as actresses, they were nevertheless on the stage almost from infancy, and were even less nervous when before the footlights than their mother.

In 1860 Laura Keene emerged from the solitude of widowhood, and married John Lutz, her business manager, then one of the most successful theatrical managers known to this country. Mr. Lutz belonged to a prominent and well-known mercantile family of Washington, D. C. This marriage, happily, more than compensated for Miss Keene's first; as John Lutz was not only a good husband, a strict business man of the greatest integrity, but, so great was his attachment and love for his wife's children, that he would not permit the New York *Clipper* to enter their home, owing to the fact that it published accounts of prize-fighting. The *Clipper* then was under the personal supervision of its owner and founder, Frank Queen, as it was up to the day of his death. It was a great dramatic authority. Its founder was a man whose name should be cherished by all right-thinking people. He was a

man of great, but unpretentious charity; and at one time presented a poor struggling church in his native city, Philadelphia, with \$40,000. All honor to the memory of Frank Queen!

John Lutz died in Washington, D. C., on April 18, 1869. Miss Keene, although a comparatively young woman—then forty-three years old—never again married, but continued to live in domestic solitude, when of course not professionally engaged, which she was to the last, with her mother and two daughters.

John Lutz was a man who was very fond of good living, or, as Moore says in his "Life of Byron," "of full habits." This, however, is nothing remarkable about the average man. His stomach as a rule has a vast contempt for his calling or profession if not adequately supplied with palatable dishes. Lutz was no exception to the rule, and, "being very fond of frogs," says I. S. Case, of Tobyhanna, "on his first arrival here, he informed the first small boy he met that he would give him a cent for every frog he brought him." Lutz, of course, had no idea of the capacity of Tobyhanna for frogs. The small boy was not slow in keeping his part of the contract; and soon returned with seventy-five frogs for Lutz's dinner! The astonished Lutz paid the bill, but as he was the only man in the place who would eat frogs, and not expecting to get over five or six, he was the butt of the town during the summer.

Lutz, however, was determined to get even with some one for his investment in frogs; and oddly enough Joseph Jefferson was the victim. Miss Keene and her family spent their summer for many years at Tobyhanna. Joseph Jefferson visited them occasionally. Lutz and Case arranged with Jefferson to have a day's trout fishing. The logs on the river, there—which is very large—were in rafts; and as the three men set out for their day's sport, Jefferson was soon requested, in the language of Mrs. Malaprop, to "lead the way and we'll precede you."

Jefferson got on the raft of logs, when to his surprise and astonishment he was immediately set floating by Lutz and Case, in the vast river, "solitary and alone," where he remained during the entire day; while Lutz and Case betook

themselves to the mountain streams for their trout. Poor Jefferson, after his exposure to the hot sun for an entire day, was rescued at night by Lutz and Case. Had Jefferson known the story of the frogs, or remembered it, he would no doubt have gotten even with Lutz in his charming autobiography; even though Lutz was dead when the autobiography was written.

Not far from Tobyhanna there is a charming tract of country called Paradise Valley, where, if I am not mistaken, Joseph Jefferson once lived. Nearly twenty-five years ago I was notified by wire to "come home," as there was serious illness in my family, who lived at Tobyhanna. I left Philadelphia about six o'clock in the evening, and by the time the train reached Paradise it was nearly ten o'clock. The clouds were heavy, and as there was not a star visible in the heavens it was as dark as pitch, or, in the language of Milton—

"All dark and barren as a rainy sea."

Most of the people in the car were trying to sleep, when, all at once, the stentorian voice of the conductor yelled out, "Par-a-dise!" One man present, who had evidently been asleep, thought that there must be some mistake. He rubbed his eyes, looked around, opened the window, stuck out his head, pulled it back again, and, addressing those who were looking at him, said, "Well, if this is Paradise, I wonder what hell looks like!"

CHAPTER XV.

LAURA KEENE'S RELIGION.

"THERE is not and there never was, on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from

the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity; but the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique; but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the furthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of Missouri and Cape Horn—countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her community are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments, that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.”—*Macaulay*.

“I am no enemy to religion, but the contrary. As a proof, I am educating my natural daughter a strict Catholic in the convent of Ramafus; for I think people can never have

enough of religion, if they are to have any. I incline, myself, very much to the Catholic doctrines; but if I am to write a drama, I must make my characters speak as I conceive them likely to argue.

“BYRON.”

Moore's Life of Byron, p. 889.

“Laura Keene,” says Kate Reighnolds, in her “Yesterdays With Actors,” “died in the comfortable faith of the Catholic church.” Miss Keene’s family, that is, her father, mother, sister and two brothers, were members of the Church of England. Her mother would have embraced Catholicism had she lived long enough, but she did not. Indeed, at the time of her death she was probably more Catholic than Calvinist, surrounded as she had been for years by her Catholic daughter and two granddaughters. “Grandma was old and settled in her ideas,” said Clara Taylor to the writer; “she would have become a convert in time, but it would have taken years.” The old lady was a Christian, not only at heart, but otherwise, and like all who are such, it is to be hoped that “He who cares for the fall of a sparrow” will guard with kindly benevolence the Christian women of all denominations.

Religion, with Laura Keene, was even more serious than life itself; as, indeed, it should be with all right-thinking people. Miss Keene was a Christian woman long before she embraced the doctrines of Catholicism. She was, however, practically a Catholic at heart, years before she appeared, like the infant, at the baptismal font.

It would be strange, indeed, if a woman with her vast and comprehensive mind, brain and intellect were not such. She was essentially a woman of the world, whose schooling had given her an opportunity of delving deeply into all sides and on all religious denominations. Courtied, feted, and caressed by one class to-day, she was no less so yesterday or to-morrow, or for all time during her professional or artistic career or life, a life which, it should not be forgotten, was, when choice and inclination made it possible, spent only in the atmosphere of the elite, the elegant, the educated, the cultured, the refined, the religious and the charitable.

As “all roads lead to Rome,” yet, while Rome may not

always lead to heaven, that largely depends on the purity and sanctity of the traveler's life. It is certain, however, that while Rome may not always lead to heaven, its teaching and promulgations point in that direction quite unmistakably if they are carried out; just as we hope the doctrines of all other Christian denominations do; yet it is entirely beyond the question of dispute, cavil, or peradventure, that Rome, when it comes to the protection of its women, is as far ahead of all other Christian denominations to-day—and has ever been—as our Lord was, spiritually and otherwise, to those who crucified Him and put Him to death upon the cross.

It was this protection, in a church which does not enact one law for the man and another for the woman, which made it possible for Laura Keene to seek its shelter. The divorce court, when a man tires of his wife, or the wife of her husband; the masculine female who consorts with the emasculated male in long hair or otherwise; the wife who does not care to be a mother, the husband who connives at not being a father; the woman's right, strong-minded, or female advocate of political hopes and aspirations, who frequently deserts her home at the expense of her family; the female clubs and numerous other sickening devices and abominations, which would gladden the heart of a Henry the Eighth, but which sicken and cause the mind of a pure woman to shudder; these, and various other obvious causes, made Laura Keene, like many other women, to seek protection under the dome of St. Peter's. Once a wife, always a wife, until separated by death, is the law of Catholicism, whether in Rome or in any other part of the Catholic universe.

What a painful object lesson has been taught the theatrical profession in the story of the life of poor Agnes Robertson! What man can hope for the future salvation of his soul and contemplate it without a shudder? Here was a woman who possessed almost every womanly attribute known or possible to the most refined, gentle and fascinating of her sex. As an artist in her day, she seemed to have been created for the roles to which she gave life and inspiration. A model wife, more than a loving mother, an ideal woman; and yet, cast off at that period or time when a husband and father's devotion, care and love were most needed; and for what? The story and

lesson of shame ; and by a man whose more than gifted pen was constantly engaged in the battle of right against wrong, truth against falsehood, deception against integrity ; the infamy of man against the honor of woman !

“O, Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog !
Look, when he fawns, he bites, and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death !
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell have set their mark on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.”

Laura Keene was the religious protegee of the late Archbishop Hughes, of New York. In religion, as in art, her fine mind seemed to mingle only, associate or affiliate with but great minds ; unless, indeed, in the home of the meek and lowly on Christian missions of charity and mercy. In such a cause no place was too humble for this woman on such a mission. That is the brief story of Catholicism when it refers to women of the world. Everywhere else they may ostensibly be the equal of man while it shall so please the latter. In Catholicism there can be no compromise. Woman and wife must ever be on an equality with husband and man. The latter may protest or the former rebel, but the bond of matrimony is indissoluble, and can only be severed by the hand which rules the destinies of the universe. That was why Laura Keene died in the “comfortable faith” of the Catholic Church, as Miss Reignolds so ingeniously puts it ; but which is strongly suggestive of hyperbole.

It has been stated that Laura Keene died a very poor woman, if not in poverty. We have also read in the papers from time to time of the vast estate left by this woman. Both statements are wrong. Miss Keene died a comparatively poor woman, as wealth is known now, or, indeed, even in her day. To state, however, that she died in poverty, is as far from the actual facts, as that she left a vast estate. There are many actors on the stage to-day who would not be regarded poor did they but possess Miss Keene’s property at the time of her death ; and yet, as already stated, she was by no means rich.

It is not generally known that her life was insured, but it was. This money became a part of her estate after her death.

The Bond street house in New York, where Miss Keene lived, was the property of her daughters, presented to them by the mother. Such children, however, who were so lovingly attached to their mother, could be but nominally the owner of anything while their mother lived. Miss Keene also owned a farm and summer residence at Acushna, New Bedford, Mass., together with considerable very valuable personal effects. A prominent actress* no longer on the stage offered \$3,000 for a point lace flounce which Miss Keene wore in one of her stage costumes. The offer was refused by Emma Taylor, Miss Keene's daughter, simply because the article in question "was over four hundred years old, and probably worth more than double that amount." Miss Keene's personal property was not on the market, valuable as it was. The only article disposed of was a painting of Madam Vestris, for \$600, which was sold privately to the foremost actor on the American stage of to-day. These matters are referred to, if only to brush aside the babbling rumors or small talk of gossips. Had Miss Keene died in poverty it would have been no indignity. Artists as great as she have died penniless in the past, and others no doubt will, until the end of time.

Edwin Booth, certainly one of the foremost actors known to the American stage, became a bankrupt while managing the noblest temple of dramatic art yet erected in this country; and would in all probability have died without a dollar had he not had the good fortune of meeting with Lawrence Barrett, who had a genius for business, coupled with highly respectable abilities as an actor. Booth had a genius for his art, but as a business man he was probably no better or worse than the average actor of the stage.

Lester Wallack, not only a great actor, but one of the foremost managers ever identified with his business, was so poor when he retired from the calling of his life that a benefit was necessary to keep him for the balance of his days. This was no indignity to the memory of Mr. Wallack. It was more than earned and deserved. If, however, Miss Keene did not become a bankrupt in her day, and was not obliged to appeal to the public for a benefit after her retirement from

* Mary Anderson.

her profession, which she adorned as an artist quite the equal of Booth, and as a manager certainly not second to Wallack, we fail to see why she should not get credit for the same.

Miss Keene, however, did more than this. Her two daughters who survived her, one by nearly three years and the other by nearly nine, lived on the estate left by their mother. It is true that Emma Taylor was married, and at the time of her death left three children; but it is none the less true that Emma Taylor and her children lived on the property left by Miss Keene, while the estate, or what there is left of it now, has practically been in litigation almost since the death of Miss Keene's daughter.

CHAPTER XVI.

CLARA STELLA TAYLOR.

"We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why."

—GOLDSMITH.

CLARA MARIE CECILIA STELLA TAYLOR, the youngest daughter of Laura Keene, was born in London, England, in 1849, and was but some three years old when she came to America with her mother, her sister and grandmother. The multiplicity of Miss Taylor's names was not the result of vanity, but that of religious fervor, enthusiasm or necessity. Her original name was Clara Stella Taylor, by which she was known personally, privately and professionally to the last. Her religious names, Marie and Cecilia, were entirely to her credit. The former was in honor of the Mother of God, the latter was taken in honor of St. Cecilia, the patroness of music, and said to be the inventor of the organ.

At baptism in the Catholic Church it is necessary to give the child or convert a Christian name. At confirmation, an obligatory sacrament in the same faith, a middle name is essential; which name must also be that of a saint. Hence Miss Taylor's names.

Clara Taylor would probably be called a brunette, and yet, strictly speaking, she could not be, as there was nothing dark about her but her hair, which was dark—if not black. Her

complexion was not only beautifully fair to look at, but her face was strongly angelic, which ever suggested a sadness or minor chord in her young life, which clung to her with remarkable tenacity unless one could read the story of a life which was prematurely old before it had time to be that of a young girl or woman. As a child, when not under the rigid care of her grandmother or governess, she was in the convent. And yet her mother, with her wonderful eye to business, found time and place to put this tot on the stage, and so educate her before the public, that when there she had even more confidence than the mother.

Miss Taylor did not pose as an actress, but as a child actress she figures in Colonel Brown's "History of the New York Stage." In appearance as a woman, she was taller than her mother, graceful, willowy, and as full of dignity as any queen that has ever sat on a throne. Her voice was one of the sweetest ever possessed by a child, girl, or woman. Remarkable as this vocal gift was in the Keene family—from grandmother to grandchildren—Clara Taylor's was the most fascinating of all. It was like a human flute, so modulated by nature that, in her conversation, one never grew tired until she had ceased to charm by conversing no longer.

From her earliest girlhood Miss Taylor displayed remarkable vocal powers. As practically a child, as already referred to in this work, it was a question whether it was she or the birds in the trees that had been singing. Miss Keene was not slow in having such a vocal organ cultivated, but Miss Keene's besetting sin, as she subsequently learned to her sorrow, was, in her anxiety to have her daughters excel in all branches of the polite arts, without impressing on their mind the importance of excelling in one, especially when the mother's hopes were centred in the future of her daughters, or would have been had not the mother, like the subject of this sketch, met with a premature death.

Clara Taylor was not only a fine linguist, but an accomplished musician. Independent of being more than a master of many musical instruments, she could have made a fortune as a performer on that divine instrument, the harp, had she but devoted her talents in that direction. From her earliest

girlhood days, however, the one aim of her life, and that of her mother, was to educate her for the lyric stage, for which nature had so richly endowed her. Her voice was a pure soprano of the greatest range or compass, reaching with ease to F, F, sharp, or G above, while the tones of her low, or middle register, were so rich and full as to defy all competitors as a contralto singer. This vocal gift is rarely given to any one woman; although in isolated cases it has been known. Miss Taylor was the one woman during the past decade known to us who possessed this gift. She was not, it is true, known to the public, as she was yet to come. The fact that she was not known to the public was owing to the contempt which she and her family entertained for public notoriety, so strongly suggestive of the charlatan and empiric.

Miss Taylor was a pupil of Madame Seiler, a celebrated teacher and authority on voice culture, a woman who was probably better known even in Europe than in America. Her works on the voice are standard authority among those who rank first in the musical world. In Philadelphia, during her day, she easily ranked first among such teachers and musicians as Michael Cross, Henry G. Thunder, A. F. Dos Santos and David Wood, and commanded the palm as being foremost in an art which is said to be "the language of the angels." On one occasion I had an interview with Madame Seiler, which, if not entirely terrifying, was certainly amusing. This distinguished lady was one of the handsomest women, even in maturity, for she was old when I first saw her, that I have ever seen among women of her advanced age.

In stature she was medium; slightly inclined towards corpulency. Her abundant hair was as white as snow, while her beautifully rounded cheeks were as red as a newly polished ivory light-red billiard ball. Add to this, the charm of exquisite taste in dress; and you have a picture of Madame Seiler. Miss Taylor lived in New York, but spent much of her time in Philadelphia while being educated for her profession. Miss Taylor, of course, lived in the same city—Philadelphia—with her mother while the latter managed the Chestnut Street Theatre. Although educated for the lyric stage, Miss Taylor was entirely free from all affectation and

other silliness or weakness so characteristic of the average life of the average public singer. In a word, she inherited much of the sound common sense of her mother. Having no superfluous time to waste on Madame Seiler or any one else, she requested me to see Madame Seiler and arrange hours and dates for the resumption of her musical studies.

I called on Madame Seiler with this mission in view; but was informed that she was giving a lesson, and that I could not see her until she was through. To me, at least, my time was valuable, and having spent much of my early life among musicians, I knew what that meant. I also knew that my business could not possibly detain Madame Seiler more than a few moments at the utmost, while I could not afford to wait for probably an hour until she was ready to see me. I informed the servant that I would detain her mistress but a moment, and, as my business was urgent and my time limited, I would either have to see her at once or not at all. My message was delivered to the madame, who was up stairs. It had the desired effect, as Madame Seiler came down stairs, taking not less than two steps at a time.

By the time she reached me she was not only furious, but literally hissed out, "What do you want?" Seeing her excited condition, I endeavored to apologize for having interrupted her. "What do you want?" was again her violent demand; and had I not been a man, she probably would have mobbed me. As it was, I doubt if she was not strongly inclined to do so. I made known the character of my business. Upon hearing the name of Miss Taylor the old lady came nearly fainting. Here was acting in real life! Much of my time had been spent in the theatre, but never before had I seen such a transformation from outrage (?) to profuse apology. This affectation, however, I waived away, for, like Dr. Johnson and Lord Chesterfield, it was then "too late." The name of Miss Taylor also recalled the line from Brutus, "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet." Miss Keene was then dead, but her name was still a power, even with musicians, or her bank account was, which of course was more to the point. I arranged hours and dates for Miss Taylor, and later on both of us laughed over my first and only meeting with Madame Seiler.

Miss Taylor continued to study for the lyric stage for some time after the death of her mother. Indeed she never abandoned this idea until she was practically dead. In this respect, as in so many others, she greatly resembled her mother. Referring to Miss Keene in his autobiography Joseph Jefferson says: "The last letter she ever penned was upon her death-bed and was addressed to me. She sent me an ivory miniature of Madame Vestris, and a water-color drawing of Hardy, by Edmund Kean, as Richard III. Her letter was cheerful and full of hope. She spoke of feeling better, and seemed confident that in a few months' time she would be in harness again. She died the day after this was written."

While Clara Taylor was possessed with the same confidence and hope, it was feared by her sister and the few personal friends who were permitted to enjoy the solitude of her private life that the death of the mother would prove fatal to the daughter. And yet, before the death of the mother, this young woman gave every indication of physical longevity. In disposition to strangers she was cold, dignified, haughty, queen-like and imperious. Yet there was a latent gentleness beneath all of this which made the nobility of her life the admiration of her personal friends. She was wonderfully droll; with strong appreciation for the ludicrous, and few could excel her in relating any comical event in her life.

On one occasion while out walking in Central Park, New York, she accidentally met Matilda Heron. It was during the sad and unfortunate part of the life of the great actress, when her mind was said to have been slightly unbalanced. Miss Taylor had read of the eccentricity of Matilda Heron, and being personally well acquainted with her as an old friend of Miss Keene's, and a frequent visitor to their house, she hoped to avoid a meeting to prevent a public "scene." She pretended not to have seen Miss Heron, but the latter was more observant. Miss Heron at the time carried a huge umbrella in her hand, and upon seeing Miss Taylor exclaimed in loud and tragic thunder-tones as she stretched out both of her arms and flung her umbrella into the grass, "Great heavens! what do I see! Laura Keene's daughter! Come here, my child!" and poor Miss Taylor was fondled as though she had fallen

from the clouds, while the pedestrians who began to congregate about the two women wondered who they were, and if both were not a little daft!

Another amusing incident was related by Miss Taylor, which took place at her mother's summer residence at New Bedford, Mass., while Mr. and Mrs. Waller were the guests of Miss Keene. On a Sunday night after dinner all hands retired to the parlor. Miss Keene, ever restless if not doing something, suggested that they should have some "private theatricals." The Wallers were satisfied, but owing to the paucity of the "stock company" decided on giving the dagger scene from *Macbeth*. It was discovered, however, at the last moment that there was no dagger in the house! "O! bless you," said Miss Keene. "That's all right. I will get a carving knife!" She did so, greatly to the relief of Mr. Waller and his wife, who were in tragic attitude ready for the bloody work. The performance was certainly an artistic success, until Lady *Macbeth* exclaimed: "Give me the dagger!" and taking the carving knife from the hand of *Macbeth* drew the edge of it over his fingers. "Damn it, Emma," exclaimed Waller, "what are you trying to do—do you want to cut off my fingers?" "The scene was so ludicrous," said Miss Taylor, "and Waller's language so unexpected, that my mother came nearly dying from laughter."

A good joke is on record at the expense of the Rev. Father Lane, of St. Theresa's Catholic Church, Philadelphia, in which Miss Taylor, quite unconsciously, took a prominent part. Father Lane's choir was a volunteer one, with the exception of the organist, Mrs. McKee. Father Lane decided to engage a soprano singer. Having done so, the reverend gentleman made his appearance on his altar in due time, and informed his congregation that, at very considerable expense, he had engaged a soprano, who would be heard there for the first time that day. The organist, Mrs. McKee, being an old friend of the writer, Miss Taylor, who was in the choir at the time, by invitation, sang the offertory, and very naturally was taken for Father Lane's new soprano! Father Lane was overrun by his congregation at the close of the service, and received such congratulations on the acquisition of such a

singer, that the veteran pastor began to think his new "investment" would prove to be a very valuable one to his church. But alas! that was Miss Taylor's first and last appearance there, and it has been strongly hinted that for his subsequent peace of mind Father Lane wished that Miss Taylor had never upset his musical calculations.

Clara Taylor was a woman, young as she was, of great will-power, confidence, and determination; again demonstrating how she had inherited these traits of character from her mother. Educated as she had been, from her earliest girlhood days, for the highest school of lyric art, she would sing only in the Italian tongue in opera, and two operas—"Faust" and "Traviata"—were so rigidly excluded from her repertoire, owing to her dislike for the subjects on which they were written, that in all probability she would have forfeited her future professional career rather than sing them. Not even the combined musical genius of Gounod and Verdi could alter her determination in this respect. And yet Marguerite in "Faust and Marguerite," was one of Miss Keene's most noted roles in her early career; while "the Camille of Laura Keene," says Marian Strickland, "was the finest I have ever seen on the stage."

Miss Taylor's determination to sing only in the Italian tongue in opera, was not only to her credit as a vocalist, but she had only lived up to the compact in which she had been trained from the outset. No other language is so musical to sing in; and no music so melodious as that of the Italian school. The composers of other nationalities may delight and entrance us, but they are never more likely to do so than when they copy after the Italian masters. Haydn's masses are all strongly suggestive of the Italian school. The masses of Mozart and Beethoven, while not so melodious, are certainly more devotional. Haydn never wrote any mass that can compare with Mozart's twelfth, which is probably the greatest work of its kind that was ever or ever will be written. Next to this, Beethoven's Mass in C probably ranks as the greatest work known to sacred music. And yet it is generally regarded among writers on this subject as rank heresy to refer to the masses of Mozart, Haydn or Beethoven as proper works for the church or the house of God!

Gounod's masses, although more severe, or less melodious, than those already referred to, are strangely beautiful as purely religious compositions, and probably come nearer to purely classical church music than the works of any other master. Rossini has, if I am not in error, been censured by the same writers for giving the world his *Stabat Mater*. Yet, if there is anything more beautiful in the whole range of this divine art than "*The Inflammatus*," we have never heard it, while his "*Qui Est Homo*" and "*Fac ut Portem*" would have made his name immortal had he never composed anything else.

Handel, like the other inspired and divine composers, has also been accused of musical levity in his sacred compositions; just as if his "*He was Despised and Rejected*," "*Angels Ever Bright and Fair*," and "*I Know that My Redeemer Liveth*," would not convert even an agnostic to Christianity, were the latter not so hopelessly a victim to his own exquisite (?) conceit. Christianity is severe (?) and demands an observance of the Ten Commandments. Agnosticism is more liberal. To observe the Ten Commandments on the part of the agnostic, would preclude the possibility of the agnostic being in love with the agnostic, or this combination of human peacock.

No, the beautiful in church music, like the ornate in church architecture, church sculpture, and church painting, cannot be eliminated. While the world bows to the genius of Raphael and Michael Angelo, as the foremost masters in giving almost life to sacred subjects by the magic touch of their brush, the same world will ever hold in reverence the names of the men who have offered up their praises to God through their music and the language of His angels.

Clara Taylor, as a ballad singer, was probably one of the most charming vocalists that has ever appeared on the public stage. Her faultless and perfect method, her gloriously fresh voice, with tones as clear as they were full and round, literally bubbling from her throat, her clear and distinct enunciation, her inherited power to captivate all,—"*Trust her not, she is fooling thee*"—and in the next moment to touch the heart or dim the eyes—all gave evidence of her wonderful power in her art. There was no trickery, no straining for effect. The

pure ballad singer should be free from all operative tricks, and should depend on the purity of voice and the solidity of method. John Howard Payne's "Home, Sweet Home," or Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," never would have become household words, were it not for the fact that their simplicity has made them immortal.

I have referred in another part of this work to the fact, that Miss Taylor remonstrated against the wishes of her mother to appear in light or comic opera. That was at a time or period in Miss Taylor's life in which she was entirely justified in taking the position she did. Older in years than formerly, she had seen that comic opera, even when probably at its best or purest, was at least tainted with vulgarity, without having the redeeming qualities to compensate for the same.

The mere question of making money, and that was the one point which Miss Keene neglected to ingratiate or instill into the minds of her daughters until it was too late, now failed as a potent factor in her argument. "Alice Oates," said Miss Keene, "has practically made a fortune each year through singing in light or comic opera. If she can do so, I fail to see why a woman with your voice should not be equally successful."

Miss Taylor looked at me and I felt her position keenly. I was also greatly incensed at Miss Keene's negligence, which, to me, appeared as nothing less than criminal, in having educated her daughters as she had without placing them before the public. As Miss Keene was on her death-bed, however, that was not the place or time to moralize. Had she suggested then to her daughter to appear with a company of her own in such light, but classical operas as "Maritana," "Martha," "Fra Diavolo," "The Daughter of the Regiment," and such other light operas as Caroline Richings appeared in for years, she might have met with some encouragement from her daughter. As it was, Miss Taylor flatly refused to even listen to any such suggestion as comic opera. For once I said nothing, as that was not the time or place to talk, but I entirely approved of Miss Taylor's determination not to appear in comic opera. Had Miss Taylor wished to appear in the "show business," there was no time when she could

not have done so by appearing on the concert or operatic-concert stage. She did much of both, incognito and otherwise, but only as a preliminary to her future career. That career was never vouchsafed her—

“There is a Divinity which shapes our ends rough, hew them as we may.”

Miss Taylor was intended as a leader, not as a follower. When she could not be the former, she declined to be the latter. The truth is, Miss Keene realized her physical condition; she knew that she was on her death-bed. Her oldest daughter was married and out of her jurisdiction: she was not then a rich woman, and wanted to see her youngest daughter cared for professionally, knowing, as she did, the value of her vocal organ.

While she was comparatively a young girl, I had considerable trouble of an amusing nature in handling Miss Taylor, or, indeed, to be more accurate, she had considerable trouble in handling me. Always a spoiled child in her own household, where her every whim, will, and caprice were law, she could not understand why the same law could not be carried into effect outside her household as well as in it. She also had another advantage; she was my senior by two years, which, to a woman of twenty, was very considerable over a lad or “boy” of eighteen. She was not slow at that age in considering herself a woman, whose judgment was of course superior to mine. At the same time I was much older in worldly matters than she, together with the advantage of my sex, which, after all, is an advantage, providing it is handled judiciously.

She could not understand why I would not go to her mother's theatre with her unless I purchased the tickets. “Think of the absurdity,” she said to me on one occasion, “of buying tickets to go to our own theatre.” “Miss Keene's art is too fine,” was my reply, “to permit any one to see it without paying.”

On the other hand, when she wanted to go to any other theatre, it was with the understanding that she should purchase the tickets! “No doubt you are older now than I am,” was my reply, “but twenty years hence you will want to

reverse the order of age. I shall then be nearly forty, while you will be but eighteen." This retort made it possible for me to purchase the tickets.

In publishing a few of Miss Taylor's letters, I hope I shall not be accused of any breach of confidence. It is true they were personal, but it is equally true that biography is largely made up of letters which were never intended to see the light of day. Two years ago I had no idea of writing a life of Miss Keene. To write of the mother it is impossible not to refer to the daughter. The noble character of the latter can probably be better seen from her own pen than from mine.

"ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.

"*Dear John*.:—I'll be very happy to accompany you to the Walnut. I have been busy packing or you should have heard from me before. Don't forget Liszt. C. TAYLOR."

"ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.

"*Dear John*.:—You're a real good fellow; to use a slang phrase, which I learned from a genius who sits at our table, 'I'm with you' Friday night. We're rather lively Catholics. I think Old Nick will give us an extra turn on his warming pan when he gets us. Next week, though, must end festivities. That *must* be kept sacred. C. TAYLOR."

The "next week" referred to by Miss Taylor was Holy Week. Here was the daughter of an actress, who had been brought up practically in her mother's theatres since her birth, and yet she would not enter a theatre during Holy Week. I do not now refer to her presence there as a performer. When not so, or not professionally engaged, she never entered a theatre during that time. Personally, I fear I was less scrupulous, and made no distinction, with the single exception of Good Friday. On that day I have never visited a theatre, although I fear I have done much worse. Miss Taylor was a convert, and as such she was rigid, strict, severe, and enthusiastic in religious matters. Catholicism, to me, was more generous, liberal, and broad-minded in its views, probably owing to the fact that I was born in that faith, and that my Catholic blood could be traced back to the days of St. Peter.

"I have a passport," I would say to Miss Taylor, "from the old man in the Vatican," or, "St. Peter will lend me his latch-key; they all come from Ireland!" I might play myself false, but Miss Taylor never. She would even permit me to purchase tickets, but if I bought them for Holy Week I would have to go to the theatre alone.

"Many thanks, John, for your kind remembrance. It will afford me much pleasure to visit the Arch to-morrow evening.

"Truly,

C. S. TAYLOR.

"ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, Tuesday noon."

"ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, April 6, 1870.

"*John*:—In our conversation you said 'Friday week,' which was last Friday. I was not sure whether you would be here next Friday, and so made an appointment to go to the 'Arch' this evening. Will you think me very rude? I must offer an apology; and if you won't accept it, I must keep my appointment with you. If you have purchased tickets, I will go next Friday; if not, I will go to-night. Just send me word on this point. I enjoyed the Patti concert very much. I tried many times to 'catch your eye' on your entrance, but you did not see me. I wondered that you did not, and come over and speak to me.

"Hoping that your mother has improved in strength,

"Truly,

C. S. TAYLOR."

"NEW YORK CITY, 34 Bond Street,

"April 20, 1872.

"*Dear John*:—I think of returning to Philadelphia next October, and I wish to ask you what the chances would be of obtaining a position as soprano in one of the Catholic churches of that city, and at what salary? In this city they make their choir changes May 1st, but in Philadelphia it may be different. I might obtain a position there October 1st. What do you think? Write me what you know on the subject, and if you would make some inquiries I would be much obliged. It might be well to mention to you that I am familiar with the Catholic service. I am now singing in St. Peter's, Brooklyn, and have also sung for two winters at St. James' Cathe-

dral, Brooklyn; and at St. Lawrence Church, New Bedford, Mass.

"Hoping that your mother is well, I am,

"Very truly,

C. TAYLOR."

"*John* :—Absence from the city is the cause of your letter remaining unanswered. I found it awaiting me on my arrival from Baltimore, where I have been a little over a week. Many thanks for the kind invitation. If your mother is yet in town, present my regards to her. In haste,

"Truly

C. S. TAYLOR.

"ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, Philadelphia."

"*John* :—Sorry to break an engagement, but I am not well to-day, and so shall not be at hotel. As it is in bad taste to call on Catholics on 'All Souls' Day,' and seeing the Donnelly's is unimportant. Some other day will do. Can also see Miss Wells some other day.

"CLARA TAYLOR."

"*Dear John* :—Much obliged; but I don't want to make you pay to see Raymond. Of course I wish to see him, and as it is on my account you will let *me* do the paying. Recollect I'm an heiress. Will be at hotel at 1.30.

"Yours,

CLARA TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, Sept. 18, 1872.

"*Dear John* :—As I have returned home, and have a little leisure time, I will now thank you for two letters, which up to this time have remained unanswered. You know 'Man proposes and God disposes.' My trip to Philadelphia is yet a thing doubtful and uncertain, much as I desire to be in that city. If I do reach there, it is also dubious whether I will avail myself of Mr. Thunder's generous offer, or that of any of the celebrated choirs of Philadelphia. Time will show. But I thank you much for the trouble you have taken.

"Hoping to see you 'some day,' and with kind remembrance to your mother when you see her or hear from her,

"Truly yours,

"C. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, New York,
April 29, 1873.

"*Dear John*.:—I'm much indebted to you for your kindness. You say you have engaged . . . I cannot leave home before Thursday, if then; but I shall try to leave then. Is it not provoking that I should have this cold just when I want to use my voice? If it will be . . . I'll see her punctilious ladyship on that evening between 7 and 8. I must have seclusion for practice, and a properly tuned instrument by which to tune my voice. I've been singing to every style and tone of instrument lately; high, low, ill-tuned, and everyway. Madam's ears and patience may, probably, have to suffer thereby. I could swear at this cold, but I'll refrain. On what flight is my room? . . . I'm much obliged for the . . . but I might bore your aunt and 'her offspring.' Pardon scratching. I hope you'll be able to read this scrawl. In haste,

"CLARA TAYLOR."

"E. 13TH STREET, New York City,
"November 29, 1873.

"*Dear John*.:—I thank you for the very pretty verses which you sent to the *Clipper*. Any kindness to my beloved aunt's memory, or recognition of her talents must always be treasured by me.

Very truly,

"C. S. TAYLOR."

In the fall of 1874 Miss Taylor took a trip to Cannes, France, for the benefit of her health, which became shattered almost immediately after the death of her mother. Indeed, Miss Taylor's life after the death of her mother greatly resembled that of Ophelia after the death of her father. Fortunately Miss Taylor did not lose her mind, but the brief period she was destined to live was, to her at least, but a prolonged tragedy.

"PENSION LERINS, Cannes, France,
"February 5, 1875.

"*Dear John*.:—I was 'surprised,' and I add, pleased to hear from you. What reason had you to . . . that a letter written to me when away from home would be considered more

. . . than one received in New York? And what reason had you to think me so thankless as to forget your many kindnesses? It is evident that you do not hold me in high estimation, notwithstanding the many candid observations you have made me from time to time while I was in Philadelphia.

“There is no one whom I am more pleased to receive a letter from than yourself. Please don’t let this assurance flatter you too much. I would not like to unnerve you for business.

“Now, I’d wager if it had been Mrs. Rawson, you would not have . . . for writing. I’m jealous; but I’ll endeavor to survive it! If, on arriving here, broken in health and spirits, I had received a little more . . . I should have been grateful. Yes, I have been very ill, and am not yet well, though better. To-day I feel pains in the same spot that I had the pleurisy. I am, however, much better. My voice is like a little mouse’s, but at least I can sing a little in my room, which I could not do before. This is forbidden by the doctor, but I like to try occasionally to see how the voice is. If I could remain here till April I might improve, but if I have to return to London or America, I may have another illness, and this change from a mild to a variable, damp and cold climate might prove dangerous.

“We are in the spring; I cannot call it winter, although it is February. I sit now with the window open, and outside at the florist’s are the violets, cornelias, jonquils and orange blossoms that have just blossomed; while on the vines in the garden peas are hanging fresh and green. I have done little else than cry and worry since I have been here.

“And now . . . write to me at once so that I may receive your letter as soon as possible, for it takes fifteen days for a letter to reach me from America, and I could not hear from you before the first week in March. . . of the arrangements for my appearance in grand opera, that cannot be considered at present. I heard Alboni in London, and was disappointed. Adelina Patti sings without expression, and her upper notes are in the nose, like most operatic singers. Wait until I appear, and then create your riot. If I can, I will be happy to see the ‘mansion,’ and Mrs. . . . seated on her three-legged

stool. Remember me to her and to your cousin, and believe me,
 Very truly, your friend,

“C. S. TAYLOR.”

“PENSION LERINS, Cannes, France.

“March 12, 1875.

“*Dear John* :—Your letter of the 23d ult. came to hand last evening. I can find no words with which to thank you sufficiently. . . . It only remains for me to beg you to accept my assurance of sincere gratitude. . . . I think my last letter proved that I had confidence in you. How, then, is it that you write as though you doubted this axiom? . . . Last winter I remained on Fourteenth street, in ill health, which did not improve after repeated visits to a physician. I was drugging myself without benefit; could not sing, so I determined to try what a trip would do, thinking to return to America after a voyage of three months, strong and capable of embracing my profession. ‘Man proposes, and God disposes.’ . . . I depend upon my voice, which depends entirely on my health—the most uncertain of things; for I shall never be quite strong. . . .

“And so you found my letter ‘fearfully satirical.’ I presume being sarcastic is ‘a way I’ve got,’ and sarcasm sometimes slips out unawares. My epistle did not, however, prostrate you, for you were able to write somewhat caustically too.

“You gave me news, indeed! Please present my congratulations to your cousin, and my best wishes for her happiness. I recollect the name (Munce), but cannot the gentleman. I presume I met him at the old ‘mansion?’ West Philadelphia is a pleasant part of the city in which to reside. And Aunt R—— has married. . . . Wonders will never cease. What a youthful couple! Long may they live! My health is only ‘so-so.’ I would like to remain here until May 1st, but do not know whether I can. It was very cold in London in June last year, so I do not wish to return there too early. Here I have my window open all day excepting when it rains. You write very kindly, John—but . . . I am awaiting a letter from my sister, and upon the contents of that depend my actions. I hear the weather in London has been very cold. My last letter from Emma informed me that the . . .

“Direct your next letter to . . . London, England, and I shall be sure to receive it, that is if you write so I can get it before the middle of April. I do not think I should leave London for America before then. But a letter directed there would be forwarded to wherever I am.

“With kind regards to all, and many thanks to yourself,

“Always your friend,

“C. S. TAYLOR.

“PENSION LERINS, Cannes, France,

“April 19, 1875.

“*My Dear John:*—I also was surprised to hear from you so soon, but why astonishment should seize you at my early reply I know not. I should not certainly delay acknowledging a kindness. Your letter was forwarded from London. I am still here, and may be detained here until the end of May. I say ‘may be,’ when indeed the chances are almost certain.

“You know that ill-fated Chestnut Street Theatre was a terrible failure. Aunt lost heavily on that, as on Fourteenth Street, New York. Also on the *Fine Arts*, and later on in traveling. It makes me so sad to think of all these things. She really killed herself—and for what?

“You think I have never been the child of adversity? Well—my life has not been strewn with roses I assure you. Trouble, trouble, trouble and endless trouble, it seems to me has been my portion. All looks very fair to outsiders; but who knows of the skeleton which is assuredly in every family? . . . My health is so precarious as not to be depended on at all. A little cold—and I have pains in my side, hoarseness, etc. When I return from a walk I sometimes see a little red, hectic spot on my cheek, sometimes have a sort of rattling of mucus in chest and throat, etc., etc. The doctor forbade me to sing all last winter, and as soon as I arrived in London the doctor echoed the same injunction. Now, if all these things continue—of what use is it to have a voice better than Kellogg’s, and possibly as good as Nilsson’s? I think myself that I have been ‘abominably handled,’ but it’s no use to ‘cry over spilt milk.’ I have had so much worry of late—and how can any one get well under continual mental anxiety? . . . I

think I have answered all your questions. . . . Pardon this scrawl. Hoping to hear from you soon—soon means at least a month for a letter to go and come. Best wishes for your success.

“In haste, yours truly,

“C. S. TAYLOR.”

“PENSION LERINS, Cannes, France,

“May 20, 1875.

“*My dear John* :—I wrote to you some time since, and as I have received no reply I begin to be anxious. Perhaps you did not receive my letter, or your reply to it may have been lost. I kept no account of the date of my writing to you, so I have no idea when I ought to receive an answer, but judge it to be somewhere about the present time.

“I scarcely think you could have posted a letter in time for the ‘Schiller’ to take, which vessel was wrecked the other day. . . . I depended so much upon hearing from you that, hearing the weather in London to be very severe, I judged it best to remain here until June 1st. . . . I don’t know whether I shall hear from you or not, and so I judge it best to let no further time elapse—but to write to you again in case letters should have miscarried. . . . Perhaps even now a letter from you is on its way, and I may hear from you in a day or two. I hope so.

“Just while writing this, yours of the 5th inst. . . . has come to hand. Thanks are perhaps useless; I can only say, John, that I ought not to regard you as a friend, but as a brother. A true friend in such a world as this I value more than gold! And I can value your friendship better now that it comes so opportunely—comes when I am oppressed by the world’s deceit, and almost in despair. I thank you, too, for the kind advice you give. It is another proof of your sincerity. I beg you will always speak candidly to me.

“The gentleman of whom you speak writes to me occasionally, and has offered to introduce me to Italian managers in London. . . . My illness prevented me from seeing him when I was in London, but when I return I hope to form his acquaintance. He regarded Aunt as a sister, and says he would do what he could in remembrance of her. I have had

this intention for some time—of trying my luck in London, but have not mentioned it, in accordance with an old superstition of mine, that as sure as I propose or talk of anything, it's sure not to come to pass. So I will not rely on anything, but await results. My voice is so uncertain a thing; always hoarse or something the matter!

“I am so sorry to hear such sad accounts of your cousin's health. She must take nourishing food, plenty of fresh air, and not fatigue herself. I do hope she may improve. I'm afraid she dabbles too long in cold water—this is poison to some—and I remember she used to bathe when quite warm, when I was at the mansion on Sundays. Flannels, winter and summer, and not too much cold-water bathing. Tell her what I say.

“With regards to all, and a . . . thanks to yourself.

“Gratefully your friend,

“CLARA STELLA TAYLOR.

“Let your next letter be directed to London, where I shall be. I feel that I have not thanked you half enough, but if you knew from what anxiety and sadness you have saved me, you would know how grateful I am.”

“LONDON, ENGLAND,

“June 28, 1875.

“*Dear John* :—I have not much time to answer your epistle of the 3rd inst., which came to hand to-day, but ‘where there's a will there's a way’ they say, and though I cannot endorse the proverb as entirely true in all matters, I assert it infallible in regard to letter-writing.

“My ‘debut’ will take place . . . Before leaving Cannes I took cold, and was much troubled by a cough and irritation of the throat, which kept me awake at night. I have not been able to sing since my arrival in London; the climate here affects me sadly. I cannot endure the fog, smoke, and damps. The doctor says my throat is still congested, and when I told him I could get an introduction to Mapleson, he answered, ‘I would not recommend that; I think you would give way under it. Your throat is not strong enough.’ You see, John, Fate is against me. I fear I can never use my

voice, and I might as well abandon the idea bravely as to cling to a forlorn hope.

“What is the result of the doctoring, drugging, travel, and expense I have gone to in the past two years? Simply that my throat is in a worse condition than it ever was. You are right in all you say regarding dress and appearance. I am indifferent and careless in this respect, although I know it is the best dressed who gain the most attention everywhere. . . . No blarney, John! . . . Pardon the remark. . . . I am sorry to learn that your cousin’s health does not improve. Present my regards to her and your aunt. I suppose your mother is well?

“I leave here to-morrow for Liverpool, whence I sail June 23rd, by steamship ‘Queen,’ of the National Line, for New York. When next you write, therefore, address me at 34 Bond Street. Black girls receive the cognomen of Lily. Why, therefore, should I wonder that I was dubbed?

“CLARA STELLA TAYLOR.”

“34 BOND STREET, N. Y. City,

“July 6, 1871.

“*Dear John*.—Your letter was handed to me yesterday morning. I arrived home on the 4th. When will I stop worrying myself to death? Why, when prospects look a little brighter; when something looks at least definite, and when things appear less complicated and confusing.

“If you knew the illness and worry through which I have gone during the past year, you would find in it nothing ‘visionary’—on my honor. In one thing I do agree with you, I wonder, indeed, that I am so well.

“Much that you remark concerning doctors is correct. But although believing that in many instances it would be well to ‘throw physic to the dogs,’ one cannot ignore the fact that medical advice is necessary when disease begins its work on the body and vital organs.

“. . . was studying for the medical profession when I first took lessons of . . . and had returned from Vienna and commenced practice the last time I was in Philadelphia. Although . . . may be and are very clever, I have no faith in their . . . They are anxious to make money, and I fear

. . . and advise accordingly. I may be wrong, but I know . . . and had some experience of that. . . . I think my doctor here is, perhaps, as clever as . . . (They met, I believe, in Vienna) and I am certain he will tell me the truth about myself as far as he is able. His specialty is, also, throat and lungs, Dr. . . . by name. Having already had experience of your aunt and cousin's hospitality, there is no one with whom I would rather remain in Philadelphia than those good people; but I could not think of accepting an invitation there while your cousin is in such ill-health.

"This weather is most oppressive! My sister is well, and tells me she has not seen you yet. I thought you intended paying a visit to N. Y.?"

"Thanking you for your kind offers,

"Always your friend,

"C. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET.

"*Dear John* :—As I am keeping house in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Rawson this afternoon, I may as well take this opportunity to answer your last sage epistle, especially as you make one remark that needs a retort: 'Women are, as a rule, prone to complain.' Now, pray, express no barbarous ideas to me! If anything makes me savage it is to hear a man talk like that. Why, if men had one-quarter of women's endurance, this life would be more tolerable; woman's destiny higher than it is at present! Selfish, impatient man, who has nothing to endure, and makes fuss enough, always, over very slight things, has no right to express surprise or indignation over an occasional weary sigh from women. For my part I marvel at and admire the uncomplaining patience of most of the women I see and hear of.

"I shall endeavor to leave the city for a month at least, if at all possible. The doctor recommends absenting myself during August, as the heat will, he says, only weaken me. He can tell me nothing about myself at present; I can only wait patiently and see whether I improve. If I do I shall be very thankful—if not, I must succumb to the inevitable.

"The weather is less warm than when I arrived.

"Hoping to see you next Sunday, and with regards to your

aunt and cousin, Mrs. Barili, the three ladies whom I visited one Sunday . . . and all inquiring friends.

“Truly yours,

“CLARA STELLA TAYLOR.”

“34 BOND STREET, New York City,

“July 30, 1875.

“*My Dear John*:—Don’t worry any more about me; you have done quite enough. I don’t wish to tax you when you have your own affairs to attend to. I presume that Water Gap. . . . It is not of much importance, however, for I expect to spend the rest of the summer in New York. I received a letter from England to-day, but no news of the. . . . It is almost too late to expect it now. It ought to have been here long since, for there is no excuse for the office not returning the letter to Penton Place; unless, indeed, it reached the boat and was. . . . I’m always like Micawber waiting. . . .

“On my voice I place no reliance whatever. My health is just the same, consequently my throat is just the same. I do not despair; neither do I hope. I simply succumb to the inevitable. I’ve hung upon a forlorn hope so long that I am not going to deceive myself any longer.

“‘She’s fooling thee!’

“I’ve fooled myself long enough. Without health, what is a person? Worse, far, than without money. I shall be very happy to note the improvement of which you write, and to inform you of it—when it comes.

“What a strong, fat woman Titians looks in her pictures! With such a physique she ought to have a powerful voice.

“What a very wicked son you are! How can you be so savage? I hope your mother will not keep to her resolution. But probably she will wish to live long enough to see Barney Williams. If she has never seen him that ought to be a treat.

“You must give woman another sarcasm, eh? If ever I find a woman vainer than I have found the men—I go even as far as to say as vain—I shall have to open my eyes in astonishment.

"We have had rainy weather here. Mrs. Rawson is quite well. With kind regards to all,

"I remain (being a woman),

"Yours, 'Prone to complain,'

"C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, City,

"August 11, 1875.

"*Dear John*:—I thank you for the advice given in your last letter; but, my dear child, I know no more of art than Mrs. Rawson's black cat, Friday, and might as well attempt to write upon it as that quadruped. I often think you have a very bad opinion of me, judging from all you say; and then again you cause me to laugh with amusement at the exalted opinion you have. I think you go to extremes.

"Between ourselves, I'm nothing but an idiot, but I take the privilege of saying this, not, of course, wishing that every one may become impresssd with the fact, nor desiring that any one should call me so to my face. How often I have mourned my idiocy would be difficult to state. Caring always less far for study than for play, I have wasted much useful time. Always spending more time in writing notes to the girls, trifling, and, as Sister Genevieve, used to say sweetly, 'robbing my relatives,' the education I received was anything but 'profound,' as you seem to imagine it.

"There is nothing under heaven that I know myself capable of doing, save teaching. Writing requires a particular gift, which I have not, and have never had any practice in. One of the convent reports sent to Aunt announced the fact that I did 'not evince much talent for composition.' What your cousin and other people find to write about I don't know. I have often, particularly at Cannes, where nature, in the spring especially, was so lovely, wished earnestly that I had Mrs. Spofford's talent, or could give expression to my feelings in verse. Olive Logan and Kate Field are clever writers, but every one don't have a scribbling gift, any more than every one has the 'gift of gab.' If I could use my voice I wouldn't teach, but, good heavens! I must do something. . . . How would you like to be so situated . . . ? I've lived

for years on the hopes of one day having the 'glorious privilege of being independent,' but, like all other hopes, that's doomed to disappointment. I don't well understand how any one can disbelieve in Fate.

"Since my return home I have translated two short stories from the French, and sent one to 'Harpers,' and the other to the *Graphic*. Mrs. R. thinks I'd better leave the city and spend the winter in a milder climate, but I don't know how I'll manage. All my books are here, and I could get along better than in a strange place. I have no plans, however. I don't make up my mind to anything.

"You see this letter is all self. I'm glad that your mother is better, though I did not know she had been ill.

"Remember me to your aunt and cousin. Always,
"C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, N. Y. City,
"April 16, '75.

"*Dear John* :—I have to . . . every time your letters are handed to me . . . I never wrote so many letters before. However, this last must be answered, and quickly, too. Do not be offended when you perceive that I have returned the . . . which your kind-heartedness prompted you to send me, which kindness I thoroughly appreciate, and for which I cordially thank you. Much as I thank you, and much as . . . I refuse, positively, to encumber myself with further unnecessary . . . My lot may sometimes seem hard to me, but since it is my lot, I must submit to it. It's foolish to wrestle with Fate. We only get worsted, and spend our forces uselessly.

"For the present, my sister. . . . As I may die without . . . cannot, of course, foresee what other sweets Fate may have in store for me in the future. I think you will agree that no reasonable person would object to me refusing to . . . Situated as I am it would be dishonorable to . . . I have no health . . . Disabuse your mind of the fallacy that my throat is worth anything. It seems that no one believes that I am ill. A doctor who occupied a room next to me at Cannes, said one day, 'Why, Mademoiselle, I cannot under-

stand that anything is the matter with you; I never hear you cough. You look well.' While an Austrian smiled derisively every time I mentioned that I was not well. And now you expect every letter will announce an improvement, and a capacity to sing.

"I can only tell you, John, that if I continue as I am I must succumb to an illness, or the lungs give way; either that or I must improve and be patched up for a time. Strong I never was, and really well I may never again be. I was ill on arriving in London; have been ill ever since my return home. I have suffered greatly from indigestion and billiousness, probably from the hot weather. I never know what it is to feel bright and well. . . . Add to this occasional pains in the sides, moaning from the congestion on my chest (which I have had more than a year now), irritation of the throat, and you may be able to comprehend that all this is unnatural and arises from some trouble, and that I am, to say the least, not in robust health. I don't write to bore you with my pains and aches; I simply mention this in response to your questions. I have no voice, cannot sing, having neither practice nor sufficient strength of lung and throat. There are days when I cannot touch a high note—nothing but a wheeze comes. Would this do for singing in public? Ask your own sense. Besides, the doctors say I must not attempt it, and I think the thing speaks for itself.

"As to doctors! They're decidedly humbugs. I'm disgusted with them. Mrs. Rawson read me an excellent article from Appleton's *Journal* on the 'Mismanagement of Doctors,' and that stated the case clearly and truthfully. I repeat, John, that I know nothing of art, and have no talent for composition. I wish now, more than ever, that I had, for it might prove useful. If the worse comes to the worse . . . Mrs. Rawson's cat is by no means a gifted animal, but, on the contrary, a very dull quadruped.

"When you wrote to me last you imagined yourself writing to your mother, for you applied the 'blarney' very thick. I see nothing heroic in submitting to what one is obliged to, when there is no other alternative. I believe that I am matter-of-fact, and that I look things straight in the face. For

that reason I am often called morbid, and it has been said that I look on the dark side always.

"On the other hand, I find myself far too hopeful, very foolishly so, as is so often proved to me. It is true that Aunt thought I could make a fortune with my voice, but something more than voice is necessary. . . . I didn't consider myself just ready to appear in opera. However, as I haven't even voice now, I may dispense with further thoughts upon that subject. It's well that you and I write. I'm afraid we'd get into terrific ructions if we talked.

"Well, I'll conclude, thanking you for your goodness to me, and with best wishes for yourself and relatives.

"Always your friend,

"C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, New York City.

"August 27, 1875.

"*Dear John*:—Time is running on again; 'a way Time's got.' Here we are nearly in September! We'll be old men and women presently. There cannot be more teachers in your city than here, so why should I not be able to do as well there as here? Though, to be sure, there is a vast difference between both cities, and people. . . . When I took French lessons (some years since, too) I had to pay \$60 per quarter. . . .

"I certainly consider myself a good singing teacher; superior to many voice-splitters who are now earning five dollars per hour, and think my services worth at least . . . If I go to your city it would be the first of October I think. . . . As to my health, John, I am of the opinion that if I could . . . The doctor on board ship told me that I ought to take a pint of strong beef tea every day at 11 A. M., live on rare roast beef, brandy, cod-liver oil, anything and everything nourishing, so that the disease would feed on these instead of the lungs; disease would be arrested and I should find myself much better and eventually well. . . . With lady pupils it would be all right, but what could I do with the he critters? . . . I am glad you do not consider my . . . but I hate to bore people. I would be quite independent if I could, but we can't be in

this world. . . . I am sure you are interested in my welfare. You have proved that to me.

"I went to a little German Swiss doctor who used to tend Aunt and grandma, and he says my lungs are not affected, that the other doctors make a mistake, that bronchial catarrh is my trouble. I am to take cod-liver oil and phosphate of lime, throw away other medicines which are useless and I shall be surprised at my improvement. I have taken his advice, and am going to give this a fair trial. . . .

"Always your friend,

"C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, New York City,

"August 30, 1875.

"*Dear John*:—It gratifies me to be useful. I detest superfluity. I may say, therefore, that if my letters . . . I am very glad. My life from earliest childhood has been anything but strewn with roses; there has been but little sunshine, and very much cloud, . . . except just before Aunt's death, and I was saying last evening to Mrs. Rawson that never before have I had so much trouble crowded into one short year. A friend who saw me for the first time since my return home says my illness has made me look older. Yes, I know I look older; I saw that at Cannes! but illness has not aged me; it is trouble, and anguish of heart. God alone knows what I have suffered. I feel as though I could not bear any more trials; at least for a time. I want to have time to recover a little from the shock of past cares. It is not my health, or my mind, but my *heart* which feels too sore at present to bear anything further.

"Life seems to me a sad thing. Ah, well! We've got to bear our burthens, and many of them are of our own making! I am not without some consolation, poor though it may be. I have at least learned some useful lessons. If I haven't, then I deserve to suffer more.

"John, how can I follow the ship doctor's directions? . . . Have I not told you. . . . Mrs. Rawson is very good to me. . . . Artists are usually as poor as church mice. They have a large amount one week, and then nothing again for

months. . . . I cannot drink malt liquors. They do not agree with me, and a doctor once told my sister that her constitution was very much like mine, and that neither of us should ever touch a drop of malt liquor. He had a wonderful gift for his profession. He prophesied that Aunt would die of pulmonary consumption, and that was years ago.

“I sometimes think that I have not pride enough in some cases. Yes, pride is a ‘curse.’ Underline it well, John!! . . . And I think it very natural pride that I should feel thus. . . . It is this sentiment which makes me shrink from. . . . I see that Rose d’Erina (the Rose of Erin) is asking that price. Have you ever heard her sing? There’s nothing like . . . in this world. . . . You see I am becoming very mercenary. As Aunt regulated my lessons and paid the bills, I had nothing to say in the matter. Consequently my ‘not earning the money’ to pay for my French lessons was not my fault at that time. I shall not . . . If, therefore, the *Ledger* shall be preferable to the *Press*, why the *Ledger* shall be the paper.

“Don’t imagine that if I go to Philadelphia I am going to pester your aunt in any way. I have no such intention, and especially now your cousin’s married. Mrs. Duffy’s cook book ‘may now rest in peace.’ I shall do very little visiting. It wearies me to talk much, and, as my health is so delicate, I must keep quiet. The least little thing and I get groaning and moaning like an old cow. This is a thing over which I have no control—this moaning. But one thing I would like, that is some of your mother’s home-made wine. I have so often thought of ‘Auntie’ Case’s wines. They are better than all the adulterated trash one could buy. . . . Falls on the ‘unlucky’ day, and I may as well begin. . . . Now you are insulted if I attempt to pay you. I hate paltry meanness, but there is so much of it in life. It has altered my nature. I delight in being very particular with such people. At the same time I would scorn to be like them. The last part of your letter made me laugh. Now, if the children and your mother go to such trouble. . . . Understand, I cannot accept favors unless those of very trifling nature. . . . I can but offer the thanks of

C. S. TAYLOR.

“P. S.—They pay taxes here every year.”

“ 34 BOND STREET, N. Y. City,

“ Sept. 6, 1875.

“ *Dear John* :—Your letter has just come to hand, and as I am about to start for the Post, I will answer now. If that . . . of which you write is to be the . . . why the . . . it must be—for you seem to have set your heart on it. As nothing better can be done, I must . . . and you know to . . . is exceedingly unpleasant to me. I have already said that . . . and this blessed (?) . . . Of course, all will depend upon the . . . and it will probably be with the . . . etc. I have received this morning a note from the Steamship Co., Liverpool, saying they know nothing of my . . . The query is, Where is it? It may be in the . . . and may reach me 'twixt this and the next five years. But what a goose I am to hope for it at all! . . . Will my room be heated by grate or stove?

“ Barili used to be very popular, but ‘Every dog has his day.’ The wine business is between your mother and myself; you have no word in this matter. The old lady ought to make a fortune out of such wines. The grocers profess to have the same, but it’s a very different article. One never can rely on the purity of anything bought in stores. On the impurity you can rely implicitly.

“ I heard Rose d’Erina in New Brunswick. I paid her a visit, and she sang a Spanish ballad and ‘With Verdure Clad’ from the ‘Creation.’ Singing in six or seven languages is no criterion of talent. Any one can do that, and understand only one. Many prima donnas sing who know little or nothing of Italian. I would like to see her entertainment, I hear it is egotistical and in bad taste, but I did not notice her being . . . She seemed a quiet, unostentatious body.

“ Yours,

C. TAYLOR.”

“ 34 BOND STREET, New York City,

“ Sept. 12, 1875.

“ *Dear John* :—Not being used to making out bills, I can’t get what I wish just at once. The bill I sent you Saturday will not do. . . . Don’t fear further charges. . . . Mrs. Rawson . . . In speaking of me I hope you say nothing of me

being Miss Keene's daughter, etc. I wish to be known simply as Miss Taylor, and don't wish 'aunt's' name, or anything about myself, mentioned. Were I about to appear in public, the matter would be different. There is a line of distinction, you know, between a singer and a plain (perhaps insignificant) teacher. I open the letter once more to say get . . . What do you think? What I have must be good, . . . you know that.

Yours pathetically, C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, N. Y. City,

"Sept. 13, 1875.

"*Dear John* :—I seem to have a very depressing influence on people. Once Mrs. Rawson informed me that my letters 'always gave her the blues.' I was intensely disgusted, and resolved thenceforth to trouble her very little with correspondence. Now, you 'can never read one of my letters without a melancholy sigh.' The query is, How am I to . . . if I produce this exhilarating influence over . . . ? The effect will be charming if I set them all yawning, or send all home in the 'dumps.' I'm neither attractive nor entertaining, I know. That's another part of my fate. My name, Clara Stella, signifies Bright Star. Could I have received one more ironic? Especially as I was called after a beautiful and accomplished cousin of my mother's, and Stella from the opera of 'Stella, the Enchantress.' So are darkies called 'Lily' and 'Rose,' the most awkward girls 'Grace,' etc.

"Well! well! it's all in a life! and so is the losing of one's voice when most needed. . . . I am indeed 'disgusted,' and the unjustness of Fate has cost me many a weary sigh and bitter tear. So many with less voice, perhaps less talent, and not . . . are earning thousands. . . . Ah, well! I cannot dwell on this, my position is too painful (and I shall be causing you a 'melancholy sigh' again). But don't ask me any more about this, John. I don't, . . . and I've worried myself sick over these reflections. I've had too much worry, and I only seek forgetfulness. I do so crave rest and quiet, which I trust I shall find in my . . . in Philadelphia. . . . My fate may pursue me there as everywhere; I can only wait and see. At present I need neither hope nor despair, . . . but what on

earth you want . . . I can't tell. . . . which is a 'played out' affair. We don't do things so here. . . . Will the girl light my fire? I had a surfeit of this on Fourteenth street, and did probably more swearing (?) than ever before. . . . Where is Race street? Beyond Market, is it not? I think of going on two weeks from to-day, 27th. The first, I had no idea you were . . . I know Girard street; but how, John, how is it for breath? . . . However, I'll wait till I hear from you again. . . . I'll take your advice, but I ought to be in the city, or where could a letter go? . . . One can be sure of nothing in this world. I'll await further particulars from you, as you may think as I do when you have read this letter.

"As to Fox's 'Humpty-Dumpty,' I thought it as lively as you did.

"Well, I think we're all a little silly and insane, don't you?

"Inquiringly yours,

"C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, New York,

"September 16, 1875.

"*Dear John* :—Your letter caused me a 'melancholy sigh.' Now, so what I wrote half in jest you took in sober earnest? I understood your letter perfectly. I knew you put no such construction upon your words—but I merely soliloquized. You may not think me depressing, but most people do. I remarked to Mrs. Rawson, only last evening, that whenever I talk to people they invariably begin to yawn. I do not think I am unjust to myself. Nature was not very kind to me from a worldly point of view, though it may be all for the best! Those who don't like me are not obliged to court my acquaintance. People usually like me—like me very much (or pretend to), and then tire of me, or find some one they like better. What a fate that is for any one with a heart.

"It would be far better to always be hated. Some people were born to suffer. I firmly believe that. There seems really to be an unchanging fate in it. I cannot look back on my life without thinking so. And then, too, how much some have to suffer, while others live in apparent ease, always beloved, always without a care! Last winter was the only time

in all my existence that I felt that there is nothing in the world worth living for. I understood the feelings of a . . . I could believe trouble could render one's mind frenzied and insane enough for anything. I never thought I should have such feelings, but then I never suffered quite so much! If I only felt sure of Heaven I think I could willingly 'turn up my toes to the roots of the daisies.' This life is such a sad thing!

"And so you expect . . . and receive 'nothing but' . . . You think me, then, always ungrateful? If so, it is you who do me an injustice. I have a very unhappy faculty of saying outrageous things, which I don't at all mean. I have repeatedly noticed it, and can't tell whether it is attributable to a want of thought or a poor phraseology. Both I think. If you blame me for wishing to be independent, your censure must continue; for it is not my nature to be otherwise, and . . . only strengthens the spirit. I cannot see what right I have to permit you to . . . to let you give me everything as you would. . . . Do you imagine I should not be quite as independent under any circumstances; I am very much pleased with . . . and the . . . does credit to your taste. I trust you will accept my thanks for your kindness, and what is more, believe that they are sincere. I hope the . . . Things get so creased from folding.

"With many thanks for your kindness, and regards to Mrs. Duffy and Mrs. Munce and all inquiring friends.

"Always your friend,

"C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, New York City,

"September 18, 1875.

"*My Dear John* :—There is every probability now that I shall not go on to Philadelphia. . . . I may be obliged to 'daddle' on here, doing nothing all winter. . . . I can get no news of the . . . or there is swindling somewhere. You see everything I undertake falls through; and everything goes wrong. Do you not think there is a curse on me? . . . But enough of that . . . of Cook's had not, . . . but you see what my fate is, and I think you will begin to believe there is such a thing as fate. You had better not. . . . You see my hands



EMMA TAYLOR.

are tied. I am quite helpless. You have said yourself that a man without . . . is but a miserable creature.

“Yours miserably,
“C. S. TAYLOR.”

“34 BOND STREET, New York City,
“September 22, 1875.

“*Dear John*:—As I write . . . has called. . . . It may be . . . the trustee. . . . Mrs. Rawson opposes my going to Philadelphia, and I may not be able to get off without an ‘awful rumpus.’ . . . I told her she was only content when I was beside her. . . . I being of age. . . . That last remark never originated in Mrs. R.’s brain, of that I’m sure. . . . Now, this sort of life does not suit me. Many a time I have felt that I would relinquish all claim to the . . . if I but could. Beside (just Heaven!), here I am and must be all my life. Why it’s like a bird in a cage! The thought would drive me wild if I dwelt upon it. . . . I went last evening to Dr. ———, who finds me looking very much better. (Of course, as I am taking his medicine.) He is sure I weigh more. I told him I felt just the same; which was the cause of my calling on him. When I saw him before he said I should regain my voice in three months. He says I have scarcely taken enough medicine yet. It acts slowly. He also says Denver (Colorado Springs) would be the place for me to live.

“I heard Julia Mathers in three operas. She got £40 (\$200, in London). I am more convinced than ever that to make money one must sing badly. I don’t blame Strakosch for not giving opera. What a horrible operation poor Clara Morris went through in Paris!

“Is the man who spoke of my . . . an actor who traveled with Aunt before she came here to die?

“Yours,
“C. S. TAYLOR.”

“34 BOND STREET, New York City,
“September 27, 1875.

“*Dear John*:—I did not say it (the story) contained errors. . . . Philadelphians are great . . . but not reasonably so.

How can I make up my mind what I am to do? I am not anxious to waste time—but I am obliged to. . . . I am quite ‘awake,’ my boy! Painfully so; for it is painful to see year after year slip by without any thing accomplished. Next Sunday will be my birthday. Why I’m ready to cry at the age I’m getting; nothing done. . . . It’s ruinous! when I ought to have by this time accumulated a fortune. It’s all very well for you to talk, John—but under present circumstances it’s impossible for me to act. Without a voice, what can I do? I am ‘awake,’ but that don’t mend matters. Why I get wild when I think that I shall be an old woman in a few years, and look around me. I believe Julia Mathers has a . . . face.

“Yes; Titiens has a nice voice. But she’s German, and I . . . Germans. She may be a pleasant woman. She looks jolly. No; I have not seen Sullivan. . . . What can . . . want with my address? . . . The MS. I sent to-day is to go to ‘Lippincott’s Magazine.’ . . .

“Gratefully yours,

“C. S. TAYLOR.”

“34 BOND STREET, New York City,

“September 29, 1875.

“*Dear John* :—I am obliged to you for the trouble you have taken with the MS. . . . I thank you for the *Herald*. Mrs. Rawson takes it every day. The American Bureau . . . for membership . . . ask impertinent questions, and I will have no nonsense of that kind . . . I tried to sing the other day and could not. These battles with the world may appear to you immensely advantageous, but I’ve had so much and so many that I’d like a change by way of variety. Too much money brings ruin to men, but I’m not a man . . . ‘of the filthy lucre,’ . . . I did not expect a birthday present from you. I thank you just the same, although I shall have to live many years before I am old. What are years? Like weeks ‘now-a-days.’ None of us are getting younger, and mine seems a wretched life. Every time I take a step forward, I seem to be pushed two steps backward. To say the very least, it is a little discouraging; and sometimes I think it too cruel.

"But 'there's a divinity that shapes our ends.' So what can I do in the matter? Mr. Couldock used to quote that—

'There is a divinity that shapes our ends rough, hew them as we will.'

"I am not likely to 'win the battle of life,' for I find myself less brave of heart than ever.

"Yours with broken spirits,

"C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, New York City,

"September 23, 1875.

"*Dear John*:—I have told you all . . . has said, whether it is 'surprising' . . . I could act for myself if I were not saddled with this . . . 'There's the rub,' . . . Mrs. R. thinks I've always had my own way too much. I've not . . . How do I know whether . . . takes an interest in me? I'm nothing to him. Why should he? If he dislikes me as much as I do him there's no 'love lost between us' . . . I would not injure my . . . peace of mind; will not unless I am forced beyond bounds, . . . nothing remained but to agree to . . . being trustee . . . as unfortunately we could not have too . . . It may prove very fortunate that you have met this man. But nothing can be said in a letter. Were I talking with you I could say more. . .

"Could I but get away from here I'd get well. How many times I've said to myself, 'O, for a little . . . and some of Dame Creahan's wine.' And you talk of me not drinking it. Distinctly understand, no one's to have a . . . 'it's all my own.' My throat is so parched sometimes, which Dr. . . . says is symptoms of bronchial catarrh. I often long for the . . . I hope I'll get to Phila.; but if I don't you can keep it in reserve to be sent to me when I am settled. (When will that be?)

"Yes, I saw at . . . I did cry when I read of Miss Morris' barbarous tortures. To think that next Monday I had hoped to be in Phila. . . . I passed Raymond in his carriage on Fifth avenue yesterday. Some years back he was glad of a situation in Aunt's theatre and live in a . . . house. Now he earns . . . a night . . .

In haste,

"C. S. TAYLOR."

“ 34 BOND STREET, New York City,

“ October 2, 1875.

“ *John*:—How can you be so unreasonable? I see you are like the rest of the world, not understanding a position fully. You find it very easy to advise and censure, which is always easy to do; but were you in my position you could not fail to act differently from myself, I think. You talk as if it were my fault that I’m not in Philadelphia, after all I’ve told you, too! If your enthusiasm is dampened I can’t help it. I’m the last person to wish to trifle in . . . but I cannot possibly foresee events and alter them, although I was born with a caul. Why vision does not extend so far, and if you expect this, you are a little unreasonable. I don’t like the tone of your letter at all.

“Do you think, too, that I wish to ‘sit still and cry over my fate?’ I expected fully to be in Philadelphia last Monday . . . altered that arrangement. It is no use reiterating, and going over my letters. If you have not understood them I cannot elucidate. If the Medici MS., Lippincott . . . but without any satisfactory excuse for Mrs. Rawson, I cannot go before. . . . Mr. R. went to Philadelphia to-day to draw the Centennial Buildings for Jenkins—Cook’s partner. As to . . . you’re right there. This world’s full of imbeciles. When I can—when Heaven permits it, I’ll stop worrying. But you must cease to expect impossibilities from

“ C. S. TAYLOR.”

“ . . . NORTH 18TH STREET, Philadelphia.

“ *Dear John*:—Let my . . . read as enclosed. The . . . who read the *Ledger* misconstrue “professional” for variety performer. I have just received a letter from Mrs. Rawson. I am . . . she will let me know when he arrives in New York. . . . They had a slight fall of snow two days ago. . . . I bought a filter. . . . I do not expect to have anything more to buy. To-night is the second anniversary of Aunt’s death. I told my cousin that she would have blessed you could she have foreseen how good a friend you would be to me.

“My Aunt Hannah is very ill. Still ill to-day; never a well day. Stomach upset all the time. They don’t cook well here,

and it's so easily upset. Cauliflower not done; meat overdone . . . not enough cooked, etc.

"C. T."

". . . NORTH 18TH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

"I received a letter from Mrs. Rawson to-day. Talk of a return to health! I felt deathly sick this morning, and said to the servant, 'If a person has to be sick and suffering all the time, such a one is better out of the world.' She laughed, and replied, 'Oh, well, we must wait.' So we must! We must grin and bear it; but I declare I lose patience at times. If things continue I shall really, without affectation, wish to shuffle off my mortal coil. I may have a livelier time in the next world. It's rather hard on us if we have to suffer in the 'next' world; but I suppose we'll get our deserts.

"Did you tell my sister I weigh 300? I was weighed before leaving New York, and weighed 118 lbs., and Mrs. R. 124. Mrs. R. said she thought the scales incorrect, as she had weighed 135 lbs. shortly before. I believe I weighed but 21 lbs. when 9 or 10 years old—I don't recollect the exact age—but when I was quite young. Can you send me . . . ?

"CLARA TAYLOR."

". . . NORTH 18TH ST., PHILA.

"*Dear John*:—I'll have to . . . but I sometimes even doubt getting well again. What weather we are having! Miss Booth says Fechter cannot live, but I shall wait to hear something further before believing. If he dies, that stage carpenter will deserve punishment. How many times poor Aunt has sustained an injury through the carelessness of stage carpenters! One's life is in jeopardy with them. . . . it would puzzle a fairy to know. . . . If it isn't enough to 'make a man get up and sit down again' . . .

"CLARA TAYLOR."

"*Dear John*:—I find I did make a mistake in the . . . Since you would set no . . . on them. Received letter from Mrs. Rawson, in which she says the weather has not been bad. Now, please imagine my disgust when I hear that; I coming here for better weather. What I dread in New York is the

. . . For many reasons I would rather remain here. . . . is absurd. So is remaining here if the weather in N. Y. is better.

“CLARA TAYLOR.

“. . . N. 18TH ST., PHILA.”

“Nov. 29, 1875.

“*Dear John* :—I sent a paper to you which contains notice of Fox and Belmare. I’ve written to my sister that I have to . . . and that my . . . It’s ‘heads or tails’ to me now, whether I go or remain; I am so weak and disgusted. I shall also see . . . and Miss Carroll.

“Yours acridly, CLARA TAYLOR.

“. . . N. 18TH ST., PHILA.”

“34 BOND ST., N. Y.,

“Dec. 9, 1875.

“*Dear John* :—When I said ‘good-bye’ it occurred to me that I might have thanked you for all your kindness. The weather here since I arrived has been cloudy, rainy, and light fall of snow. I find . . . just the same. . . . She is so fond of him; he knows it and works on her feelings. . . most irritating, and will . . . her. She says she’s worried about . . . health, and . . . plays on her feelings thus. I can ‘see through . . . got chill; teeth rattled as if with ague, until drank hot . . . ‘Big morning glory,’ . . . which ought to roast us, . . . Have to wear woolen jacket and shawl all the time . . . smell paint and gas . . . all wretched as usual . . . in all day. I saw your note to Mrs. R. Doors and windows are open all the time, and if you think I ought to . . . Permit me to say, you please . . . immensely by such a suggestion.

CLARA TAYLOR.”

“34 BOND STREET, New York.

“*Dear John* :—This ink is . . . which accounts for its appearance.

“Since my illness I have had swollen tonsils so I have been scarcely able to swallow. I am very weak on my legs. Heaven only knows when I shall be better. Throat is better, thanks to my doctor, but still sore. Kind remembrance to all.

“CLARA TAYLOR.

“I thank you for your interest in me. The terrible nervousness is over.”

“34 BOND STREET.

“*Dear John* :—I have left your letter unanswered, but really I don’t feel as if I could write. My hand is so unsteady—it will be on the Forney style. I have had chills lately. Congestive the doctor says. I shall be glad to see you when you come on. Regards to all. Pardon brevity. I can’t write.

“CLARA TAYLOR.”

“*Dear John* :—Many thanks for wine. I am taking it. That house ran me down. Medicine doctor gave me was too strong. Have electric shocks, and fainted yesterday.

“Cannot write.

“CLARA TAYLOR.”

Miss Taylor took up her residence in Philadelphia early in the fall of 1875, with the hope that the change would be beneficial to her health, just as if the climate of New York was not practically the same as that of Philadelphia. Indeed, she was not, as may be seen from her letters, satisfied in any place. This poor girl recalls the hour of Desdemona before the Moor puts her to death—

“The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow ;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow ;
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur’d her moans ;
Sing willow, willow, willow ;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften’d the stones ;
Sing willow, willow, willow.”

In London, where she had made up her mind to make her debut in grand opera, the fogs were fatal to the use of her voice on the lyric stage. I met her in New York immediately after her return home, and to me she seemed the picture of physical health. I assured her of this fact, and suggested that she should apply to Augustin Daly or some first-class theatrical manager in New York to become a member of a metropolitan company, knowing, as I did, that by so doing her wonderful voice would soon place her in the front rank of

the singers of the world. Just why she did not put me to death there and then, for even making such a suggestion, I have always marveled at, so great was her indignation. Unfortunately I was younger then than I am now; or her fate might have been different. To me it always seemed that Miss Taylor's heart was gradually breaking ever since the death of her mother. She seemed to have made up her mind to die; as there was nothing in life worth living for now that she had lost her mother.

While in Philadelphia, where she had many very warm and devoted personal friends, who were untiring in their devotion to her every wish—she was no more happy. On one occasion during 1875, when the Centennial Buildings were being erected in Fairmount Park, I took her there. She was charmed with the outlook and said: "How I should like to sing there next year!" That wish or hope was never realized. Early in the following December, at the request of her sister, she returned to her home in New York, like Schubert's wanderer—

"Whose life's young blood is growing cold."

Miss Taylor never married. On January 7, 1876, in the twenty-seventh year of her age, Clara Stella Taylor, whose professional name was Mlle. Stella, ceased to weep, as she was at rest with her beloved mother.

"Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves."

"PHILADELPHIA, January 9, 1876.

"*My Dear Friend John* :—How grieved and how shocked I was to learn the sad intelligence of Miss Taylor's death. 'Like an untimely frost death rests upon her,' but may her crown be more resplendent in its lustre than any earthly one we could bestow. She was the soul of honor and the embodiment of all that was noble; and my sincere prayer is for her eternal rest.

"I called on you twice to see how she was, but learned you were away. I did not like to crush your hopes as to her recovery, but I feared she was doomed. That insidious

disease had fastened its venomous fangs upon her fair young body, and it never gives up a victim.

"Poor, dear girl, how sad that the earth should so early be the possessor of so much talent and many accomplishments! But thus it is, another proof that there is naught certain but death. I sympathize with you, for I know you were her best friend, and knew it from herself.

"If I am in town to-morrow I will stop and see you. Kindest regards to all, from

"THERESA CARROLL."

CHAPTER XVII.

EMMA TAYLOR.

"There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all."—*Hamlet*.

EMMA TAYLOR, the oldest daughter of Laura Keene, was born in London, England, in 1846, and was three years older than her sister. Both children were practically educated alike, in the convent, when not by a governess at their home. Their talents, however, ran in a different channel. Like her sister, Emma was a musician, but less accomplished in this respect. Her tastes, desires and inclinations were for painting, literature and business. A strange combination, certainly, for a young woman who had been reared in the school of her luxurious home. In this respect, at least, she closely resembled her mother; although the resemblance must close there, unless, perhaps, that she was more inclined to be prudent in business matters than her mother. This may have been owing to the fact that Emma Taylor was financially more far-sighted than her mother. At the time of which I write Miss Keene had lost her husband and business-manager, John Lutz. Miss Keene, however, was not a woman to realize that at forty she was less potent as an attraction than she had been at thirty. To such a woman as she, whose resources were so great, this was probably pardonable, although it may have been indiscreet, and entail great financial losses.

Emma Taylor, when not in the convent, spent much of her time in her mother's theatres, and found herself on the stage as a performer when but a mere child ; where she continued off and on while her mother was identified with the business. One of the fondest hopes of Miss Keene's life was to make a great actress of her older daughter, and later on a great vocalist of the younger. In many respects nature was responsible for this hope. Had Miss Keene but lived five or ten years longer, the latter wish, desire or hope might have been realized ; but she lived long enough to be bitterly disappointed in the former ; for, while Emma Taylor was probably one of the handsomest women seen on the stage of her day, she evinced but very little talent for acting. She could work in the theatre with heart and soul, translate plays, and even write them, but she could not act.

I do not wish to infer that she was not up to the average stock actress in certain roles. Indeed, in some characters, notably where pathos and religious fervor were essential, she was delightful. This, however, did not satisfy her mother, who had taken the time and trouble to prepare her for a star actress ; and on one occasion she made her appearance as such, at Buffalo, N. Y., if I am not mistaken, but the result was such a disappointment to the mother that she abandoned all future hope of her daughter ever being an actress. Mary Wells was present on that occasion, to whom I am indebted for this information.

If Emma Taylor was not a great actress, however, she was a most fond, affectionate, devoted, loyal and loving daughter. These two women—mother and daughter—were practically inseparable.

“ And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.”

I can well recall the time when the mother in her youthful loveliness looked practically as young as the daughter ; for Emma Taylor developed into the full-blown beauty of womanhood at a very early period of her life. It has always seemed to me, however, that Emma Taylor was more intended for the cloister than the stage. She was nominally an actress, and had always been identified with theatrical life ; but no sister

of charity ever entered the cloister whose life was purer or more noble than this daughter of the stage.

At the death of Miss Keene, whose property was equally divided between her two daughters—although Emma was then married—the latter practically became a mother to her sister, and continued as such to the last. There was no conflict of authority. The wish of the one was the desire of the other. At the death of Clara Taylor her interest in her mother's estate reverted to her sister; just as it would have done in the interest of Clara had Emma died first without issue. Had Clara Taylor married, her interest in the estate would of course go to her children if she had any.

At the death of Emma Taylor, which I have referred to elsewhere, Miss Keene's property, which was now, in fact, that of Emma Taylor, was left to her three children; a daughter, Clara, the oldest, and two boys who were twins. Clara Rawson, the daughter of Emma Taylor Rawson, received half of her mother's estate, the other half being left to the boys. "I make this distinction," said Emma Taylor Rawson to the writer, "as it is more difficult for girls to live and earn a living than it is for boys. My sons will be able to look out for themselves, but I am not so confident about Clara."

Clara Rawson, at a very early period of her life, was married; and happily. I refer to this fact here, knowing as I do how great the sense of relief will be to Emma Taylor's friends who are still living, to learn that her daughter is the wife of an honest man.

The life of Emma Taylor since the death of her sister shall be related in her own letters; together with some others which may be of interest.

"34 BOND STREET, New York, '76.

"*My Dear John*:—Many thanks for your kindness in telegraphing, and, indeed, for many other kindnesses. Clara is very weak. While talking to me last Sunday she fell forward on her face. She has spasmodic motions of the hands, as if she were taking electric shocks, and is scarcely able to walk. To-day she is in bed. Clara attributes her weakness to her . . .

in Philadelphia. I do not think that has anything to do with it. It is the progress of the disease.

“Miss Keene wilted suddenly, so did our grandfather and Miss Keene’s eldest brother. Clara ran about in the rain the day before she started for your city, and, I fear, got her death-blow then. I doubt her living until the spring. Indeed, I have never looked forward to her living any length of time since Miss Keene’s death.

“When you write do not intimate anything I have said; she is so nervous, and I always show your letters.

“I must apologize for not writing before; but at times I am nearly crazy with worry. Mr. Rawson is very ill; fainted away the other morning on getting up. As I am nervous when he goes out in the street, there are so many things constantly calling for attention about the house, and any amount of business connected with Miss Keene’s affairs and our home business. So you see I am not intentionally rude. I did not answer by telegraph because I could not say all this by wire.

“Pray remember me to your mother and all friends, and believe me,

“Very sincerely yours,

“EMMA RAWSON.

“Saturday.”

“ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, Philadelphia, 1870.

“*Dear John* :—I am sorry to say that I shall be unable to go with you this evening to Mrs. Drew’s. I could not let you know sooner, because I did not know myself. An accident has occurred with the MS. of ‘*Toinette*,’ and I am obliged to translate in order to remedy the evil. As the piece is to be played on Monday, I have not a second to spare.

“Yours in haste,

“E. TAYLOR.”

“34 BOND STREET, New York,

“Dec., 1875.

“*My Dear John* :—Will you see that my sister gets this letter at once, and will you use your influence to urge her to return home? From her letters, I imagine her health is no

better; and for many reasons it is best for her here. It is very difficult to keep the fast element out of Bond street in its present state of transition, and we have had a difficulty of that kind. . . . I am afraid Clara's chances of getting . . . are not good.

"With many thanks for all your kindness, and kind regards from Mr. Rawson,

"I am, very sincerely yours,

"E. RAWSON."

"*My Dear John* :—I send a few books and pictures that belonged to my sister for yourself and relations who were so kind to her. I had a very beautiful letter from Miss Carroll yesterday. I will answer it when I feel more settled. It seems ten thousand years since Clara left us, yet I would not have her back to so much pain and suffering.

"I hope you took no cold at the cemetery; my cousin has been very ill ever since.

"Yours,

"E. RAWSON,

"34 BOND STREET, New York, 1876."

"34 BOND STREET, New York City,

"Dec. 8, 1874.

"*My Dear Friend* :—Pray don't start at this paper. My stationery has given out, and this lively stuff my worser half got in the Holy Land or some other land. I was very glad to hear from you, and hope to hear the continuation of the criticism.

"My last letter from my sister was brief. It was only an acknowledgment of the receipt of that necessary evil, which is a nuisance when you have got it, and a nuisance when you have not—money. Clara did not speak of her health, but she has been improving, and in that lovely climate ought to continue doing so.

"My husband returned a week sooner than expected. I was just starting to inquire about the vessel, when in my lord walked. He looks very well, and has made discoveries of

inscriptions while wandering with the Arabs in the desert; and now we are run down with old antiquarians and parsons coming to see the sketches and inscriptions. I, too, have made a discovery; it is this: One good old parson can out-talk any two women. I always knew they were very sound on the provender question, but now I can see how well they can use their mouths in another direction.

"My spouse is to give two lectures in . . . in your little town this month.

"As the holidays are approaching I may as well make my compliments of the season. So, with kind regards to your family, and wishing you all a merry Christmas and happy New Year,

I am, very sincerely yours,

"EMMA RAWSON."

"34 BOND STREET,

"AUG. 21, 1877.

"*My Dear John*:—I was very glad to hear from you, as I feared you had been ill, or that the strike had affected your family, since they are in the midst of the 'striking' region.

"I hope you will not think me very ungrateful if I say that, although I shall be very glad to see you on Sunday, I cannot go to Philadelphia now. I have succeeded in getting Mr. Wallack sufficiently interested in a play to say he will read it himself when he returns to the city. I am, therefore, anxious to have the manuscript ready. I also want to finish two plots for two lady stars, and they ought to be done now. Business before pleasure, you know.

"Don't ask me to come to Philadelphia again; I don't deserve it. Some day I will surprise you by running on by myself. Miss Rawson is well and fat. I attribute her getting so nicely through the summer to the fact of not weaning her. I took her to Coney Island the week before last, to spend a couple of days with Will and his wife: they were having their vacation there. I spent the immense sum of ten cents for a wooden spade, and Miss Clara was the happiest little mortal you ever saw, when she had that wonderful shovel in her hand and was paddling in the sand. I could not get her into the water though, she was so afraid of people in their

bathing dresses. I didn't wonder. It is astonishing to see how a bathing dress will change a handsome woman into a regular guy.

"I am glad to hear you are doing well ; no one deserves it more than you.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to express my regret at hearing of your sister's death. You know that both yourself and mother have my greatest sympathy. Dear ! dear ! it seems but the other day that Julia was a little slip of a girl, and now she has gone to rest while we are left to go toiling on ; and yet, a few days and we, too, shall be gone. This life's a mere dream to us.

Yours,

"E. RAWSON."

" 34 BOND STREET,

" June 14, 1878.

"*My Dear John* :—Many thanks for your kindness in attending to the *Times* for me. Having troubled you once in the matter, I want to do so still more. I want about ten copies of the paper. I cannot get a fifty . . . anywhere, even at the bank, so I have to send you . . . instead of the money to pay for the newspapers. I want to send a copy to Mrs. Briggs herself. I was asking Mr. . . . , a gentleman who has visited Mrs. Briggs, about her, and his description does not agree at all with that of the lady I spoke about. So I was wrong. It only shows how careful one ought to be in judging any one. I should have done, in fact have done, the lady I spoke of a great injustice.

"Clara has been ill, caught chicken-pox from the little ones ; . . . but is getting over it nicely.

"With kind regards to all your family from all mine, Friday included, I am

Very sincerely yours,

"EMMA RAWSON."

" 34 BOND STREET,

" June 18, 1877.

"*My Dear John* :—The box was only delivered yesterday. Many thanks for the duck eggs, but it was too bad to rob your cousin. The box was delayed through the stupidity of the express man and the dignity of the lady who rules in my

kitchen. The man asked for Randon, and she did not exert herself to go down and see about it, because I was out on Saturday. Besides the eggs there was a . . . I discovered you had sent the box just as it came from Tobyhanna . . . from . . . I thought I had better copy the message, as it would be better than sending the . . . I also send you by the same mail as this letter the . . .

"I am in luck to-day. Polly's father sent me down some lovely roses this morning. So you can imagine me running from the poetical to the practical; inhaling roses one hour and eating duck eggs the next.

"Don't you find Philadelphia pretty warm this weather? You don't have our nice sea breeze in that old Quaker City of yours. If our city fathers were not such a grasping, swindling set, and would only keep our streets clean, there would not be a healthier city in the world.

"Your god-daughter is thriving, walks everywhere now, and climbs too sometimes, to the infinite delight of her fond father; but to the great trouble of Polly and myself who are forever running after her. She has a mania for the hall, and those long steps would make such fine neck-breakers.

"How are all of your family? Do the little Miss Munces stand the warm weather well? Please remember me kindly to your aunt and cousin. With kind regards from my worser half and many thanks for all your kindness, I am

"Very truly yours,

"E. RAWSON."

"34 BOND STREET,

"October 18, 1878.

"*My Dear John*.:—To-day is lovely. All my youngers are out in the sunshine and I am at liberty to do what I ought to have done before—write you a few lines. You ask about the boys' names. The eldest (one hour and a half before his brother) is called Alpheus Edward, named first for Mr. Rawson's father, and secondly for my uncle. The younger one is called Albert William, after Mr. Rawson's grandfather. The little ones are all well, but they are a great care. I do not get time to live. I rush along.

"I cannot understand . . . The babies happened to be cross and I was worried and did not see the man . . . I hope your family are all well. This weather is so fine one can hardly give way to sickness. I should like to live where they had these glorious sunny-dreamy days the year round.

"Yours,

"E. RAWSON."

". . . LAFAYETTE PLACE,

"June 1, 1880.

"*My Dear John*.:—You are very kind to think of us and plan for us, and your description of your friend's place* is tempting, but we are not in a position to buy it, and I am afraid we are like the old woman Dr. Bellows rescued from dreadful poverty and sent to the country. Believing her to be safe and comfortable in rural parts he was astonished to meet her again, and when he questioned her why she had returned, received for a reply—'Ah, your reverence, human creatures is more sociabler than trees and rocks, and I couldn't stand it.'

"I should have answered sooner, but, as usual, I have an excuse. We could not get all our rooms when we moved, and were dumped down in a heap right in the midst of paint and kalsomine. My girl got discouraged, seeing the things piled to the ceiling, and left me, so I had quite a time getting straight, for children are a great drawback to getting ahead with work, and, of course, they had to take this time to cut a tooth or two.

"But we are nearly to rights now and have a very comfortable place, nice and open at the back overlooking gardens and lovely sunset views. But I must cease. I am very tired. Please remember me to friends, and believe me

"Very sincerely yours,

"E. TAYLOR RAWSON.

"I went with uncle to Greenwood two weeks ago. It looked beautiful. It was all white with dogwood blossoms, and

*A property at Mount Holly, N. J., which Mrs. Rawson talked of buying, with a view of going there to live.

purple with lilacs; while the ground was thick with violets. It is the loveliest time in all the year to go there."

" . . . LAFAYETTE PLACE,

"August 5, 1880.

"*My Dear John*:—I have deposited in the East River Bank. . . . If I am mistaken, please set me right. Mr. Rawson sailed for Brussels yesterday. I have been very sick. I had a bad hemorrhage the other day which frightened my friends; but I am better now.

"With kind regards to your mother, cousin and aunt,

"I am, yours in haste,

"E. RAWSON."

" . . . LAFAYETTE PLACE,

"August 9, 1880.

"*My Dear John*:—Your letter and . . . received. I am very sorry you will not take the. . . . It makes me feel badly, because if I had not been . . . I am sorry we did not see you when you were in the city, but business and children are tyrants that surpass all others. I know that people live for years with weak lungs, but I cannot recall one of my family that has lived more than a year after the first hemorrhage. I hope, however, I am going to prove the exception to the rule, as I should like to live until the little ones are old enough to take care of themselves. If I do not, the same Providence that cares for the sparrow will care for them.

"I am very much better, though, and I do try to fight off sickness. I think ill health is partly caused by imagination. I think sea voyage bad for the lungs. I have always said that if Clara had gone to Colorado she would have lived longer, for she was never well at seaside places, even when a little girl.

"Mr. Rawson will be gone two or three months. The babies are well and fat as ever. I have not been to the theatre for a young century. I think there are a great many sticks starring about now. Have you seen Mary Anderson?

They say she is very clever, and if she is like her pictures, she is certainly beautiful.

“With kind regards to all your family,

“I am, yours in haste,

“E. RAWSON.”

“... LAFAYETTE PLACE,

“August 23, 1880.

“*My Dear John*:—The . . . received. Many thanks. I expect to go away about Wednesday. I do not know exactly where; but at Cairo in the Catskills, somewhere.

“In haste,

“E. RAWSON.”

“October 4, 1879.

“*My Dear John*:—I don't know what you must think of my apparent negligence, but Bertie has been very ill for some weeks. I feared we should lose him. Every minute I could get was spent in taking him about to get all the fresh air possible. He is now better, but still far from well.

“I enclose a . . . with this, with kind regards to all.

“Yours in haste,

“E. RAWSON.”

“July 11, 1881.

“*My Dear John*:—Many thanks for the flowers. I should have written before, but as usual have an excuse. I have rented my rooms in New York, except the back one, which Mr. Rawson retains for an office, and moved down here hoping to get better; for I am always running down in warm weather. The place appears to be healthy, and I hope to improve.

“I find the children are not anything like the care they were in the city. I have also received three papers from you, one with an account of Lincoln's death. Many thanks for all three. I must get this off in time for the mail, so will conclude by sending love to your family. My address is Pascack, Bergen County, New Jersey.

“E. RAWSON.”

“PASCACK, Bergen Co., New Jersey,
“September 18, 1881.

“*My Dear John* :—Don’t think the world is really coming to an end because I am answering your letter two days after receiving it ; I own it is an unusual proceeding on my part ; but, nevertheless, the world is safe. By the way, your letter went to Passaic, a thing that often happens, Pascack and Passaic being somewhat alike. I have been out of health all the summer. I never felt more discouraged than about four weeks ago, but I went to Cairo again, and picked up just as I did last year. My cousin, Will, is not well ; he has been having pieces taken from his palate and tonsils, and the doctor told him to spend his vacation at the Catskills. So when he went I accompanied him. We were only there a week and did not have very pleasant weather, yet Will gained five pounds. The week before I went there, the mere effort of going up stairs would bring on a bad fit of coughing, and make me, without having any nausea, throw up whatever I had been eating. The third day I was at Cairo I walked five miles in the middle of the day without feeling tired, and the fourth, climbed an exceeding steep mountain a mile and a half high, rode twenty miles with my cousin, and yet did not feel stiff or weary in the evening. I never knew such a climate, and the good effect lasts, for I feel quite bright now. My lung troubles, and I feel the congestion ; but I have had no hemorrhages, and feel encouraged about getting well. It was a pity we could not have stayed longer, but Will’s vacation came to a period ; so we have cause to rejoice over our week at Catskill.

“About our future movements we are rather in the dark. Our present landlady wants to serve us a mean trick. We took the parlor floor when we moved into Lafayette Place. Last May, rather than venture to move, Mrs. . . . bought the house. We also hated to move, and remained at a higher rent. . . . Mrs. . . . made no objection. Now the summer is over she does, but when Mr. Rawson pinned her down to facts she admitted she wanted to get the floor because she can make twice the money by letting furnished rooms. In fact, she has



MRS. JANE KEENE.
LAURA KEENE'S MOTHER.

been making use of us during the dull season. We have right on our side, and I can remain till May if we wish; but I fear she would make it very unpleasant for us, and so we are in *statu quo*. The children and myself may remain here for the winter, and Mr. R. just take a studio, or we may go to the city.

"Mr. Rawson has been in the city all the week, but so ill he could not attend to business. I am going to run up to-morrow, I feel so anxious about him. He gets such faint spells and terrible congestive chills. He has never recovered from the gastric trouble he had just before we left Bond street.

"Well, this is anything but a cheerful letter, and as usual, a great deal of ego in it. I am glad to hear . . . is married again, and hope she will be happy. Your mother and father will be both proud and happy when they move to the home* you have built for them. Where is it to be? Near the old home? Please remember me to all the Naglesville friends, also to your aunt and cousin, and believe me,

"Very truly yours,

"E. RAWSON."

"*My Dear John*:—I have been trying so hard to answer your letter, but I am feeling so miserably under the weather, that my brain as well as my body is affected, and I cannot think. I really have not energy enough to want to live, and if I could take Clara with me would be willing to go any time.

"Well, all this is not very cheerful. As regards the book—I have not yet read the article. It came the day Prof. came from the city to Pascack to help pack my books; he arrived at two, and had to hurry back by the 4 o'clock train. His daughter Lizzie had nearly been killed the night before by an escape of gas in her bedroom, through the key's being loose and slipping back after she turned it off. As it was her first visit to her father and New York, and her grandfather with whom she lives never lets her out of sight, you can imagine the state Mr. Rawson was in. In fact, we were all so excited over the affair that we hardly knew what we were doing, and in the confusion your book was packed, and only came to

* Both died before this home was built.

light last week. My intention was to read it the night I received it, and return it to you before I left Pascack.

"I read the article on Caroline Richings in *Progress*. There is a great deal of talk about actors not saving, but few understand how heavily they are taxed, more particularly the stars. Fees, fees, fees. Every carpenter, property-man, dresser, scrubwoman, excepts a parting gift, and many of the attaches, such as carpenters, think nothing of a five dollar note, and a scrubwoman don't think much of a dollar. There is the same thing to meet in hotels, for there you find chambermaids and waiters and stewards; and you know things are not done for you if you neglect these gifts as they are if you do not. Then you must spend money on stage dresses—and spend to a large amount, for it is business. Then, too, when you do lose in the theatrical business, the losses are so heavy. You can imagine how money would go like water if the patronage of the Continental were to fall off.

"Poor Caroline Richings! her troubles began when her father died, just as my mother's did when Mr. Lutz went. No one can be in front of the theatre and playing at the back, too, and the consequence is, if they have no relative in the box-office, they are both mismanaged and robbed.

"You ask me about the house in Bond St. We have had no answer yet from . . . because he has been so ill for weeks that Mr. . . . has not been able to talk business at all with him. Mr. H. is very anxious . . . should buy the house for him, because he has spent two or three thousand dollars on the place already, and has only another year's lease.

"There is no doubt property will go up with a rush when the tunnel under the river is finished next year, for the entrance for vehicles will come out in Bleecker St., only a block or two away.

"We ask . . . for the house. I send you a little diagram. You will see by it that our lot is extra wide, and the house itself is so well built that the foundation and walks could be used in making a change of building. Our neighbor at the back wishes to sell. His lot is ten feet short, because we have it. He asks . . . but will, if we can sell the whole thing to

one purchaser, take . . . This puts the whole lot, from Bond to Great Jones St. at . . . and I expect, in two or three years, the whole thing will be worth from sixty to seventy-five thousand dollars.

"I do not think I need say anything about the house, for Mr. . . . can look for himself, and would probably tear down all but the walls if he bought.

"If you have no objection I will keep your *Review* a little longer, and if my brain ever grows a little less muddy I will read it and return it to you.

"My children, who were so ill at No. 12 they could not eat, are now getting fat and strong; I cannot cut bread and butter fast enough.

"Mr. Rawson's appointment is still in *statu quo*. . . the present Consul wishes to remain until he gets a higher place. So a lot of Senators are working for him, and Sunset Cox has just had an extra \$500 added to the Jerusalem's Consul's salary. Senator Hawley, who is a cousin of the Beecher's, is working for Merrill, a young minister, and is, of course, backed up by all the dominies. Prof. comes in third (and I hope, but don't expect, a winner) in this triangular duel. I can't see, so will conclude, and get this off to-night.

"Yours,

". . . AVENUE, March 13, 1881."

"E. RAWSON.

"PASCACK, N. J., October 21, 1881.

"*My Dear John* :—Many thanks for the flowers. I have some of the buds still, and think they will open out. I have also to thank you for a number of papers. It is very cold down here; a heavy frost last night; everything looks white this morning. Mr. Rawson's sister has been paying us a visit. I went with her Monday to see 'Patience,' and enjoyed the performance very much.

"Mr. Rawson has been very ill for about a month; the same gastric trouble which so nearly killed him before we moved from Bond street. I hoped the trip to Chicago would do him good, but was sorry to find it had not done so. It is near mail time, so I must conclude. With kind regards to all your family, I am,

Very truly yours,

"E. RAWSON."

“ . . . LAFAYETTE PLACE, New York City,
“ November 15, 1881.

“ *My Dear John* :—Your letter is just received. I need not tell you how much I was shocked to hear of your great loss.* Words are so weak at such a time to express sympathy felt; and you know that outside of your own family there is not one of your friends that feels more for you in this time of sorrow than I do.

Yours,

“ EMMA RAWSON.”

“ *My Dear John* :—Enclosed find. . . . I am very much obliged, and mean the words in their literal and fullest extent. We were all getting ill from sewer gas at No. 12, so have moved to . . . Avenue, third flat, corner Sixth street.

“ I suppose you saw an account of Mr. Waller’s death in the papers. He was such a gentleman, and such a good man. He and his wife were devoted to each other. They were among the very few who proved kind and faithful to my mother when misfortune came.

“ I received *Times*. I do not like the flippant ‘ I know more than any one else style’ of Howard. Bijou Heron is not twenty-five. I don’t think she will be twenty until 1884. She was a little girl, like my Clara, when ‘ Champagne’ was brought out at the Chestnut.

“ Prof. is waiting to mail this, so will conclude.

“ Yours,

“ E. RAWSON.”

“ . . . LAFAYETTE PLACE, New York City,
“ December 8, 1881.

“ *My Dear John* :—You have so often told me if I found myself bothered to call on you, . . . so I am going to. . . . I expect to have . . . all my affairs soon.

“ I suppose that is a story you have heard often in other transactions.

Yours, in haste,

“ E. RAWSON.”

* The death of my father and mother.

"*My Dear John* :—Many thanks for the . . . which reached me Saturday evening. How did you manage to get it here so quickly? I only wrote on Friday. I hope when you got my letter you didn't say to yourself—'Confound that woman; I wish she was in Heaven or some other comfortable place.'

"Yours, in haste,

"E. RAWSON.

"Dec. 12, 1881."

"*My Dear John* :—Many thanks for the bracelets you sent Clara. She is very proud of all her finery, and she has been very lucky this Christmas. As regards my going to Philadelphia, or 'going to thunder'—if you will give me a preference in the matter, I decidedly should prefer 'going to thunder.' I am sorry to say I am silly enough to be superstitious about your city, and cannot rid myself of the idea that my going there will be followed by some calamity; so please do not urge me to go any more. I really should like to see your aunt and cousin, but I would not go to Philadelphia willingly, even if I knew a large fortune would follow my doing so.

"Wishing you all a happy New Year,

"I am, very sincerely, yours,

"E. RAWSON."

"*My Dear John* :—Many thanks for information concerning 'American Cousin,' but I have no right to it. Miss Keene sold the piece to Sothern, reserving only a right to play it herself while she lived. I presume Geo. Holland has bought a copy from some of Sothern's family.

"I should have written before, but the . . . on the Bond street house expired to-day . . . we are over the bother . . . for lawyers are so tiresome, and worry you with trifles so as to increase their bills.

"Remember me to all friends.

Yours, in haste,

"EMMA RAWSON."

"*My Dear John* :—I am very much bothered just now. Can you . . . I feel . . . but I really need it.

"Yours,

"E. RAWSON.

"Feb. 16, 1882."

"*My Dear John* :—We were all getting ill from sewer gas at No. 12 that we had to move. So have taken flat at . . . avenue. I will answer your questions in a day or so regards book and house.

In haste,

" E. RAWSON.

" March 2, 1882."

" March 17, 1882.

"*My Dear John* :—Mr. . . . and Mr. . . . are coming to see me Sunday. Before I see them I should like to hear from you about Mr. . . . Will you telegraph me? If I get your answer Sunday morning it will do. Just a word or so to say whether you have heard anything.

Yours,

" E. RAWSON."

" . . . AVENUE, New York City,

" March 25, 1882.

"*My Dear John* :—Your letter received. Many thanks for taking so much trouble and wasting your valuable time. My reason for feeling more disposed to sell while I still hate to do so is, that my health is failing so. I feel that my only chance of living is to get to the Catskills. There is a house for sale next to the place I boarded at last summer. I could live there and have no bother of thinking what to get for the next meal, for Mrs. . . . would board the whole family for . . . about . . . per week, and give us such milk, fruit and vegetables as money cannot procure in the city.

"Formerly it was a day's journey up there; now the railroad is completed, and the depot at Cairo will be about opposite the house for sale, but on the other side of the creek. The railroad makes the journey shorter by a half day and increases the value of property. The old gentleman who owns it fell from an apple tree and so injured himself he cannot rise from his sofa, where he has to keep on his back, and will to the day of his death. The old lady, his wife, although brave and energetic, feels she cannot keep the place, so they want to sell. But I am taking up a great deal of time with this.

"It was very kind of you to think of . . . but let me give you a word of advice. *Never have a business transaction with a friend!* I have said this to myself all my life, and I have never departed from the rule without suffering badly. I

should not have . . . now I think, had I kept strictly to that rule.

"I hope you are not working yourself to death. It does not pay. I would give ten years of my life for the health I lost through the hard work and mental care our business entailed after Mr. Lutz's death. There is not a gift on this earth like a light heart and good health. I never envied any persons more than three ragged little nigs that went whistling through a street in Norfolk. Had I been a millionaire I would have given thousands for the power to whistle in that happy way. Not a care, not a thought of the morrow bothered their little cocoanuts of heads.

"Have you seen any of our friends lately? Mr. Dodge—the old gentleman—has written to the Secretary of State recommending Mr. Rawson for the Holy Land Consulship; and General Dodge, his son, with whom Mr. Rawson is on very friendly terms, has interested the Secretary's nephew in the case.

"Speaking of old friends made me think of the Hebards, and from them my thoughts went to Mr. Dodge. I think you told me Mr. Hebard was no longer a partner. How are the McLaughlins and Salter? It seems hundreds of years ago since we used to go to the mountains, and it is over six years since Clara left us. Does it seem possible?

"I am writing too long a letter. Please remember me to your aunt and cousin, and believe me

"Very sincerely yours,

"E. RAWSON."

" . . . AVENUE, New York City,

"April 26, 1882.

"*My Dear John* :—Many thanks for the . . . and flowers. I will send . . . for the . . . to-morrow; am writing this in bed.

Yours,

"E. RAWSON."

" . . . AVENUE,

"May 1, 1882.

"*My Dear John* :—I have been too much under the weather to write. I never had to give up so and stay in bed before.

This lassitude is horrible, and nothing I take rouses me. I would swallow aquafortis if it would only stimulate, but nothing does. I have to sit down three or four times while I am dressing myself. Every day at eleven I begin to freeze. I don't shake, but all my blood turns icy cold then. I get sick and have to lie down. The thoughts of eating make me sick. I have not been to the dinner table for over two weeks. I wish I could get away, but it all depends on the . . . business.

"I think we are going to have some nice weather now. The city looks queer to-day, and the draymen hold high carnival. Everybody and his uncle are on the move. Lots of women hurrying along with kerosene lamps in their hands; they don't trust the lamps to the tender mercies of the cart men. It makes you think of the ten virgins in the Bible; only these feminines are mostly too antiquated for virgins, and I am pretty sure the lamps are not trimmed.

"I laughed at your description of Emma Abbott. Traveling about must have spoiled her. I heard her over three years ago, and she was very nice; not great, but very engaging in her manners; acting well and singing with great dramatic fervor.

"Many thanks for your kind wishes that in sending flowers you could send health and vigor. I have to thank you so often for so many kind acts. Some day I hope I may be able to offer more than simple thanks.

"All here send kind regards.

"Yours at freezing point,

"E. RAWSON."

"May 15, 1882.

"*My Dear John* :—The letter and . . . reached me safely. I should have acknowledged them before, but I have been very ill this past week. If we could only see the sunshine once more; but this weather is so discouraging. Your letter was so lively I judged you had been deluding some poor man into not buying tables from the other fellows and had sold him a dozen of Collender's.

In haste,

"E. RAWSON."

*“My Dear John:—*When I left for the Catskills, Daisy had a severe cold in his eyes; the cold afterwards settled in his stomach, and when I returned I found he had a very bad . . . from that he has not recovered; he is well . . . a day or so, then he is troubled again. So I cannot make up my mind to leave him. Saturday he was quite bad again. I shall have to give up my visit.

“Hannah leaves me this week. Her being with me was only a temporary arrangement, made on account of my health. I could leave the house and children with her and feel comparatively safe; but I cannot . . . I do not like to keep her another month, just because I cannot . . . and it would be unfair to her. Secondly, it would be unfair to her later in the season; she is not likely to get such a good place. I am sorry not to go to Philadelphia, after your setting the day; but everything seems to work against my doing so just now.

“With kind regards to your aunt and cousin.

“I am yours,

“E. RAWSON.”

*“My Dear John:—*I really cannot live over this summer if I do not get away. As long as I am here I am in the traces, and shall probably drop in them. I want to do three things: Make my will, because, Mr. Rawson having been married before, the interests of Lizzie (his daughter) and my children might clash. Further, I want to try and provide against lawyers' suits and fees. Secondly, I want to be sure there is money enough for their use and to pay a trustworthy woman in my absence. Thirdly, I do want some . . . for my own use to go to the Catskills, and get such things as will make me well. Now, will you . . .

“Yours,

“E. RAWSON.”

*“My Dear John:—*The . . . received. I wrote down what I wanted put in my will. I felt too weak to go down this afternoon. Shall go early in the morning, and as soon as that is signed I shall go.

“The nice girl I had left me this afternoon. Got word her

mother was dangerously ill and left for Wilkesbarre, Pa., to nurse her.

"I think I am better. I tell you Dr. Heussey knows more in a minute than half a dozen of those airy doctors who depend on books and experiments. Heussey has a talent for his profession. I wish I had sent for him sooner. I am a little bothered to know how you are to send me the other . . . Would your bank deposit it in mine so I could send by cheque for what I required? Please also draw up the . . . yourself and I will sign it. With kind regards to your Aunt and cousin,

"I am, yours,

"E. RAWSON."

"Drop me a line suggesting about . . . before you send it, or do so before I go away, and oblige,

"E. R."

"*My Dear John*:—Can you . . . ? Will you also let me know the . . . ? You did not acknowledge the last, and I forgot to ask you whether you received it. Loyd, the real estate dealer, is looking for six houses for a firm, and thinks ours, the houses on either side, and the three in rear may do. So far as I know, all our neighbors are willing to sell. Loyd does not think our price too high. So I hope we shall make a bargain and get the money, which will be a better arrangement than that of Mr. . . . who only says . . . and in case he fails to pay . . . of course leaves us responsible.

"You are to have Barnum and Jumbo this week. An old lady sent me four tickets for my little ones last week. They came home delighted, and have talked circus ever since. Your cousin will have to take Miss Munce. I have heard several quite old people say they would willingly pay a dollar again to see such a circus. But the fifty-cent seats are better because not too close to the ring, and it is only twenty-five cents for ye youngers.

"Hoping you are all well; I wish I was. Yours,

"E. RAWSON."

"*My Dear John*:—No, I don't think I am worse, for I've just been eating a pretty good lunch; but I found myself somewhat in the position of Miles Na Copaleen with a differ-

ence. Instead of 'my love being nipped like a bud in the frost,' it was myself. The weather was so cold, I got the toothache so badly I was crazy. Then I fell a victim to pleurisy in my left side, which was all right when I left the city. Then, too, I was all out of medicine; so I made up my mind to see the doctor, get him to tell me what to do—have the tooth out and bring warm weather.

"Every day I tried to get down, but it rained for four days. One morning the sun peeped out; off I started in ten minutes; down came torrents, but I reached New York all right and surprised the family. So they did me, for they were packing to move. The sewerage was defective there and the landlord would do nothing, so Prof. moved up to 71st street. We have two more rooms; they are every way larger, several feet higher, and open at the back on such pretty gardens. In front we are only two blocks from Central Park.

"I enclose the . . . how I wish it was the . . . doubled and trebled. I go back to Cairo Thursday. I have been waiting for Prof. to go to the dentist with me, which I could not do alone. Our new address is . . . avenue.

"Write to me at Cairo.

"E. RAWSON."

"*My Dear John*:—Your letter received. Place the . . . to my account in the Manhattan Bank, corner Broadway and Bleeker streets.

"I succeeded in starting the will this morning; I had to show the draught to Mr. Heyward. He was away yesterday, and on Tuesday I could not go, but I hope to get away on Saturday.

"I can't put my hand on your letter, and can't remember if you asked me anything more. I am so silly in the head, and there are stars dancing between this paper.

"In haste,

"E. RAWSON."

". . . AVENUE, N. Y. City,

"June 15, 1882."

"*My Dear John*:—Monday I made rough draught of my will; Tuesday I was ill, could not go out. It was necessary Mr. Heyward should see it before the lawyers, to see if there

was money enough to carry out my wishes. Wednesday I could not see Mr. Heyward; he was away. Thursday I did, and we talked over it. We contrived to get the lawyer Thursday, and he was to meet me yesterday here; made a mistake—went to the bank and waited until he could wait no longer, I presume. While I was writing this, Mr. Heyward dropped in with the will, and Mr. . . . is to be here to-night. You know, as long as this matter has not been finished and has been begun, I cannot get away. Then, too, a will involving trusts for three little ones cannot be rushed, and has to be carefully considered. I, too, cannot rush. I am not up to race-horse speed. I am not Maud S., and cannot run back and forth to the bank. Every time I climb those stairs I think it will be my last. Mr. Heyward's name is Robert. The first thing in the will is that my debts are to be paid. Do you know . . . my will will probably be expensive. . . . I wanted, if possible, to pay my . . . and be able to send some money if the children needed, but my main object—after the will—(which is more important in my eyes than my life) was to get away to Cairo and get well. Look over my letters and see what I said, and try and remember what I said here.

“I have to get away Monday night by boat; shall reach Cairo less tired for sleeping all night, although I believe railroad goes all but three miles now to Cairo. I am so anxious to get away; this week has seemed like two, owing to these unavoidable and vexatious delays. If you have any suggestions to make further, please do, . . . because I would not. I am horribly nervous to-day, can't write very well or even sense. I expect, in fact, after years of strain on them, my nerves have run down, like the strings of a guitar, to almost the last note.

Yours,

“E. RAWSON.

“June 17, 1882.

“I shall spend to-morrow packing.”

“CAIRO, Greene Co., N. Y.

“*My Dear John*:—It was very negligent of me not to acknowledge the . . . , but I was so bothered, tired, and sick. I did really silly things in forgetting the day I left, which was

the day your . . . arrived. I don't quite understand the . . . you have sent me. Is it . . . ? My reason for asking is this—I have . . . coming to me, and it is out of that I expect to . . . But the time of my getting it, and whether I shall get the whole amount at once, is uncertain. That is why I hardly know what time to put . . . I might have this . . . within a month or so, and perhaps not for a year.

“I am feeling better, so have concluded to try it longer here. I hate moving and yet dread a backward step.

“Poor little Clara is ill with a sort of fever; she had it last June. I remember my sister used to have the same thing for several years.

“Pray remember me to your Aunt and cousin. Take good care of yourself this warm weather. Yours,

“E. RAWSON.”

“MONDAY MORNING.

“*My Dear John*:—Your letter just received. Mr. . . . sent a friend yesterday to say he wanted to buy the house, but he can only pay . . . and I, of course, would rather get a purchaser who will pay the whole down, and have the . . . off my mind—which, I presume, Mr. . . . would be able to do. In fact, I feel loath to part with this house at all, and I feel as though it was throwing it away just as it is growing valuable. I need not give Mr. . . . an answer for a few days; and if you think Mr. . . . wants a factory, there will be time to write to him.

“You should not have paid for that telegraph message. The least I could do would be to pay for my own business. You lay me under so many obligations. They say only the noble are capable of feeling gratitude. Well, then, I am noble now.

“In haste,

“E. RAWSON.”

“CAIRO, Greene Co., New York.

“*My Dear John*:—Your rebuke somehow came behind time. Just as soon as I was able I wrote you and Prof.; but as I only had a pencil, your letter may have miscarried. Prof. got his. I wrote you how we both got sick from the cold

weather we met here, and when we left New York it was roasting. So we felt it. I am sorry to say I am not improving at all. I always did before; but I am getting so weak I cannot walk, and it is such an effort to do anything. Perhaps, having been here before, I need a change. The valley, too, is hot, and I never could stand heat. I have always been here in the Fall, and, of course, the air was cooler. It's too bad. I expect I had better write to the doctor. He advised me to change once in a while. He says Professor Loomis is himself consumptive, and he says the disease is climatic, and only curable by striking the right climate. It is hard work to get my letters to the post. All the men are busy with the crops, and the only other boarder is a young man whom I could not ask to go, for he is ill. I came away without any little things like stamps. People will often carry a stamped letter, but they look bored if you ask them to buy stamps. I felt as though I had found a gold mine when I found two stamps and a pencil. Mrs. . . . was kind enough to go, after a hard day's work, to the post for me, and I felt quite rejoiced to get off my letters. But I must stop; have other letters to write. I will telegraph if I move, for it may be this week.

“Yours,

“E. RAWSON.”

“*My Dear John*:—Do not think me ungrateful. I meant to write on arrival. We left New York steaming—baking. We reached Catskill to find it almost at freezing point. The railroad is not quite finished, so we had to stage. We were so cold we could not feel our feet when we got out. The cold struck right to Mr. Rawson's stomach. I got a bad chill. They made a fire for us, and we sat over it all day. In the middle of the night Prof. was taken very bad, so he left the next day. We thought it best he should be home for fear of cold continuing.

“All day yesterday I was in a sort of stupor; kept falling asleep. To-day I feel much better; had no night sweat last night. If I can get rid of them and my chills and fever, I shall get strong, and be able to walk and strengthen my lungs.

“The will business once over, I made Prof. get boat tickets.

Just as I was going to get stamps a thunder-storm came on, and kept up so I could get nothing. I never went from home so illy provided with such things before. I cannot yet go to the village—too far, so was in a quandary. Fortunately found two stamps in writing book, and with them write first to Prof. and yourself. Must stop; with kind regards to all,

“Very truly yours,

“E. RAWSON.

“CAIRO.”

“A little stupid yet from journey and cold. To-day is nice and warm, so I am thankful.”

“*My Dear John*:—At last I send the . . . and hope it is all right. I am sorry it did not get to you before, but writing is such an effort to me now. I have had a great deal of fever since my return, and it has been mostly in my head. A week or so ago it was in my feet. I hope, by the hopping round, it is going to hop off. I’ve had several days without chills—but not altogether. To-day I feel much better, and the weather is so lovely—if I don’t write often, know it is because I want to be out in the fresh air to try and do away with this fever; it makes my eyes feel as though they were boiled.

“With many thanks for all your kindness, and kind regards to all your family, I am,

“Very truly yours,

“E. RAWSON.

“CAIRO, Greene Co., New York, July 20, 1882.”

EMMA TAYLOR RAWSON.

Emma Taylor Rawson, daughter of the late Laura Keene, died at her home, in New York, on Wednesday, August 23d, at the age of thirty-five. Although but little known before the footlights, the deceased was well known to professional artists, especially “behind the throne,” where most of her professional years were spent. After the death of her stepfather, John Lutz, Emma Taylor, although a very young woman, if indeed more than a girl, entered the managerial arena with her mother and remained there to play even more than a man’s part in the management of Miss Keene’s theatres until the death of that lady. Although Emma

Taylor had no great talent for acting, she played off and on in different parts of the country for nearly twenty years. Strictly speaking, however, it was only in case of an emergency that she appeared as an actress. While Miss Keene managed the Chestnut Street Theatre, her daughter was known to take the leading rôle in a play at a few hours' notice in order that the mother might take the part given another lady who could not appear in consequence of sickness.

It was as a writer, however, that Miss Taylor was best known; and it was in the field of literature and the arts that she was most anxious to spend her life. The number of plays she translated from the French is only known to herself. She was a fine French and Italian scholar, a close student of music, and more than conversant with nearly every branch of the polite arts. She took a prominent part in the editorial management of the *Fine Arts*, a journal so rich in erudition that it soon starved to death, which would no doubt have been the fate of its owners if they had not wisely discontinued its publication. Miss Taylor was educated at Georgetown Convent, D. C. On the fatal night of President Lincoln's assassination she was in the convent, and was driven nearly crazy at the intelligence, as it was her mother—Laura Keene—who played Florence Trenchard on the night when the cowardly assassin fired the fatal shot. Miss Taylor was a woman of great virtue, great piety, great charity, and of rare, if indeed not transcendent, beauty. She possessed the rare faculty of making almost every one who knew her love her. The simplicity and chastity of her mind, the soft, gentle mellowness of her voice, her brilliant conversational powers, together with a mind rich in its treasures of information, made her one of the most fascinating women to be found in a life-time. Like her mother, she lived and died in the Catholic faith.

About ten years ago Miss Taylor was married to Mr. A. L. Rawson, an artist, and while she was blessed with three children, who received that devotion and love which can only come from a mother, yet, so great was Mrs. Rawson's grief over the loss of her mother, who had been her almost inseparable companion during life, that even time would neither

erase nor obliterate it, until "concealment, like a worm in the bud, fed on her damask cheek." Speaking of her children, in a letter to the writer not long before her death, she said: "I should like to live until the little ones are old enough to take care of themselves. If I do not, the same Providence that cares for the sparrow will care for them." On August 26th, in that beautiful city of the dead—Greenwood—and under the shadow of the cross which points out her mother's grave, Emma Taylor Rawson was quietly buried, and even the birds seemed to sing a benediction to heaven for the repose of her soul.

JOHN CREAHAN.

Forney's *Progress*, Phila., Sept., 1882.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RETROSPECTIVE.

TO my mind, there is nothing in the whole career of Laura Keene more calculated to show to the world the nobility of her life than the character and lives of her two gifted daughters. Highly educated, and accomplished in most branches of the polite arts, as they were, surrounded always with every luxury to be desired; dignified, without money pride, ever shunning publicity and notoriety, which might have been theirs without asking—as they were, practically the creation of the foot-lights; the seclusion of their lives after the death of their mother, and at their own death the desire to be unknown, unlamented and unsung, could only be possible with Laura Keene as their mother. It was my pleasure and good fortune to have been more than attached to these women from boyhood days, or from the time they were very young girls to the day of their death; and while in my professional capacity in my day I have had much business with almost all classes of people, including very many ministers of the church, yet I have never met any who were more scrupulously honorable or punctilious in business matters or otherwise than the daughters of Laura Keene; and my business career covers a period of more than thirty years.

Laura Keene, who was rarely separated from her mother and

children during life, was not long in death until she was surrounded by those who had ever loved and cherished her. It is a strange coincidence in the lives of these four women, who clung together with such loving tenacity during life, that fate should have so decreed that they, who had lived so long and lovingly together in life, should be at rest side by side in Greenwood, New York, which place Laura Keene secured during her life. There is a tinge of romance about it, if not a halo of sanctified holiness. And even on the great Resurrection day, "when the sea and the grave shall give up their dead," I can picture these four women clinging together awaiting their final resting-place. Surely the great Ruler of all, without whose will they could not have continued together during life, or found a resting-place together in death, will not then part them.

Laura Keene had but about thirty years of actual professional life, or, at the utmost thirty-two. Her father died when she was but fifteen years old. Shortly after this she was a member of Madame Vestris' Company, where she must have made rapid strides in her art, as I saw a water-color picture of Miss Keene as Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons," which she played while at Madame Vestris' theatre. Practically from that time to her death, Miss Keene was a very powerful factor in the theatrical world. During her career she owned and managed theatres in New York, Baltimore, California and Philadelphia; together with being the creator and publisher of the *Fine Arts*. The characters created by Laura Keene—whose art was probably more like nature than art—not only lived while she did, but it is certain that very many of them died with her.

The domestic, or private, life of Laura Keene was quite as remarkable, energetic, and probably untiring, as that of her professional career. For herself, or personally, she seemed to care but little; and probably devoted very much less care to her own health than she displayed anxiety in looking after that of others. It should not be inferred from this that Miss Keene was not always Laura Keene. To her, and to those who knew her, there was but one such woman; and her name, whether the woman was present or absent, privately or pro-

professionally, was synonymous of the stately and imperious woman who was known as such—there was no Laura Keene but she. This was not pride, but womanly dignity, which she never forgot. In its remembrance others were forced to feel the potency of her presence, and pay homage to so distinguished a woman.

There has probably never been a more womanly woman than Laura Keene. For that strong-minded element of her sex, who sighed for the franchise, short hair, social clubs, and other masculine creations, she had nothing but abhorrence. And yet this exquisite creature, who was physically like so much point lace, was in her own sphere, time and day, more than able to cope successfully with the most brainy and experienced men in her profession.

The charity of Laura Keene has not only passed into a proverb in the theatrical world, but is quite as well known off as on the stage. Her work in this field was not confined to any one class. To “feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick, and bury the dead,” was as sacred a duty to her as to care for her own family.

It has been stated that Miss Keene was proud and addicted to such ornaments as were generally calculated to enhance her personal beauty. It is possible that even this woman tried to improve on nature or “paint the lily.” This has been a pardonable weakness of her sex—if, indeed, it can be regarded as such—since the creation of time; and most assuredly will be, if we are to judge from the present indications, until the end. The pictures of Miss Keene, however, or the few of them that are extant, fail to prove to me the veracity of this rather petty, if not splenetic, assertion. “There are no pictures of Laura Keene on sale anywhere,” said Sarony to the writer. Certainly not. In the days of Laura Keene the women of the stage depended on their brains for success in their art, not on the camera of the photographer.

Vanity, however, is by no means the sole prerogative of woman. As a patented or purchasable commodity, man always holds two-thirds of the right, while the other third, which through courtesy may belong to woman, is compensated

for on the part of man, who spends more money, as a rule, on his riotous living in one year than the average woman would devote to personal decorations during a lifetime. To me it seems deplorable, that nearly a quarter of a century after the death of so distinguished a woman, scholar, actress, artist, manager, wife, mother and daughter, such pettiness should emanate from a fine mind, but more especially from the pen of a man and professional brother, who is largely indebted to Laura Keene for probably the most artistic part of his dramatic art.

No actress, actor, or manager of her day or time did more for dramatic art in America than Laura Keene. It is a question, indeed, if any one did as much. She was among the first of American managers to encourage native writers. She purchased plays and paid for them as liberally as she was known to be prodigal in their production.

Her stock companies were always among the finest to be found in any theatre in America, if, indeed, not in any English-speaking theatre. She did not sacrifice her dramatic company at the expense of stage-craft, or the latter to compensate for the ability and superiority of the former. Plays as they were written, if acceptable to Laura Keene, were generally so produced, for her fine intellect was such as to protect, or at least have some consideration for, those who could write plays.

This, it is true, involved her financial success as a manager; but Laura Keene, while a prudent and shrewd financier, was no lover of money for the mere sake of amassing wealth. She was essentially an enthusiast in her profession and art, and preferred it to money; and rather than abandon it died a comparatively poor woman. There is a compensation, however, for so noble and heroic a mind, which money or its acquisition cannot purchase—that of lasting gratitude. Laura Keene is no exception to the rule, for while the history of dramatic art shall exist, her name will be entwined with historic laurels, and occupy a niche among the highest in dramatic art, which has been brought closer to the heart of every fireside and home by this woman, actress, artist and manager—Laura Keene.



LAURA KEENE'S TOMB.

IN MEMORIAM TO LAURA KEENE.

She's dead ! and may she sweetly sleep
 Within the silent grave,
 Where willow-trees around her weep,
 And dews her cold house lave ;
 And history, with her golden pen,
 May she record her name,
 Whilst memory wreath's a diadem
 Of honor and of fame.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

New York, November 8, 1873.

IN MEMORIAM OF LAURA KEENE.

Under the dome of the temple fair,
 Clad in robes of grief's despair,
 Clad with a mantle of darkened hue,
 Sits Thespia weeping for you, ah, you.

Under the dome of the temple proud
 Thy glee oft rang both long and loud ;
 Art thou, oh, silent, no more to see
 On Thespia's boards fair " Mary Leigh ?"

Under the dome of the temple pure,
 Where thou fond daughter of the art did lure,
 There, where thy teaching the soul cast upward,
 Cold now in death thou art " Florence Trenchard."

Hast thou, too, " Rachel the Reaper," fled ?
 With the laurel wreath 'round thy fair, fair head ?
 Clad now are thy sheaves not in golden tresses,
 But entwined with the sprays of the willow's caresses,

Is the " Soldier's Daughter " of histrionic art,
 Whose memory deep is engraved on our heart,
 With her silvery voice, like the minstrel's lute,
 In the vault of death with the loved " Ann Chute ?"

Sleep on, " Ogarita," the storm has past,
 Safely at home thou art sheltered at last ;
 'Neath the cross and the crown rest thy lone, weary head ;
 There, too, slumbers " Marco," whose heart is now dead.

JOHN CREAHAN.

New York *Clipper*, November, 1873.

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"Direct your next letter to . . . London, England, and I shall be sure to receive it, that is if you write so I can get it before the middle of April. I do not think I should leave London for America before then. But a letter directed there would be forwarded to wherever I am.

"With kind regards to all, and many thanks to yourself,

"Always your friend,

"C. S. TAYLOR.

"PENSION LERINS, Cannes, France,

"April 19, 1875.

"*My Dear John*:—I also was surprised to hear from you so soon, but why astonishment should seize you at my early reply I know not. I should not certainly delay acknowledging a kindness. Your letter was forwarded from London. I am still here, and may be detained here until the end of May. I say 'may be,' when indeed the chances are almost certain.

"You know that ill-fated Chestnut Street Theatre was a terrible failure. Aunt lost heavily on that, as on Fourteenth Street, New York. Also on the *Fine Arts*, and later on in traveling. It makes me so sad to think of all these things. She really killed herself—and for what?

"You think I have never been the child of adversity? Well—my life has not been strewn with roses I assure you. Trouble, trouble, trouble and endless trouble, it seems to me has been my portion. All looks very fair to outsiders; but who knows of the skeleton which is assuredly in every family? . . . My health is so precarious as not to be depended on at all. A little cold—and I have pains in my side, hoarseness, etc. When I return from a walk I sometimes see a little red, hectic spot on my cheek, sometimes have a sort of rattling of mucus in chest and throat, etc., etc. The doctor forbade me to sing all last winter, and as soon as I arrived in London the doctor echoed the same injunction. Now, if all these things continue—of what use is it to have a voice better than Kellogg's, and possibly as good as Nilsson's? I think myself that I have been 'abominably handled,' but it's no use to 'cry over spilt milk.' I have had so much worry of late—and how can any one get well under continual mental anxiety? . . . I

think I have answered all your questions. . . . Pardon this scrawl. Hoping to hear from you soon—soon means at least a month for a letter to go and come. Best wishes for your success.

“In haste, yours truly,

“C. S. TAYLOR.”

“PENSION LERINS, Cannes, France,

“May 20, 1875.

“*My dear John* :—I wrote to you some time since, and as I have received no reply I begin to be anxious. Perhaps you did not receive my letter, or your reply to it may have been lost. I kept no account of the date of my writing to you, so I have no idea when I ought to receive an answer, but judge it to be somewhere about the present time.

“I scarcely think you could have posted a letter in time for the ‘Schiller’ to take, which vessel was wrecked the other day. . . . I depended so much upon hearing from you that, hearing the weather in London to be very severe, I judged it best to remain here until June 1st. . . . I don’t know whether I shall hear from you or not, and so I judge it best to let no further time elapse—but to write to you again in case letters should have miscarried. . . . Perhaps even now a letter from you is on its way, and I may hear from you in a day or two. I hope so.

“Just while writing this, yours of the 5th inst. . . . has come to hand. Thanks are perhaps useless; I can only say, John, that I ought not to regard you as a friend, but as a brother. A true friend in such a world as this I value more than gold! And I can value your friendship better now that it comes so opportunely—comes when I am oppressed by the world’s deceit, and almost in despair. I thank you, too, for the kind advice you give. It is another proof of your sincerity. I beg you will always speak candidly to me.

“The gentleman of whom you speak writes to me occasionally, and has offered to introduce me to Italian managers in London. . . . My illness prevented me from seeing him when I was in London, but when I return I hope to form his acquaintance. He regarded Aunt as a sister, and says he would do what he could in remembrance of her. I have had

this intention for some time—of trying my luck in London, but have not mentioned it, in accordance with an old superstition of mine, that as sure as I propose or talk of anything, it's sure not to come to pass. So I will not rely on anything, but await results. My voice is so uncertain a thing; always hoarse or something the matter!

“I am so sorry to hear such sad accounts of your cousin's health. She must take nourishing food, plenty of fresh air, and not fatigue herself. I do hope she may improve. I'm afraid she dabbles too long in cold water—this is poison to some—and I remember she used to bathe when quite warm, when I was at the mansion on Sundays. Flannels, winter and summer, and not too much cold-water bathing. Tell her what I say.

“With regards to all, and a . . . thanks to yourself.

“Gratefully your friend,

“CLARA STELLA TAYLOR.

“Let your next letter be directed to London, where I shall be. I feel that I have not thanked you half enough, but if you knew from what anxiety and sadness you have saved me, you would know how grateful I am.”

“LONDON, ENGLAND,

“June 28, 1875.

“*Dear John* :—I have not much time to answer your epistle of the 3rd inst., which came to hand to-day, but ‘where there's a will there's a way’ they say, and though I cannot endorse the proverb as entirely true in all matters, I assert it infallible in regard to letter-writing.

“My ‘debut’ will take place . . . Before leaving Cannes I took cold, and was much troubled by a cough and irritation of the throat, which kept me awake at night. I have not been able to sing since my arrival in London; the climate here affects me sadly. I cannot endure the fog, smoke, and damps. The doctor says my throat is still congested, and when I told him I could get an introduction to Mapleson, he answered, ‘I would not recommend that; I think you would give way under it. Your throat is not strong enough.’ You see, John, Fate is against me. I fear I can never use my

voice, and I might as well abandon the idea bravely as to cling to a forlorn hope.

"What is the result of the doctoring, drugging, travel, and expense I have gone to in the past two years? Simply that my throat is in a worse condition than it ever was. You are right in all you say regarding dress and appearance. I am indifferent and careless in this respect, although I know it is the best dressed who gain the most attention everywhere. . . . No blarney, John! . . . Pardon the remark. . . . I am sorry to learn that your cousin's health does not improve. Present my regards to her and your aunt. I suppose your mother is well?

"I leave here to-morrow for Liverpool, whence I sail June 23rd, by steamship 'Queen,' of the National Line, for New York. When next you write, therefore, address me at 34 Bond Street. Black girls receive the cognomen of Lily. Why, therefore, should I wonder that I was dubbed?

"CLARA STELLA TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, N. Y. City,

"July 6, 1871.

"*Dear John*:—Your letter was handed to me yesterday morning. I arrived home on the 4th. When will I stop worrying myself to death? Why, when prospects look a little brighter; when something looks at least definite, and when things appear less complicated and confusing.

"If you knew the illness and worry through which I have gone during the past year, you would find in it nothing 'visionary'—on my honor. In one thing I do agree with you, I wonder, indeed, that I am so well.

"Much that you remark concerning doctors is correct. But although believing that in many instances it would be well to 'throw physic to the dogs,' one cannot ignore the fact that medical advice is necessary when disease begins its work on the body and vital organs.

". . . was studying for the medical profession when I first took lessons of . . . and had returned from Vienna and commenced practice the last time I was in Philadelphia. Although . . . may be and are very clever, I have no faith in their . . . They are anxious to make money, and I fear

. . . and advise accordingly. I may be wrong, but I know . . . and had some experience of that. . . . I think my doctor here is, perhaps, as clever as . . . (They met, I believe, in Vienna) and I am certain he will tell me the truth about myself as far as he is able. His specialty is, also, throat and lungs, Dr. . . . by name. Having already had experience of your aunt and cousin's hospitality, there is no one with whom I would rather remain in Philadelphia than those good people; but I could not think of accepting an invitation there while your cousin is in such ill-health.

"This weather is most oppressive! My sister is well, and tells me she has not seen you yet. I thought you intended paying a visit to N. Y.?"

"Thanking you for your kind offers,

"Always your friend,

"C. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET.

"*Dear John* :—As I am keeping house in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Rawson this afternoon, I may as well take this opportunity to answer your last sage epistle, especially as you make one remark that needs a retort: 'Women are, as a rule, prone to complain.' Now, pray, express no barbarous ideas to me! If anything makes me savage it is to hear a man talk like that. Why, if men had one-quarter of women's endurance, this life would be more tolerable; woman's destiny higher than it is at present! Selfish, impatient man, who has nothing to endure, and makes fuss enough, always, over very slight things, has no right to express surprise or indignation over an occasional weary sigh from women. For my part I marvel at and admire the uncomplaining patience of most of the women I see and hear of.

"I shall endeavor to leave the city for a month at least, if at all possible. The doctor recommends absenting myself during August, as the heat will, he says, only weaken me. He can tell me nothing about myself at present; I can only wait patiently and see whether I improve. If I do I shall be very thankful—if not, I must succumb to the inevitable.

"The weather is less warm than when I arrived.

"Hoping to see you next Sunday, and with regards to your

aunt and cousin, Mrs. Barili, the three ladies whom I visited one Sunday . . . and all inquiring friends.

“Truly yours,

“CLARA STELLA TAYLOR.”

“34 BOND STREET, New York City,

“July 30, 1875.

“*My Dear John*:—Don’t worry any more about me; you have done quite enough. I don’t wish to tax you when you have your own affairs to attend to. I presume that Water Gap. . . . It is not of much importance, however, for I expect to spend the rest of the summer in New York. I received a letter from England to-day, but no news of the. . . . It is almost too late to expect it now. It ought to have been here long since, for there is no excuse for the office not returning the letter to Penton Place; unless, indeed, it reached the boat and was. . . . I’m always like Micawber waiting. . . .

“On my voice I place no reliance whatever. My health is just the same, consequently my throat is just the same. I do not despair; neither do I hope. I simply succumb to the inevitable. I’ve hung upon a forlorn hope so long that I am not going to deceive myself any longer.

“‘She’s fooling thee!’

“I’ve fooled myself long enough. Without health, what is a person? Worse, far, than without money. I shall be very happy to note the improvement of which you write, and to inform you of it—when it comes.

“What a strong, fat woman Titians looks in her pictures! With such a physique she ought to have a powerful voice.

“What a very wicked son you are! How can you be so savage? I hope your mother will not keep to her resolution. But probably she will wish to live long enough to see Barney Williams. If she has never seen him that ought to be a treat.

“You must give woman another sarcasm, eh? If ever I find a woman vainer than I have found the men—I go even as far as to say as vain—I shall have to open my eyes in astonishment.

“We have had rainy weather here. Mrs. Rawson is quite well. With kind regards to all,

“I remain (being a woman),

“Yours, ‘Prone to complain,’

“C. S. TAYLOR.”

“34 BOND STREET, City,

“August 11, 1875.

“*Dear John*:—I thank you for the advice given in your last letter; but, my dear child, I know no more of art than Mrs. Rawson’s black cat, Friday, and might as well attempt to write upon it as that quadruped. I often think you have a very bad opinion of me, judging from all you say; and then again you cause me to laugh with amusement at the exalted opinion you have. I think you go to extremes.

“Between ourselves, I’m nothing but an idiot, but I take the privilege of saying this, not, of course, wishing that every one may become impresssd with the fact, nor desiring that any one should call me so to my face. How often I have mourned my idiocy would be difficult to state. Caring always less far for study than for play, I have wasted much useful time. Always spending more time in writing notes to the girls, trifling, and, as Sister Genevieve, used to say sweetly, ‘robbing my relatives,’ the education I received was anything but ‘profound,’ as you seem to imagine it.

“There is nothing under heaven that I know myself capable of doing, save teaching. Writing requires a particular gift, which I have not, and have never had any practice in. One of the convent reports sent to Aunt announced the fact that I did ‘not evince much talent for composition.’ What your cousin and other people find to write about I don’t know. I have often, particularly at Cannes, where nature, in the spring especially, was so lovely, wished earnestly that I had Mrs. Spofford’s talent, or could give expression to my feelings in verse. Olive Logan and Kate Field are clever writers, but every one don’t have a scribbling gift, any more than every one has the ‘gift of gab.’ If I could use my voice I wouldn’t teach, but, good heavens! I must do something. . . . How would you like to be so situated . . . ? I’ve lived

for years on the hopes of one day having the 'glorious privilege of being independent,' but, like all other hopes, that's doomed to disappointment. I don't well understand how any one can disbelieve in Fate.

"Since my return home I have translated two short stories from the French, and sent one to 'Harpers,' and the other to the *Graphic*. Mrs. R. thinks I'd better leave the city and spend the winter in a milder climate, but I don't know how I'll manage. All my books are here, and I could get along better than in a strange place. I have no plans, however. I don't make up my mind to anything.

"You see this letter is all self. I'm glad that your mother is better, though I did not know she had been ill.

"Remember me to your aunt and cousin. Always,

"C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, N. Y. City,

"April 16, '75.

"*Dear John*.:—I have to . . . every time your letters are handed to me . . . I never wrote so many letters before. However, this last must be answered, and quickly, too. Do not be offended when you perceive that I have returned the . . . which your kind-heartedness prompted you to send me, which kindness I thoroughly appreciate, and for which I cordially thank you. Much as I thank you, and much as . . . I refuse, positively, to encumber myself with further unnecessary . . . My lot may sometimes seem hard to me, but since it is my lot, I must submit to it. It's foolish to wrestle with Fate. We only get worsted, and spend our forces uselessly.

"For the present, my sister. . . . As I may die without . . . cannot, of course, foresee what other sweets Fate may have in store for me in the future. I think you will agree that no reasonable person would object to me refusing to . . . Situated as I am it would be dishonorable to . . . I have no health . . . Disabuse your mind of the fallacy that my throat is worth anything. It seems that no one believes that I am ill. A doctor who occupied a room next to me at Cannes, said one day, 'Why, Mademoiselle, I cannot under-

stand that anything is the matter with you; I never hear you cough. You look well.' While an Austrian smiled derisively every time I mentioned that I was not well. And now you expect every letter will announce an improvement, and a capacity to sing.

"I can only tell you, John, that if I continue as I am I must succumb to an illness, or the lungs give way; either that or I must improve and be patched up for a time. Strong I never was, and really well I may never again be. I was ill on arriving in London; have been ill ever since my return home. I have suffered greatly from indigestion and billiousness, probably from the hot weather. I never know what it is to feel bright and well. . . . Add to this occasional pains in the sides, moaning from the congestion on my chest (which I have had more than a year now), irritation of the throat, and you may be able to comprehend that all this is unnatural and arises from some trouble, and that I am, to say the least, not in robust health. I don't write to bore you with my pains and aches; I simply mention this in response to your questions. I have no voice, cannot sing, having neither practice nor sufficient strength of lung and throat. There are days when I cannot touch a high note—nothing but a wheeze comes. Would this do for singing in public? Ask your own sense. Besides, the doctors say I must not attempt it, and I think the thing speaks for itself.

"As to doctors! They're decidedly humbugs. I'm disgusted with them. Mrs. Rawson read me an excellent article from Appleton's *Journal* on the 'Mismanagement of Doctors,' and that stated the case clearly and truthfully. I repeat, John, that I know nothing of art, and have no talent for composition. I wish now, more than ever, that I had, for it might prove useful. If the worse comes to the worse . . . Mrs. Rawson's cat is by no means a gifted animal, but, on the contrary, a very dull quadruped.

"When you wrote to me last you imagined yourself writing to your mother, for you applied the 'blarney' very thick. I see nothing heroic in submitting to what one is obliged to, when there is no other alternative. I believe that I am matter-of-fact, and that I look things straight in the face. For

that reason I am often called morbid, and it has been said that I look on the dark side always.

"On the other hand, I find myself far too hopeful, very foolishly so, as is so often proved to me. It is true that Aunt thought I could make a fortune with my voice, but something more than voice is necessary. . . . I didn't consider myself just ready to appear in opera. However, as I haven't even voice now, I may dispense with further thoughts upon that subject. It's well that you and I write. I'm afraid we'd get into terrific ructions if we talked.

"Well, I'll conclude, thanking you for your goodness to me, and with best wishes for yourself and relatives.

"Always your friend,

"C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, New York City.

"August 27, 1875.

"*Dear John* :—Time is running on again; 'a way Time's got.' Here we are nearly in September! We'll be old men and women presently. There cannot be more teachers in your city than here, so why should I not be able to do as well there as here? Though, to be sure, there is a vast difference between both cities, and people. . . . When I took French lessons (some years since, too) I had to pay \$60 per quarter. . . .

"I certainly consider myself a good singing teacher; superior to many voice-splitters who are now earning five dollars per hour, and think my services worth at least . . . If I go to your city it would be the first of October I think. . . . As to my health, John, I am of the opinion that if I could . . . The doctor on board ship told me that I ought to take a pint of strong beef tea every day at 11 A. M., live on rare roast beef, brandy, cod-liver oil, anything and everything nourishing, so that the disease would feed on these instead of the lungs; disease would be arrested and I should find myself much better and eventually well. . . . With lady pupils it would be all right, but what could I do with the he critters? . . . I am glad you do not consider my . . . but I hate to bore people. I would be quite independent if I could, but we can't be in

this world. . . . I am sure you are interested in my welfare. You have proved that to me.

"I went to a little German Swiss doctor who used to tend Aunt and grandma, and he says my lungs are not affected, that the other doctors make a mistake, that bronchial catarrh is my trouble. I am to take cod-liver oil and phosphate of lime, throw away other medicines which are useless and I shall be surprised at my improvement. I have taken his advice, and am going to give this a fair trial. . . .

"Always your friend,

"C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, New York City,

"August 30, 1875.

"*Dear John* :—It gratifies me to be useful. I detest superfluity. I may say, therefore, that if my letters . . . I am very glad. My life from earliest childhood has been anything but strewn with roses; there has been but little sunshine, and very much cloud, . . . except just before Aunt's death, and I was saying last evening to Mrs. Rawson that never before have I had so much trouble crowded into one short year. A friend who saw me for the first time since my return home says my illness has made me look older. Yes, I know I look older; I saw that at Cannes! but illness has not aged me; it is trouble, and anguish of heart. God alone knows what I have suffered. I feel as though I could not bear any more trials; at least for a time. I want to have time to recover a little from the shock of past cares. It is not my health, or my mind, but my *heart* which feels too sore at present to bear anything further.

"Life seems to me a sad thing. Ah, well! We've got to bear our burthens, and many of them are of our own making! I am not without some consolation, poor though it may be. I have at least learned some useful lessons. If I haven't, then I deserve to suffer more.

"John, how can I follow the ship doctor's directions? . . . Have I not told you. . . . Mrs. Rawson is very good to me. . . . Artists are usually as poor as church mice. They have a large amount one week, and then nothing again for

months. . . . I cannot drink malt liquors. They do not agree with me, and a doctor once told my sister that her constitution was very much like mine, and that neither of us should ever touch a drop of malt liquor. He had a wonderful gift for his profession. He prophesied that Aunt would die of pulmonary consumption, and that was years ago.

"I sometimes think that I have not pride enough in some cases. Yes, pride is a 'curse.' Underline it well, John!! . . . And I think it very natural pride that I should feel thus. . . . It is this sentiment which makes me shrink from. . . . I see that Rose d' Erina (the Rose of Erin) is asking that price. Have you ever heard her sing? There's nothing like . . . in this world. . . . You see I am becoming very mercenary. As Aunt regulated my lessons and paid the bills, I had nothing to say in the matter. Consequently my 'not earning the money' to pay for my French lessons was not my fault at that time. I shall not . . . If, therefore, the *Ledger* shall be preferable to the *Press*, why the *Ledger* shall be the paper.

"Don't imagine that if I go to Philadelphia I am going to pester your aunt in any way. I have no such intention, and especially now your cousin's married. Mrs. Duffy's cook book 'may now rest in peace.' I shall do very little visiting. It wearies me to talk much, and, as my health is so delicate, I must keep quiet. The least little thing and I get groaning and moaning like an old cow. This is a thing over which I have no control—this moaning. But one thing I would like, that is some of your mother's home-made wine. I have so often thought of 'Aunty' Case's wines. They are better than all the adulterated trash one could buy. . . . Falls on the 'unlucky' day, and I may as well begin. . . . Now you are insulted if I attempt to pay you. I hate paltry meanness, but there is so much of it in life. It has altered my nature. I delight in being very particular with such people. At the same time I would scorn to be like them. The last part of your letter made me laugh. Now, if the children and your mother go to such trouble. . . . Understand, I cannot accept favors unless those of very trifling nature. . . . I can but offer the thanks of

C. S. TAYLOR.

"P. S.—They pay taxes here every year."

“34 BOND STREET, N. Y. City,

“Sept. 6, 1875.

“*Dear John* :—Your letter has just come to hand, and as I am about to start for the Post, I will answer now. If that . . . of which you write is to be the . . . why the . . . it must be—for you seem to have set your heart on it. As nothing better can be done, I must . . . and you know to . . . is exceedingly unpleasant to me. I have already said that . . . and this blessed (?) . . . Of course, all will depend upon the . . . and it will probably be with the . . . etc. I have received this morning a note from the Steamship Co., Liverpool, saying they know nothing of my . . . The query is, Where is it? It may be in the . . . and may reach me 'twixt this and the next five years. But what a goose I am to hope for it at all! . . . Will my room be heated by grate or stove?

“Barili used to be very popular, but ‘Every dog has his day.’ The wine business is between your mother and myself; you have no word in this matter. The old lady ought to make a fortune out of such wines. The grocers profess to have the same, but it’s a very different article. One never can rely on the purity of anything bought in stores. On the impurity you can rely implicitly.

“I heard Rose d’Erina in New Brunswick. I paid her a visit, and she sang a Spanish ballad and ‘With Verdure Clad’ from the ‘Creation.’ Singing in six or seven languages is no criterion of talent. Any one can do that, and understand only one. Many prima donnas sing who know little or nothing of Italian. I would like to see her entertainment, I hear it is egotistical and in bad taste, but I did not notice her being . . . She seemed a quiet, unostentatious body.

“Yours,

C. TAYLOR.”

“34 BOND STREET, New York City,

“Sept. 12, 1875.

“*Dear John* :—Not being used to making out bills, I can’t get what I wish just at once. The bill I sent you Saturday will not do. . . . Don’t fear further charges. . . . Mrs. Rawson . . . In speaking of me I hope you say nothing of me

being Miss Keene's daughter, etc. I wish to be known simply as Miss Taylor, and don't wish 'aunt's' name, or anything about myself, mentioned. Were I about to appear in public, the matter would be different. There is a line of distinction, you know, between a singer and a plain (perhaps insignificant) teacher. I open the letter once more to say get . . . What do you think? What I have must be 'good, . . . you know that.

Yours pathetically, C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, N. Y. City,

"Sept. 13, 1875.

"*Dear John* :—I seem to have a very depressing influence on people. Once Mrs. Rawson informed me that my letters 'always gave her the blues.' I was intensely disgusted, and resolved thenceforth to trouble her very little with correspondence. Now, you 'can never read one of my letters without a melancholy sigh.' The query is, How am I to . . . if I produce this exhilarating influence over . . . ? The effect will be charming if I set them all yawning, or send all home in the 'dumps.' I'm neither attractive nor entertaining, I know. That's another part of my fate. My name, Clara Stella, signifies Bright Star. Could I have received one more ironic? Especially as I was called after a beautiful and accomplished cousin of my mother's, and Stella from the opera of 'Stella, the Enchantress.' So are darkies called 'Lily' and 'Rose,' the most awkward girls 'Grace,' etc.

"Well! well! it's all in a life! and so is the losing of one's voice when most needed. . . . I am indeed 'disgusted,' and the unjustness of Fate has cost me many a weary sigh and bitter tear. So many with less voice, perhaps less talent, and not . . . are earning thousands. . . . Ah, well! I cannot dwell on this, my position is too painful (and I shall be causing you a 'melancholy sigh' again). But don't ask me any more about this, John. I don't, . . . and I've worried myself sick over these reflections. I've had too much worry, and I only seek forgetfulness. I do so crave rest and quiet, which I trust I shall find in my . . . in Philadelphia. . . . My fate may pursue me there as everywhere; I can only wait and see. At present I need neither hope nor despair, . . . but what on

earth you want . . . I can't tell. . . . which is a 'played out' affair. We don't do things so here. . . . Will the girl light my fire? I had a surfeit of this on Fourteenth street, and did probably more swearing (?) than ever before. . . . Where is Race street? Beyond Market, is it not? I think of going on two weeks from to-day, 27th. The first, I had no idea you were . . . I know Girard street; but how, John, how is it for breath? . . . However, I'll wait till I hear from you again. . . . I'll take your advice, but I ought to be in the city, or where could a letter go? . . . One can be sure of nothing in this world. I'll await further particulars from you, as you may think as I do when you have read this letter.

"As to Fox's 'Humpty-Dumpty,' I thought it as lively as you did.

"Well, I think we're all a little silly and insane, don't you?

"Inquiringly yours,

"C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, New York,

"September 16, 1875.

"*Dear John* :—Your letter caused me a 'melancholy sigh.' Now, so what I wrote half in jest you took in sober earnest? I understood your letter perfectly. I knew you put no such construction upon your words—but I merely soliloquized. You may not think me depressing, but most people do. I remarked to Mrs. Rawson, only last evening, that whenever I talk to people they invariably begin to yawn. I do not think I am unjust to myself. Nature was not very kind to me from a worldly point of view, though it may be all for the best! Those who don't like me are not obliged to court my acquaintance. People usually like me—like me very much (or pretend to), and then tire of me, or find some one they like better. What a fate that is for any one with a heart.

"It would be far better to always be hated. Some people were born to suffer. I firmly believe that. There seems really to be an unchanging fate in it. I cannot look back on my life without thinking so. And then, too, how much some have to suffer, while others live in apparent ease, always beloved, always without a care! Last winter was the only time

in all my existence that I felt that there is nothing in the world worth living for. I understood the feelings of a . . . I could believe trouble could render one's mind frenzied and insane enough for anything. I never thought I should have such feelings, but then I never suffered quite so much! If I only felt sure of Heaven I think I could willingly 'turn up my toes to the roots of the daisies.' This life is such a sad thing!

"And so you expect . . . and receive 'nothing but' . . . You think me, then, always ungrateful? If so, it is you who do me an injustice. I have a very unhappy faculty of saying outrageous things, which I don't at all mean. I have repeatedly noticed it, and can't tell whether it is attributable to a want of thought or a poor phraseology. Both I think. If you blame me for wishing to be independent, your censure must continue; for it is not my nature to be otherwise, and . . . only strengthens the spirit. I cannot see what right I have to permit you to . . . to let you give me everything as you would. . . . Do you imagine I should not be quite as independent under any circumstances; I am very much pleased with . . . and the . . . does credit to your taste. I trust you will accept my thanks for your kindness, and what is more, believe that they are sincere. I hope the . . . Things get so creased from folding.

"With many thanks for your kindness, and regards to Mrs. Duffy and Mrs. Munce and all inquiring friends.

"Always your friend,

"C. S. TAYLOR."

"34 BOND STREET, New York City,

"September 18, 1875.

"*My Dear John*:—There is every probability now that I shall not go on to Philadelphia. . . . I may be obliged to 'daddle' on here, doing nothing all winter. . . . I can get no news of the . . . or there is swindling somewhere. You see everything I undertake falls through; and everthing goes wrong. Do you not think there is a curse on me? . . . But enough of that . . . of Cook's had not, . . . but you see what my fate is, and I think you will begin to believe there is such a thing as fate. You had better not. . . . You see my hands

